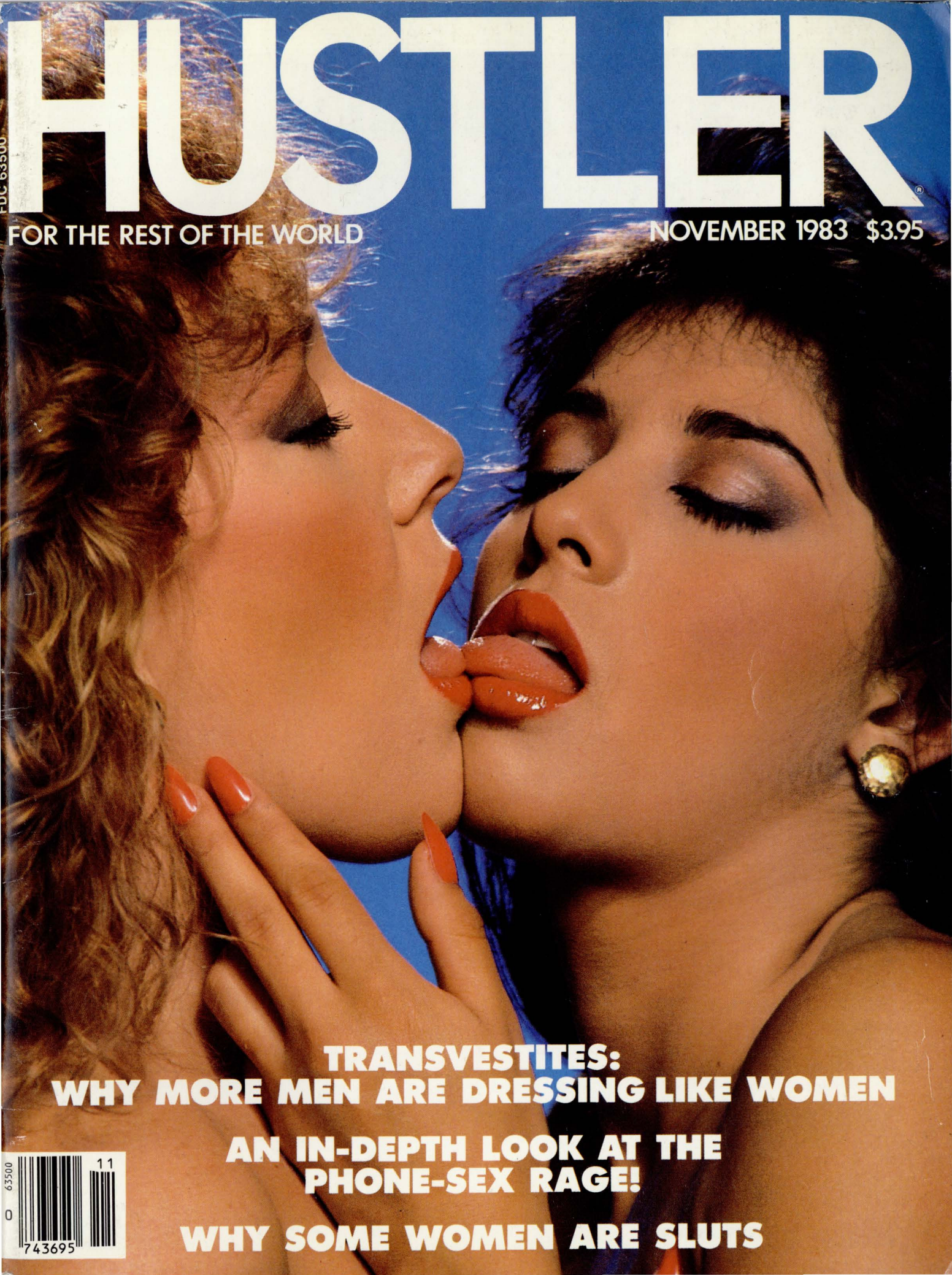
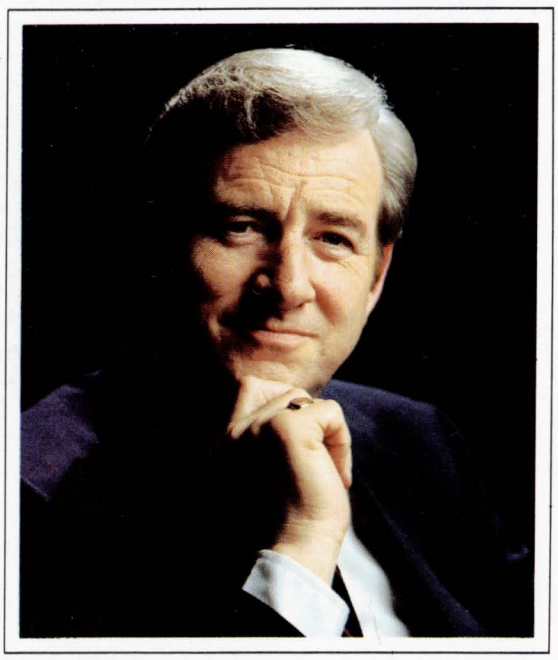

HUSTLER
FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD
NOVEMBER 1983 $3.95
TRANSVESTITES:
WHY MORE MEN ARE DRESSING LIKE WOMEN
AN IN-DEPTH LOOK AT THE
PHONE-SEX RAGE!
WHY SOME WOMEN ARE SLUTS

Jerry Falwell talks about his first time.*



FALWELL: My first time was in an outhouse outside Lynchburg, Virginia.

INTERVIEWER: Wasn't it a little cramped?

FALWELL: Not after I kicked the goat out.

INTERVIEWER: I see. You must tell me all about it.

FALWELL: I never *really* expected to make it with Mom, but then after she showed all the other guys in town such a good time, I figured, "What the hell!"

INTERVIEWER: But your mom? Isn't that a bit odd?

FALWELL: I don't think so. Looks don't mean that much to me in a woman.

INTERVIEWER: Go on.

FALWELL: Well, we were drunk off our God-fearing asses on Campari, ginger ale and soda—that's called a Fire and Brimstone—at the time. And Mom looked better than a Baptist whore with a $100 donation.

INTERVIEWER: Campari in the crapper with Mom . . . how interesting. Well, how was it?

FALWELL: The Campari was great, but Mom passed out before I could come.

INTERVIEWER: Did you ever try it again?

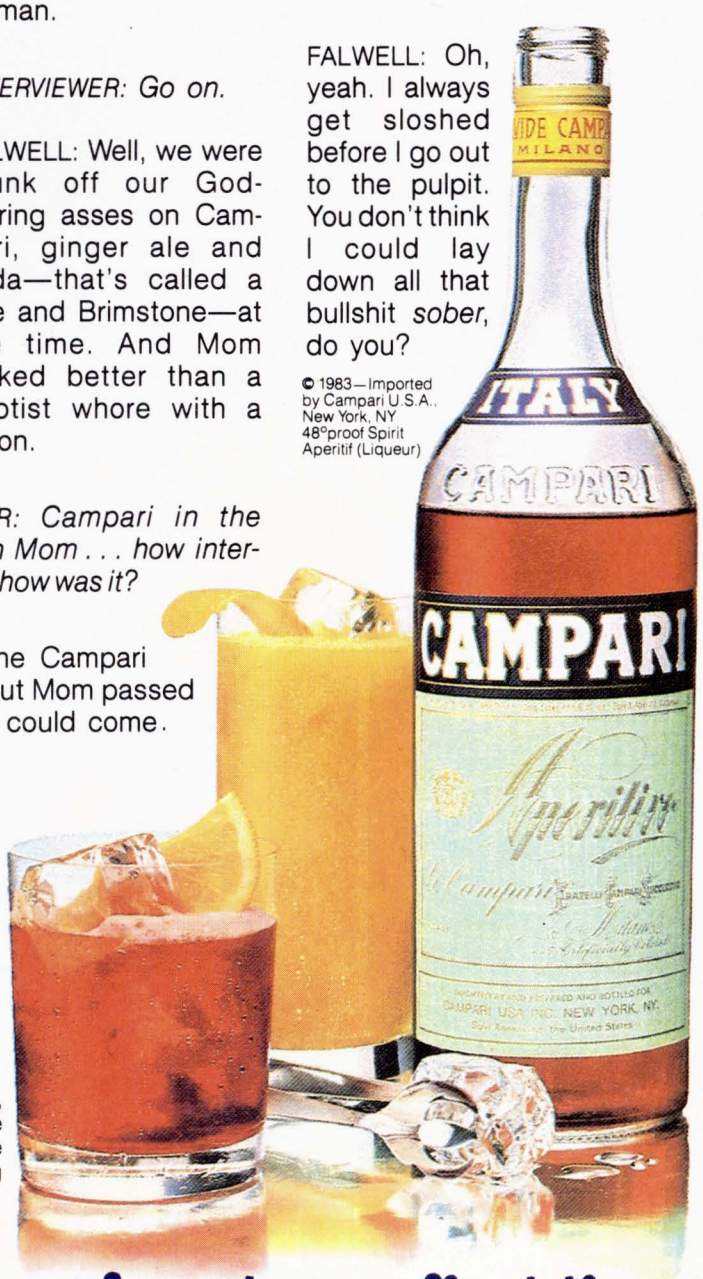
FALWELL: Sure . . .

lots of times. But not in the outhouse. Between Mom and the shit, the flies were too much to bear.

INTERVIEWER: We meant the Campari.

FALWELL: Oh, yeah. I always get sloshed before I go out to the pulpit. You don't think I could lay down all that bullshit *sober*, do you?

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48°proof Spirit Aperitif (Liqueur)



Campari, like all liquor, was made to mix you up. It's a light, 48-proof, refreshing spirit, just mild enough to make you drink too much before you know you're schnockered. For your first time, mix it with orange juice. Or maybe some white wine. Then you won't remember anything the next morning. ***Campari. The mixable that smarts.***

CAMPARI® **You'll never forget your first time.**

*AD PARODY—NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY

HUSTLER®

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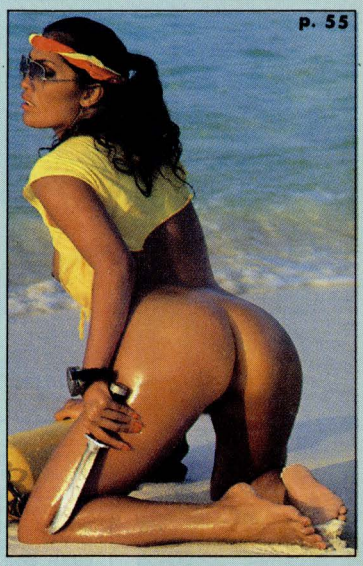
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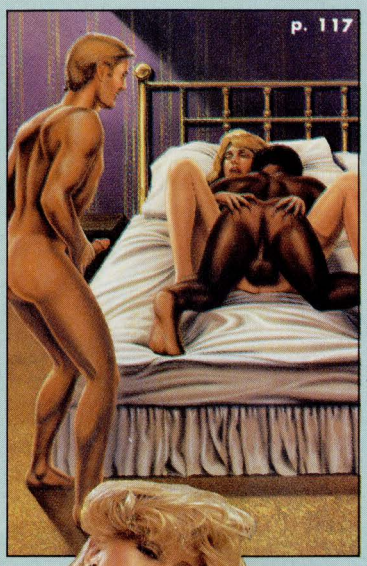
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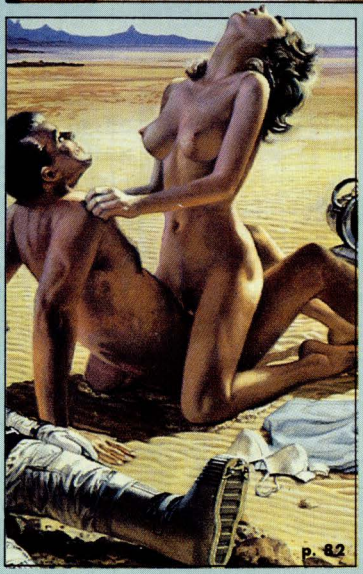
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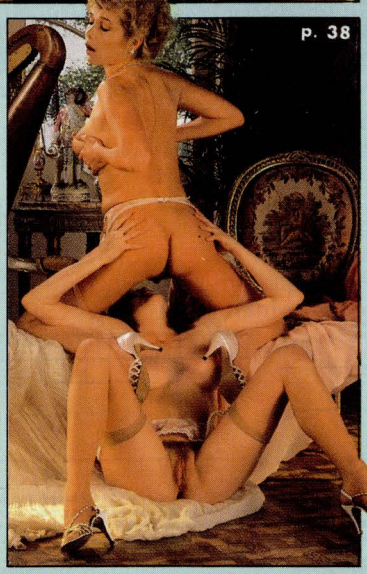
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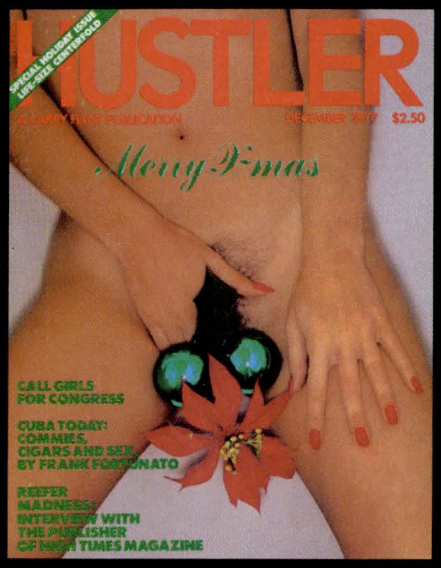
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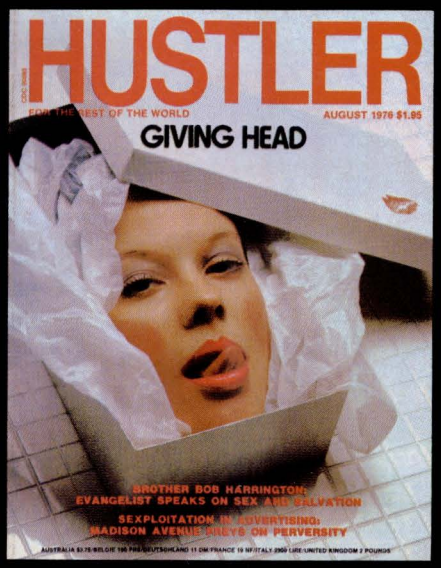
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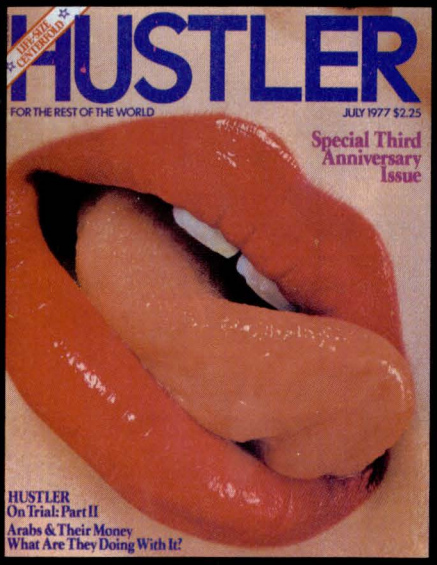
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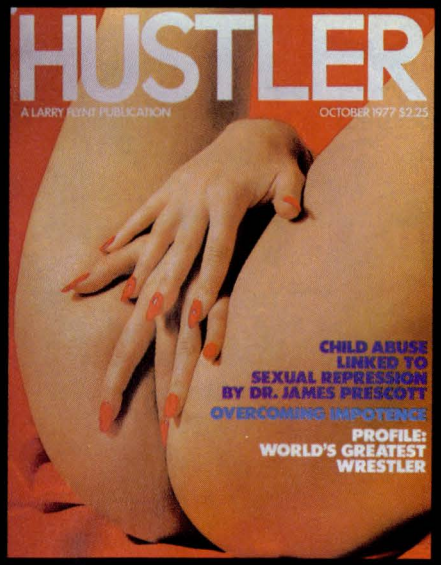
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The U.S. Edition of **HUSTLER MAGAZINE** (ISSN-0149-4635) is published monthly by **HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC.,** 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Advertising inquiries: 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

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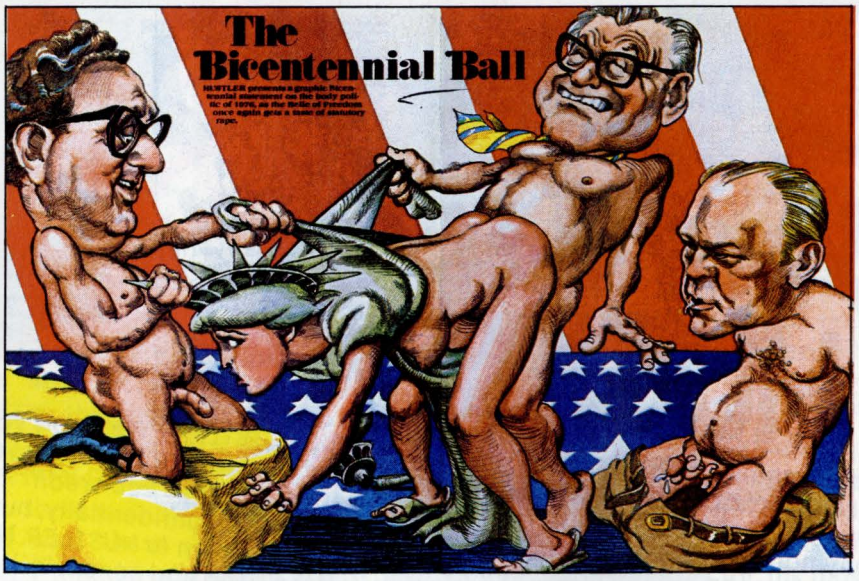
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International Edition of **HUSTLER MAGAZINE:** The International Edition is published monthly by **LFZ, LTD.,** P.O. Box 1803, Grand Cayman, British West Indies, with permission of **HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC.**

PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



The Politics of Porn

Never in publishing history has any magazine been censored and prosecuted as much as HUSTLER. Many have asked why. The answer is simple: We are a political journal as well as a sex publication. And believe me, *politics* is what gets us in trouble, not pornography.

The famous illustration on this page prompted our indictment in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1976. During my well-publicized obscenity trial in Cincinnati in 1977 the prosecutor became obsessed with a cartoon in the magazine that showed Santa Claus holding his large cock that had been intentionally exaggerated. The caption had Santa saying, "This is what I have to ho-ho-ho about."

After the trial the prosecutor, Simon Leis Jr., was interviewed by the Thames Television network from Great Britain. He was asked why, of all the pornographic magazines for sale in Cincinnati, he had chosen to prosecute HUSTLER. The interviewer in effect asked, "Isn't what HUSTLER is doing just good, dirty fun?" The prosecutor replied that there was nothing funny about the magazine attacking every institution in the country, including Santa Claus.

After hearing that, I wonder what the Europeans thought about our Constitutional provisions for a free press. I was found guilty in that trial, sentenced to seven to 25 years in prison and denied bail while murderers, robbers and rapists were freed on bond. The case was eventually overturned on appeal, but I am facing retrial on October 24 of this year–seven years after the original indictment.

A year after the Cincinnati trial, on March 6, 1978, in the Atlanta suburb of Lawrenceville, Georgia, I was again tried for obscenity. The prosecutor was all bent out of shape–not by our outrageous Scratch 'n' Sniff Centerfold for that month–but by a quarter-page black-and-white cartoon of a nun taking a shit. The turds were in the shape of crucifixes. Between God, Country and Santa Claus I couldn't seem to win for losing. At that time it dawned on me that freedom of expression in America could no longer be taken for granted.

The court recessed for lunch that day. I went to a cafeteria a few blocks from the courthouse with my attorney. We talked about what kind of verdict to expect. My previous courtroom experiences convinced me that if anyone got justice, it was a fluke. But I refused to give up hope. If I was found not guilty after being found guilty in Cincinnati, I would be an embarrassing reminder of the 1973 Supreme Court decision allowing local communities to set their own standards for obscenity.

My hopes were short-lived. While walking back to the courthouse, I was shot three times in the stomach with a .44-Magnum rifle, permanently paralyzed and given less than a 1% chance to survive. The judge kindly declared a mistrial, and the prosecutor dropped the charges, figuring justice had been well served. A straw poll of the jury revealed that they were going to acquit me. That is only a partial view of our legal hassles.

HUSTLER's circulation has also been limited by wholesalers and retailers who censor us by restricting our distribution within their communities, usually for political reasons. For example, we lost sales when Jewish retailers were offended by our making Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin Asshole of the Month, even though we did it for reasons that had nothing to do with anti-Semitism. Conservative retailers have been outraged by our attacks on such people as Richard Nixon and William F. Buckley. And, of course, the Moral Majority has made us its *numero uno* target.

I have mentioned only a few examples of the things that have caused us so much trouble with circulation, let alone the millions of dollars I have spent in legal fees. Had I simply wanted to be a rich man, the decision would have been easy. I could have done as Hefner and Guccione did with *Playboy* and *Penthouse*; that is, masqueraded my pornography as art by wrapping it in articles purporting to have socially redeeming value. But by not compromising my principles and by remaining honest with my readers, I have proved that HUSTLER is the most preferred men's magazine. The only reason we're not outselling both *Playboy* and *Penthouse* together is the censorship efforts I spoke of. But the day shall come when HUSTLER will take its well-deserved position at the top, because nothing can prevent an idea whose time has come. And I will get there without copping out.

I am not defying the law. I am exercising my rights under the law, and the people who don't like it can kiss my dead, paralyzed ass. That includes everyone from the lowest prosecutor all the way up to President Reagan. The First Amendment and the Bill of Rights belong to me and the people who read HUSTLER as much as they belong to Reaganites and the Falwellians of the world and their Moral Majority. I'm not against democracy, but majority rule simply cannot exist without regard for individual rights. I seek no protection that isn't afforded me under the Constitution of the United States, the law of the land. With your continued support we shall prevail. If you have difficulty obtaining HUSTLER in your community because of censorship problems, I suggest that you subscribe.

Larry Flynt

Publisher



See Your Fantasy in HUSTLER®

Have you ever dreamed of seeing *your* sexual fantasy come true in HUSTLER? Well, now you have the chance. HUSTLER wants to know your most intimate and erotic idea for a photo-layout. If we select yours, we'll photograph it, feature it in the magazine and *give you credit* (or you may remain anonymous if you like). All submissions will be treated confidentially, but we must have a name in order to send out the prize: *one year's free subscription to HUSTLER.* Now grab a pen and describe your fantasy below. Then clip off the page and send it in. Who knows? Someday our HUSTLER Honeys may be spreading for you.

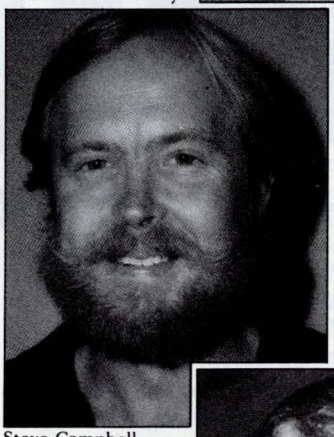
If you really don't want to give us your address, send in your fantasy anyway.

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Unlike other, supposedly sophisticated, men's magazines, HUSTLER won't shy away from exposing the lies and myths that keep this country sexually repressed. That means taking hard, unprejudiced looks at the kinds of controversial sexual subjects you'll read about in this issue. For example, one group of people has been victimized by myths–treated as deviants and unfairly ridiculed. In this month's interview, **CONFESSIONS OF MEN WHO DRESS LIKE WOMEN,** the fear and loathing directed at *transvestites* is explained in a fascinating dialogue. Author **ANTON GOLAN** thought he understood what drives these men in women's clothing–until he talked with them. "I was totally unprepared for what I found," says Golan. "I listened to everything they said, all their explanations. When I realized that I understood what they felt, it shook me to the bone. All my preconceptions about sexuality became questionable." This report by Golan is worlds away from his baseball fiction, *Free Agent* (May 1983), which was his most recent appearance in HUSTLER.

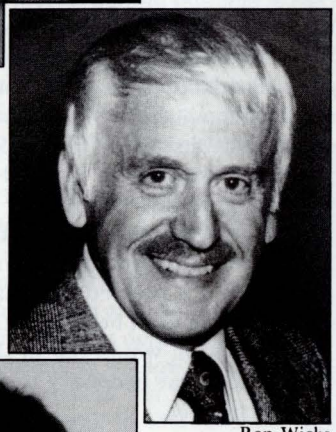

Rita Greene

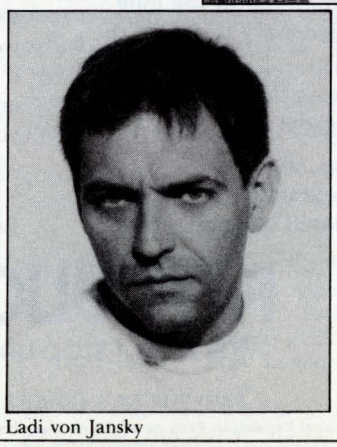

Ted Newsom


Steve Campbell

The accompanying photos are by HUSTLER regular **LADI VON JANSKY,** who found the subject a little bizarre. "I don't usually hang out around transvestites," laughs von Jansky. "So, to me, seeing a normal-looking male turn into a female was weird. And it was even stranger when he began to enjoy it." Von Jansky's excellent photography is most often seen in *Bits & Pieces.*

One sex craze that has people talking–to each other–is "phone sex." Although it's sweeping the nation like wildfire, many people still think phone sex is only for timid geeks who can't get the real thing. They're wrong. In **THE PHONE-SEX RAGE: AMERICA'S NEWEST HOTLINE,** author **RITA GREENE** discovers that *everyone* is doing it–from hobos to judges. "I found this phenomenon to be fascinating once I got below the surface," says Greene. "I thought it would be a sick thing, but I came away with a much different impression. It's highly erotic, but not at all sleazy." Greene's entertaining writing style–last seen in the *Sex Play* "Gigolos: Males for Sale" (July 1982)–was perfect for capturing this sexual trend.


Ren Wicks


Ladi von Jansky

Sex in outer space is the focus of this month's lusty fiction. In **THE FINAL ORBIT,** HUSTLER Fiction Editor **TED NEWSOM** spins an excitingly erotic tale of a space-traveling couple marooned after they crash. This is the first time one of Newsom's own stories has appeared in HUSTLER, but the wait was well worth it. "This story is about the essence of sexuality," says Newsom. "Under these extreme conditions the need to touch someone becomes basic. Here are two people desperate for human contact, needing physical pleasure." Newsom has written for the *Los Angeles Times,* and his *Unofficial NFL Players' Handbook* is due out next spring from Simon and Schuster. Supplying the artwork for *The Final Orbit* is **REN WICKS,** who has won hundreds of awards for his illustrations.

We continue our explorations of sexual myths with **UNDERSTANDING SLUTTY WOMEN,** November's titillating *Sex Play.* Is it just sex these women are after, or do they want more? Author **STEVE CAMPBELL** explores their apparent freewheeling attitude toward sex, and reveals why and how they're such easy catches. "Writing about sluts was intriguing as hell," says Campbell. "Although they're easy lays, these women can cause more pain than happiness. They need to be handled carefully." Campbell, who last wrote the *Sex Play* "Afterplay: Intimacy and Sex" (December 1982), has just completed a western novel, tentatively titled *Butterfield.* The accompanying illustration is by **HOLLY HOLLINGTON.**

When it comes to exposing sexual taboos, cartooning can be even more powerful than words–especially when our Humor & Cartoon Editor **DWAINE TINSLEY** is cartooning. No subject is safe from Dwaine's scathing commentary, which consistently draws admiration as well as complaint. Our collection of his greatest "hits," **TINSLEY IN REVIEW,** will have you laughing hysterically. During the past seven years Dwaine's created some of the most controversial and thought-provoking humor to appear in any magazine. We're proud it's been in ours.

Once again, HUSTLER exposes the lies and the liars that fuel sexual ignorance. We're bringing you the truth that you need–and you won't find it anywhere else.

Cover by Ladi von Jansky

STRENGTHENING AMERICA'S ECONOMY TOOK

LONG HOURS AND SWEAT

AND A PRESIDENT WHO KNEW HOW TO SAY NO.

Once upon a time this country was in the hands of a party that believed in "idle optimism." Its economic plan was "Let's wait and see if things improve on their own."

But nothing happened. Nothing good. Productivity dropped, and unemployment began an almost-uncontrollable climb. The people needed a change, and in 1980 they voted Republican. They knew that Ronald Reagan and the Republican Party were ready to administer the cure, even if it seemed a bit hard to swallow at times. They knew that the Administration would put in the long hours and sweat necessary to revive the ailing economy.

In only three years the Republican leadership has already:

- Cut the cancerous, wasteful social-welfare programs from a devastatingly bloated budget.
- Instituted tax cuts that will benefit all Americans.
- Brought inflation to its lowest point in years so that those who work can afford the good life this nation offers.

Washington is getting a breath of fresh air. And it's replacing the stale and polluted atmosphere left by an impotent administration that talked to the people but never listened. The Republicans hear you, even as they toil to keep America's free-enterprise system strong.

The other party worked long and hard too. It's not easy to bring the world's most powerful nation into the world's weakest economic position. But if you're on the job and starting to enjoy the fruits of your labors again, you know the Republicans have the country back on the road to greatness.

You know what we've done so far. Let us finish the job.

REPUBLICANS.

We won't stop until it's right.

PAID FOR BY A CONCERNED CITIZEN

Support your local Republican Party or send your contributions to the Republican National Committee, 310 1st Street SE, Washington, D.C. 20003.

Vicious Prejudices? We are writing to protest the vicious ethnic prejudices reflected in your *Bits & Pieces* item (August) based on the tragic rape incident in New Bedford, Massachusetts. Rape is a terrible thing and should be harshly punished by legal methods. But to use rape as an excuse for unwarranted ethnic slurs is extraordinarily insensitive.

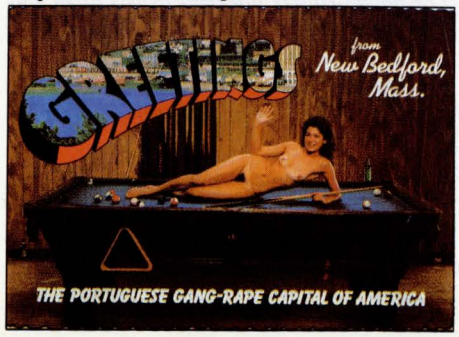
Your reference to the city of New Bedford as "the Portuguese gang-rape capital" may have seemed funny to you. To hundreds of thousands of Portuguese-Americans who may suffer because of it, the humor will be lost. Ethnic prejudice of the sort you are perpetuating has a particularly cruel impact on children who are often victimized by it. We urge you to apologize to the Portuguese-American community and to refrain in the future from inflicting this sort of pain on innocent people.

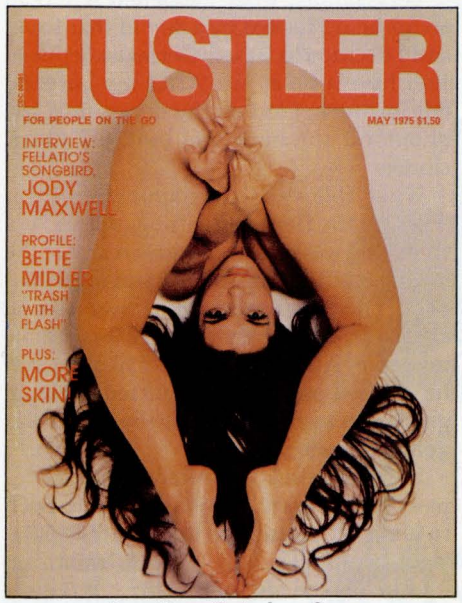
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U.S. Senate
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U.S. Senate
Massachusetts
Claiborne Pell
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Rhode Island
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Claudine Schneider
Member of
Congress
Rhode Island
Tony Coelho
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Congress
California
Barney Frank
Member of
Congress
Massachusetts

As Senator Kennedy and the other senators and congressmen no doubt know by now, we have already apologized to those who were offended by that parody, particularly the members of the Portuguese community, the people of New Bedford and the victim of the crime. But we repeat our belief that no subject–no matter how tragic–should be exempt from thought-provoking satirical comment. We hope the controversy has led people to examine closely their attitudes about the cruelties of rape and ethnic prejudice.

Mr. Larry Flint (*sic*), Publisher
HUSTLER Magazine

Mr. Flint: As representatives of the statewide coalition of Connecticut Sexual Assault Centers (CONNSACS), we feel it imperative that we join the Governor of Massachusetts in expressing our outrage at the dehumanizing satire depicted in your August issue.





Our Most Popular Cover

We are in full support of Governor Michael Dukakis, who stated, "You made a mockery out of a tragedy." We agree with Ray Delgado that "an apology is not enough." Until such time that magazines such as yours, which are demeaning and demoralizing to women, recognize that sexual assault is neither a joke nor a laughing matter, groups like ours will not tolerate, support or accept these publications.

We are deeply concerned with the ethnics (*sic*) and morals behind publishers who can stoop to such depths without giving a thought to the horrendous experience of the rape victim and at the same time contributing to the cultural conditioning of rapists by linking sex and violence.

In 1982 CONNSACS agencies counseled over 1,200 victims of sexual assault. As counselors, we have a responsibility to protect victims from any form of second-class or biased treatment from anyone in our society. The victim's stage of depression and fear is often followed by a stage of anger, which may be directed at the rapist, the world or men in general. In this case you have justified this anger by making a mockery out of an appalling situation.

Sue Thomas
President
CONNSACS
Nancy Vinci
Vice-President
Public Action Committee
Esther Bobowick
Public Action Committee
New London, Connecticut

Larry Flynt doesn't mind what people say about him. But it really pisses him off when his name is spelled wrong. He gets even angrier with high-handed feminists who question his "ethnics" (as you mistakenly call them) and who project their own biases by suggesting that HUSTLER should not be tolerated.

If you women find the magazine objectionable, nobody is forcing you to buy it. By the same token, millions of others–who have the intelligence to see satire for what it is–should have the opportunity to purchase the magazine whenever they wish.

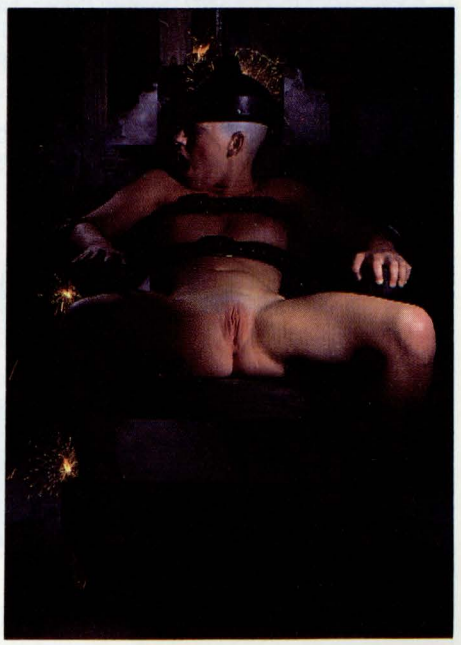
During its nine years of publication, HUSTLER has received similar letters from feminists alleging that we exploit women who pose for the magazine. But not once has a model complained that she was coerced in front of the photographer's lens.

Furious: I was furious when I read the letter in your September *Feedback* column from some stupid woman who blamed HUSTLER for the pool-hall rape of a girl in Massachusetts, then made the insane statement that "if every HUSTLER reader were put in jail, the rape rate in this country would drop to almost zero."

I couldn't help but notice the coward who wrote that letter had her name and address withheld. Well, I'm not afraid to have my name and address printed along with what I write.

I'm a woman, and I love HUSTLER. So do my family and friends, none of whom are rapists or perverts. As for HUSTLER, I personally think it ought to be placed in the Hall of Fame and decorated for honesty and courage. And if you ask me, I'd much rather have Larry Flynt be my congressman than the asshole who currently holds that position.

So listen, Ms. Name and Address Withheld, don't go making outrageous statements about people you don't even



The Naked and the Dead

know or about a magazine you could obviously learn something from if you'd just take the time to read it.

–Tracey Crowley
River City, Maryland

Cover Comments: At work recently a few of us were arguing about HUSTLER's most popular covers ever. I mentioned I really like that one you did with the writing on the tanned girl's white bathing suit (September 1981). My buddy said that one was okay, but his favorite was the Easter one showing the rabbit nailed to the cross (April 1978). You guys ever take a poll that would prove which of us is right?–T. N.
Little Rock, Arkansas

Everybody has his preference when it comes to HUSTLER's best cover, of course, and both your choices rank among our readers' all-time favorites. But our mail indicates the most popular cover ever would have to be the one depicting a beautiful, long-haired brunette with her legs thrown back over her head. That ran in May 1975, and we're reprinting it for those who may have missed it the first time around.

Dog Daze: I am writing to warn other women like myself to not believe or try everything they read about in your magazine. I learned that–the hard way–after reading the article *Animal Sex Lovers* (February 1976) in one of my husband's old HUSTLERs.

Very simply, what happened is I read about being fucked by a dog in that issue, and I decided to let our German shepherd Rolf have a go at me. After my husband left for work, I locked the doors, took the phone off the hook and took off all my clothes.

What followed is a nightmare. I got down on the floor in the "doggy-style" position and was mounted without any of the licking, sniffing or coaxing you might expect. The pain was so bad, I tried to pull away, only to have Rolf 's two claws impale my groin. After what seemed like forever, he stopped pumping and started swelling, giving me so much pain, I thought I was going to split open.

I reached back and removed one of his paws (claws) from my waist, and he tried to jump off, causing us both terrible pain. I got two bites on my buttocks requiring 28 stitches and another on my calf requiring three more. I needed four stitches inside my pussy, and when I have my next period, I'm supposed to be fitted with some kind of ring to repair a displaced uterus.

In all, I lost a marriage of 14 years, had to move to another town, can't sit without pain or go to the bathroom without more pain than I am able to stand. I'm now known as the "dog woman" in my hometown; so please don't publish my name or address.

–Name and Address
Withheld by Request

We've never advocated bestiality (having sex with animals) in HUSTLER, and we never will. The article you read was simply an informational report on a strange phenomenon–not a how-to-guide. When it comes to sex, we recommend that human beings stick to each other . . . not their pets. Occasionally, however, we do print letters from freaks like yourself.

Stimulating Cartoons: You have an excellent publication in HUSTLER. Although I was happy with it while Althea Flynt was Publisher, it has taken on an additional appeal now that Larry Flynt has again taken control.

First, your humor is almost always right on. Even if it is a really disgusting surface message in the cartoon, its inner message is loud, clear and stimulates thought. Many HUSTLER cartoons have covered subjects I really find unspeakable and close to unthinkable. But when I'm forced to confront one of these subjects in a cartoon, my initial reaction is laughter, followed by a lot of thought. Sometimes this process leads to a complete reevaluation of my own prudishness inbred from my crib days.

I also enjoy reading your condemning editorial letters. Through their negativism, I can see that others are forced to confront and at least think a little bit like me. Keep up the great work.

–Wayne C. Johnson
Burbank, California

Erotic Shave: In your February 1978 issue you ran what I feel is the most erotic series of photos I have ever set eyes on–and I've set eyes on countless thousands of erotic pictures. I'm referring to the shots of the young lady who is arrested, stripped, barbered and shaved clean from head to cunt by a prison matron.

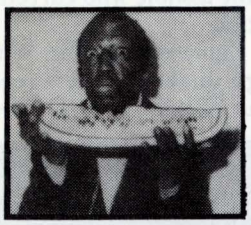
I've tried to analyze what made your photo-essay so cockraising, and I've concluded that it contains elements of everything erotic–especially including exhibitionism, sadism and masochism.

–Reg L.
Trenton, New Jersey

The photo-feature you refer to was titled The Naked and the Dead, and we've received lots of mail on it over the years. For those newer readers who may have missed it, we're reprinting one of the photographs here.

All Wet: I was somewhat offended by Ben Pesta's report *The Bizarre Sex Life of Adolf Hitler* (September). According to that article, it would seem that anyone who's into watersports is effeminate, ashamed of sex,

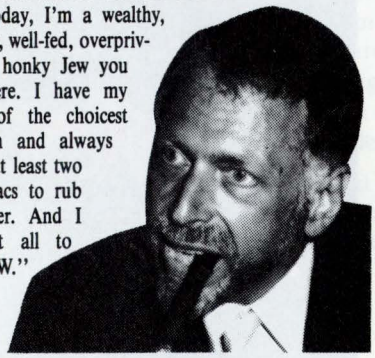
Al Goldstein, when did you start reading SCREW?



"In 1968, I was an ignorant Negro who didn't know where his next watermelon was comin' from. I was a hopeless, shiftless, listless dude who didn't have two food stamps to rub together.

"Then one day a brother hipped me to SCREW. I checked out its bad brand of irreverent humor, funky fuck-film reviews, tell-it-like-it-is raunch reporting and dyn-o-mite dirt on the latest cooze news.

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"It never fails. Every time I get involved with a girl, I get hurt!"

sexually repressed, infatuated with their mother and their own feces, etc. Well, I'm into watersports, and I'm none of those things. I have an active sex life, and I consider sex fun. I think golden showers are a great variation leading to intercourse once in a while. But I'm certainly not obsessed with them.

Although some of my female partners aren't into watersports, I've been pleasantly surprised at the number of women who really *can* get turned on if the subject is presented correctly and honestly. Granted it's a little kinky, but your magazine often points out activities that are much kinkier.

So give us watersports enthusiasts a break. We're not a bunch of neurotic Adolfs running around. We're just all wet.

–Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Lioness: When I bought your September issue, I was attracted by the lioness-girl depicted on the cover–the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. But then when I looked inside, she was nowhere to be found. Normally I wouldn't be upset. But that girl really turns me on. –Jett
Louisiana

You're in luck. We're preparing to show a whole lot of that lovely lady in a very daring pictorial next month.

Black Views: My congratulations, HUSTLER! As a black man, it may seem surprising–but I simply must agree with Ku Klux Klan member T. E. S. II, whose letter appeared in your August *Feedback*. The white women in your pictorials are indeed among the sexiest and most beautiful in the world. I especially enjoyed the photo-layouts *Cynthia: Baby Face* and *Suzie: Fantasy Island* in your August issue. You see, like the KKK, I too spend a lot of time "under the sheets"!

HUSTLER is still an incomparable trailblazer, and I look forward to reading it every month. In addition to the photosets, I also enjoy your articles and irreverent humor. –A. Walden
Address Withheld by Request

I'm a black guy who buys your magazine. And that's too bad, because there's nothing in it for me. But there could be–if you guys really had balls.

What I'd like to see is an all-black issue. It would include pictorials with all-black women and couples, as well as a black centerfold. It would also include an interview with a black celebrity such as Prince. (I'm aware you did a story on Larry Holmes back in 1981.) This issue would also have articles on such important black topics as "Where are the blacks in pornography?" And there would be an all-black *Beaver Hunt* too.

But this will never come to pass. Because everybody knows that white boys got no balls. –R. B.
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

We've already invited such black celebrities as Prince and Marvin Gaye for feature interviews in upcoming editions of HUSTLER. And our January issue will include a gorgeous black girl as our centerfold.

Fantasy Favorite: This is the first time I've ever written to HUSTLER. But then *Suzie: Fantasy Island* (August) is the first girl that's ever moved me to write.

Congratulations to photographer Matti Klatt for capturing a girl I can only describe as mouth-watering. I've spent hours looking at those perfect legs, those firm tits and a pussy I'd give anything to get my tongue into.

Someday I hope to meet a girl as sexy as Suzie. Till then, the August issue will keep me very happy.

–Name Withheld by Request
Magnolia, Arkansas

Child-Sex Furor: As the mother of a three-year-old daughter, I feel I must comment on your August interview with Tim O'Hara of the Rene Guyon Society. Advocating sex with children "as long as a condom is used" is as absurd as saying sex with sheep is fine if you use a prophylactic. What a sick, disgusting, rotten, perverted sleazebag this slime really is! He needs a condom stuck over his head!

Mr. O'Hara's statements are as ridiculous as that fake mustache he's wearing in the photo accompanying the article. And speaking of that photo, I'm going to keep it handy so the next time my daughter asks, "Mom, can I go outside and play?" I'll be sure to remember the fact that there might well be sickos like Tim O'Hara lurking in my own neighborhood.

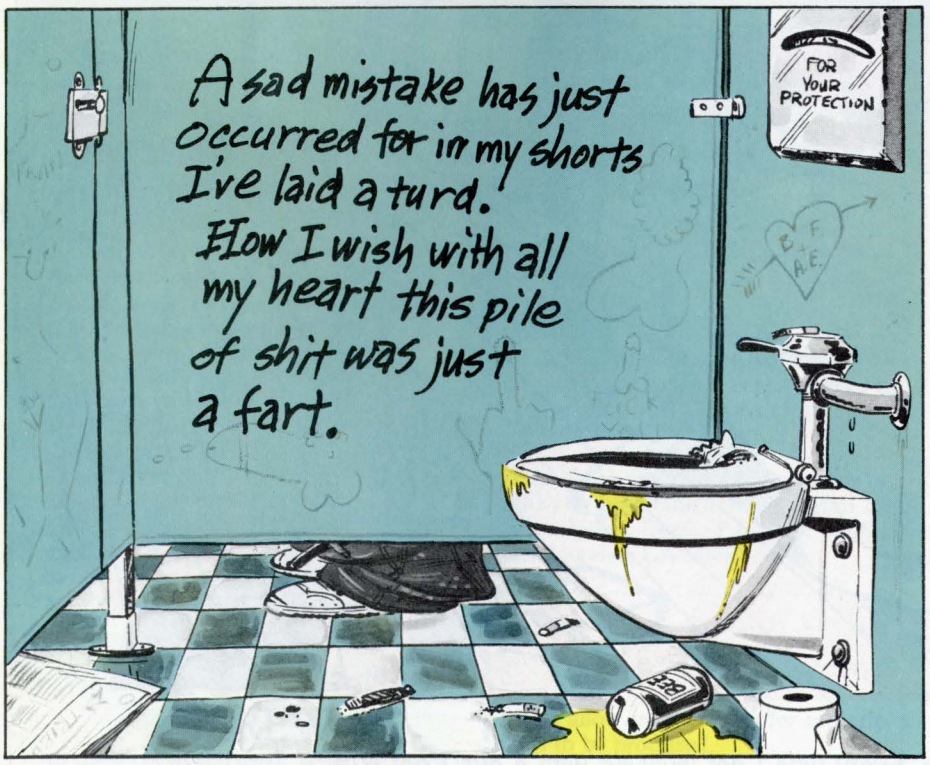
–Name and Address
Withheld by Request

I recently subscribed to HUSTLER and received my first copy, the August issue, last week. Every page of the magazine was thoroughly enjoyable except for one–the last page of Ben Pesta's interview with Tim O'Hara. If you ask me, a far better ending would have been for Pesta to knock out that pervert O'Hara's front teeth!

–Jeffrey M. Gaither
North Carolina

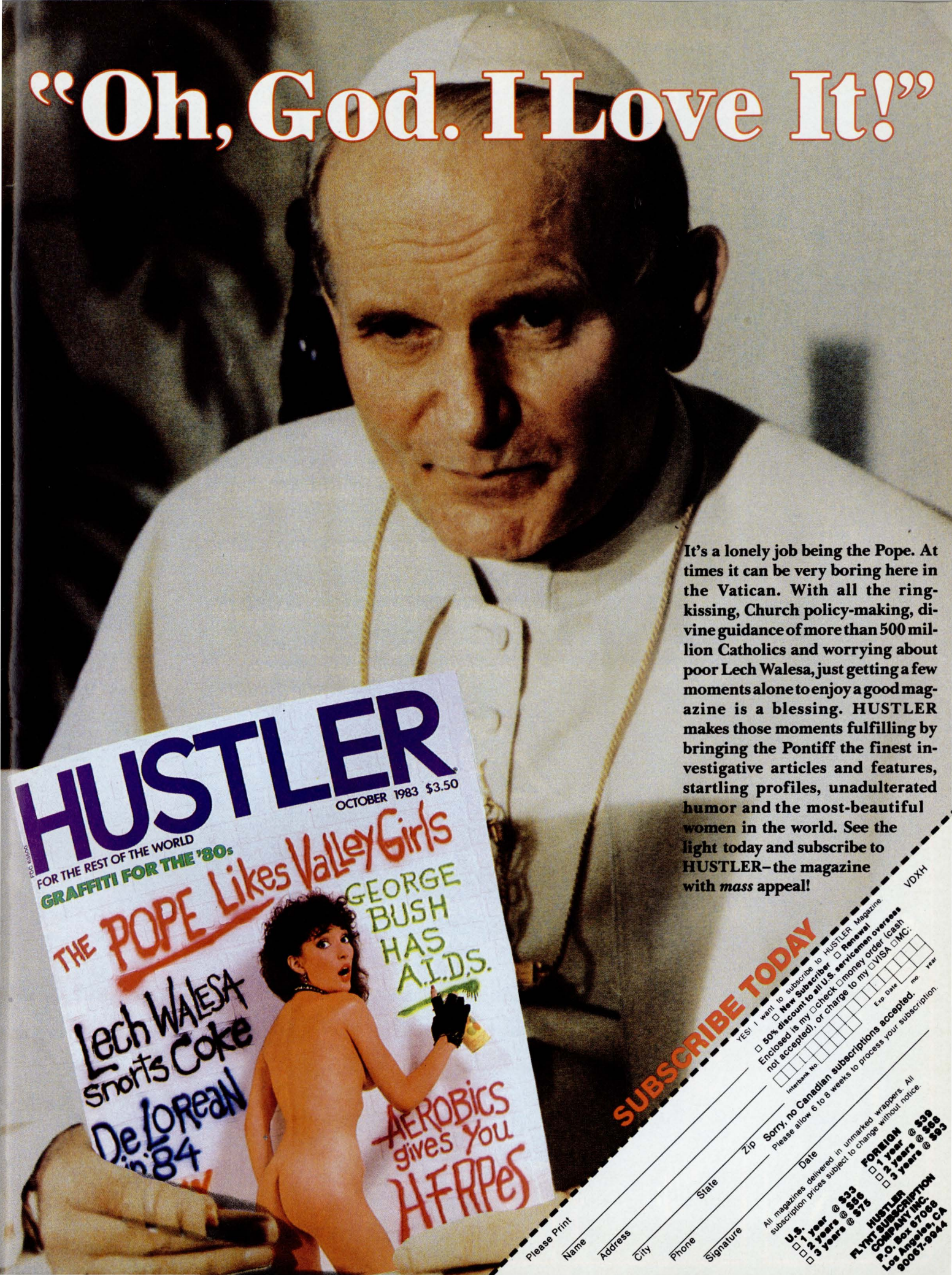
We've received more mail about the Tim O'Hara interview than about anything we've ever published. Every one of those letters was critical of O'Hara's philosophy advocating sex with children. We couldn't agree more that such ideas are contemptible. At the same time, HUSTLER feels a responsibility to publish such articles because perverts like O'Hara exist–and need to be exposed.

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $25 to M.P., Arcadia, CA

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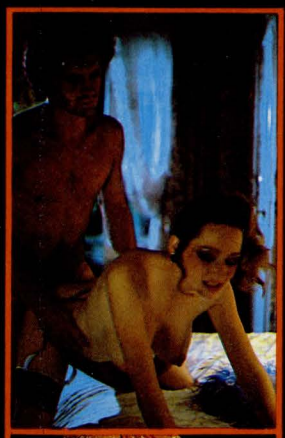
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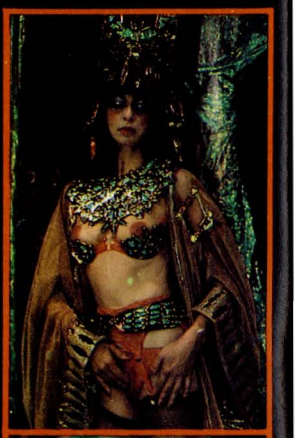
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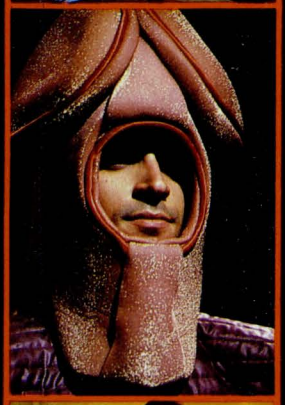
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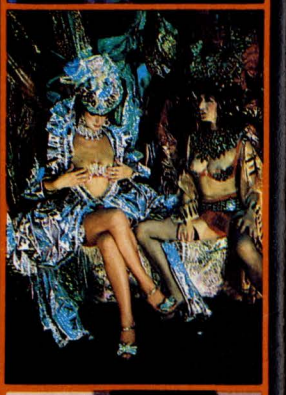



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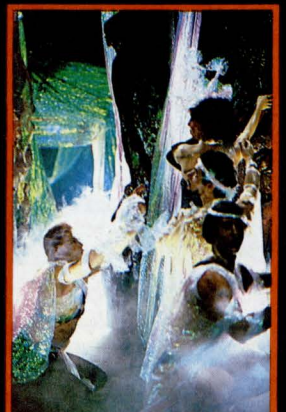



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Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address it to: HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Edited by Lee David

Beating Often: I would like to know if a man can beat off too much. I'm 31 and have been doing it two or three times a day for 23 years, which comes to about 23,000 times. Will this cause any physical damage? I might want to start a family someday, and I'm wondering if my sperm count will be normal. –N. S.
Huntsville, Alabama

Twenty-three thousand times. . . . Have you contacted the Guinness Book of World Records? The doctors we contacted about your question said there should be no physical damage. As long as you haven't yanked your cock off, it should keep working. Your sperm count might be a little low, but only because you're not giving your balls a chance to rest and refuel. Laying off for a week or so should bring the count back up to the normal level.

While there's no physical harm in this, our physician experts did wonder whether your masturbation was a substitute for a healthy relationship. If it's just that you like to come every which way you can–no problem. But if jerking off is something you do to avoid sexual contact with another person, you might consider talking to a doctor or counselor about it.

Above and Below: What's the real deal about pubic-hair color? I heard that the color and texture of a woman's bush is the same as her eyebrows. What's the story? –S. Y.
New York, New York

Listen up! We will now reveal the truth about how you can tell the color of a woman's pubic hair: You have to look at it! Despite the many myths to the contrary, there is no natural connection between the color of a woman's bush and the color of her eyes, eyebrows, hair, teeth or toenail clippings. How you wiggle your way down to catch a glimpse of the thatch in question, of course, is up to you.

Eat, Drink and Be Merry: I have wanted to try something with a woman and need your expert advice on the consequences and how to minimize the risks. I want to know if I should take any safeguards before I can drink a woman's urine or eat her shit. These are two things I've always wanted to do. –R. R.
Washington, D.C.

Do not, we repeat, do not drink piss or eat shit. There are potentially deadly germs in that stuff. We're not saying you'll die, but you could get very, very sick. The germs and bacteria in human waste can be controlled only by the very strong acids found in a person's intestines. In the case of eating excrement, for example, your mouth and stomach could be overrun by bacteria, which might lead to typhoid and hepatitis. Good, clean sex is lots of fun. But consuming piss and shit simply isn't clean.

No Motion: I like sex. My problem is my wife. She just lies in bed, spreads her legs and doesn't move at all. Even when I'm pumping and humping, she only lies there with no motion. I've asked her if she hates sex or if I'm doing something wrong, but she says it's all in my mind. What do you think she's thinking? –E. S.
Portland, Oregon

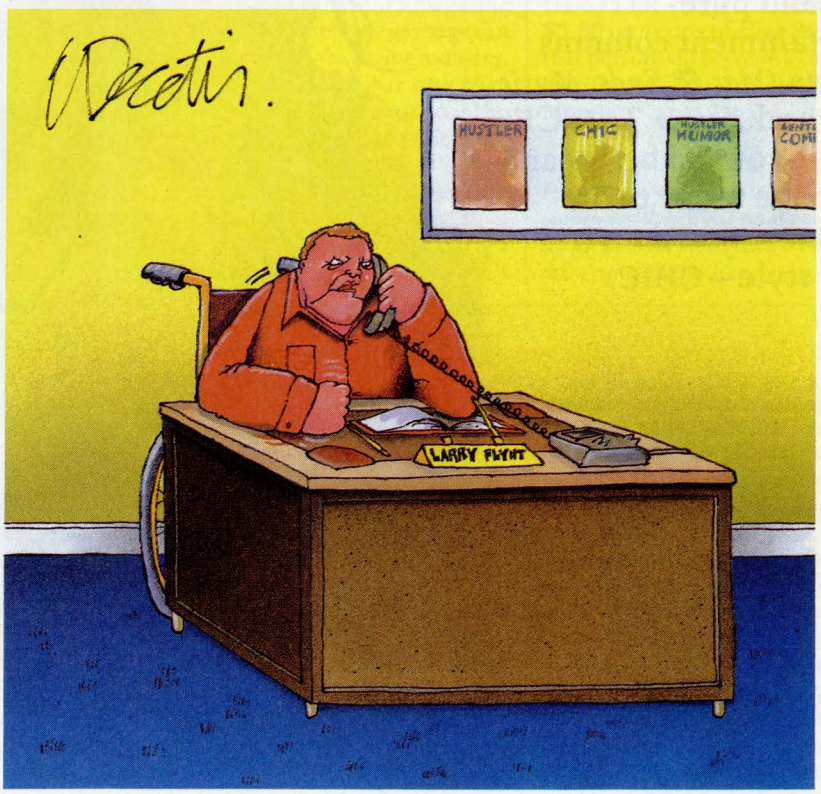
Obviously something is wrong. And it's up to you to find out what. Try talking with her, not to her, again. In an offhanded conversation in a nonsexually threatening setting, draw her out about her real feelings. Away from the bedroom she might talk more freely with you, and you might be surprised by her response.

Also, think about your technique. Make sure that you're turning her on with plenty of foreplay and that you stay intimate with afterplay so she doesn't feel like a piece of used meat. You might learn that she has trouble getting aroused and doesn't have any physical sensations when you're fucking. Her lack of excitement could be due to emotional and / or physical reasons. At this point, the services of a registered and certified sex therapist will help. If she refuses to do anything and insists that there's no problem, then you may have to decide which you'd prefer: a marriage with dull sex, or no marriage at all.

Handy Wash: I recently heard from a friend that by washing your penis and balls with urine after having sex, you can avoid getting venereal disease. Is there any truth to this, or is it just an old wives' tale? –M. S.
Chichasha, Oklahoma

That isn't just an old wives' tale–that's a kinky old wives' tale. Rinsing off with pee might give you a thrill, but it won't do anything to stop germs, bacteria, viruses or any other kind of disease-causing organisms from

(continued on page 32)



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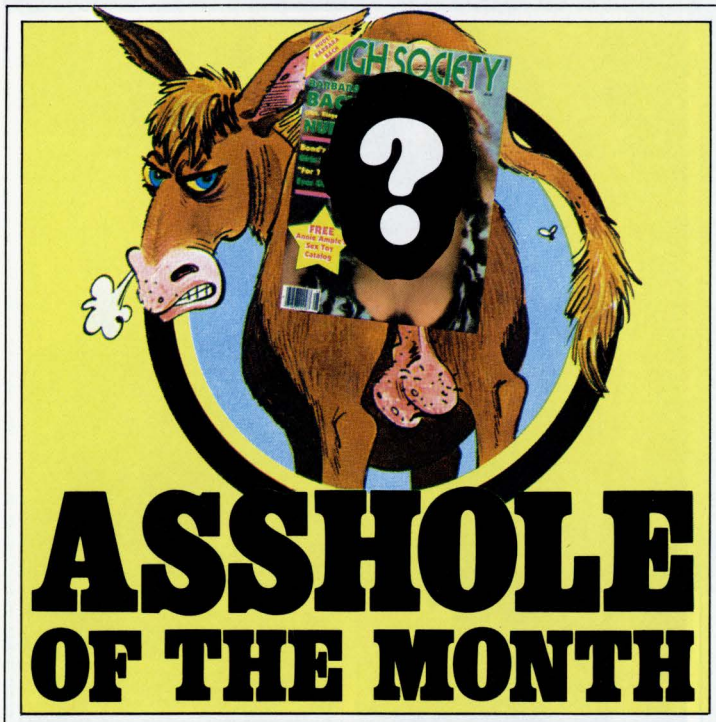
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Bits & Pieces



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Carl Ruderman

Some people will do anything to get out of being named Asshole of the Month. But nobody has ever sunk as low as this month's turd dispenser, who's none other than Carl Ruderman, the closet publisher of sleazy *High Society* magazine. This slimy twerp is the relic of a pile of shit found deep in the bowels of a Mongolian idiot.

When Ruderman found out that he was about to be "honored" on this page, he called up our Publisher, Larry Flynt, pissing and moaning, whining and whimpering, *begging* him not to do it. The douchebag nerd even asked Larry's friend, *Screw* magazine publisher Al Goldstein, to try to get Larry to change his mind.

No way. Ruderman is a phony, sleazy coward who deserves to be exposed. After all, how much lower can a man stoop than to hide behind the skirts of a woman? That's exactly what Ruderman does. He *is* an owner of *High Society*, but the sniveling hypocrite won't even let his name be listed on the masthead. Instead, he uses a burned-out ex-porn actress, Gloria Leonard, as a front, letting her be his mouthpiece while paying her a pittance.

Otherwise, he is a pimp in every sense of the word.

What's Ruderman afraid of? Is it because he lives in a nice Jewish neighborhood in New York where the people don't know his profession? Maybe he's ashamed to admit that he publishes pornography. Or is he trying to avoid obscenity charges as the Reaganites and Falwellians close the ranks on free expression?

Most likely, he's embarrassed to be responsible for a magazine that's definitely the garbage can of the men's-magazine industry. If you're not familiar with *High Society*, all you have to do is flip the pages and see just one piece of trash after another. It's obvious that Ruderman wouldn't know an original idea if it crawled into bed with him. He's ripped off every idea that he's ever had for *High Society*, even the celebrity photos that are its claim to fame. The idea on how to acquire these nude celebrity photographs–as outtakes from films made by these stars–was given to him by Larry Flynt.

Now, there's nothing wrong with using somebody else's idea as long as you can do it better. As Larry Flynt has said, "I've ripped off the best." But Ruderman doesn't do it with even an ounce of class. Instead, he drags everything down into the bowels of puke where maggots like him thrive. All in all, Ruderman is a scumbag smut peddler who gives porn a bad name–and that's difficult to do. He's also a whining crybaby who is a disgrace to the Jewish race.

We realize there's a crossover readership among people who buy men's magazines. But no loyal HUSTLER reader would *ever* buy anything published by a shithead like Ruderman. In fact, if we ever find out that any HUSTLER reader is wasting $3.50 on a copy of *High Society*, that person will become a candidate for our next Asshole of the Month.

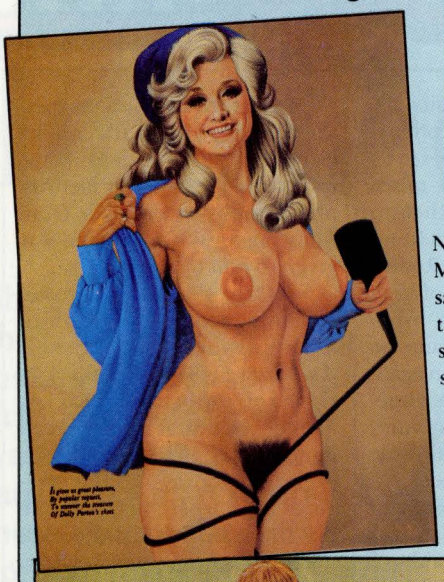
At press time no picture of Carl Ruderman was available. Next month we'll run his photo blown up large so everybody can see what this Asshole looks like.

Sex News Bits

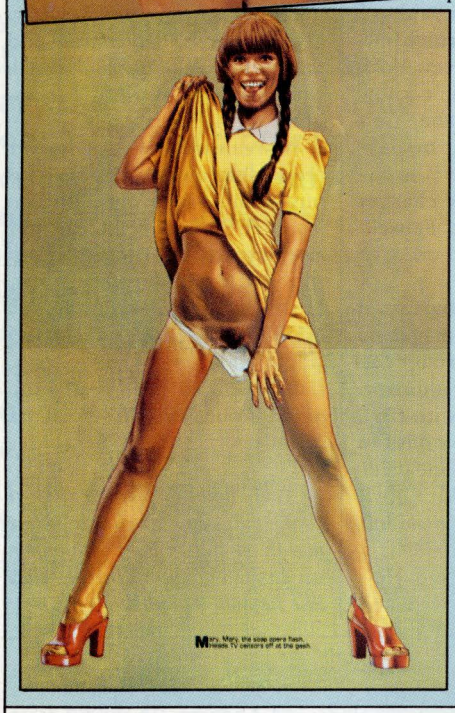
2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

Looks like the ***"computer revolution"*** is even affecting ***sex and birth control.*** The government's just okayed a new electronic device designed to help women practice the ***rhythm method*** of birth control. The pocket-size computer uses a temperature probe, which is placed on the woman's tongue to determine what phase of the ***menstrual cycle*** she's in. By comparing the woman's day-to-day temperature to an initial ten-day test-reading, the computer indicates whether or not the woman is fertile. When used properly, the device is said to be ***safe and effective***. . . . Here's a new twist on the theories of ***why men have heart attacks.*** According to a study of 5,000 people in the Boston area, some men suffer coronaries because their working wives bring ***on-the-job problems home*** with them. This "transfer of stress" is especially evident among hard-driving, ambitious husbands with well-educated wives, the study found. . . . Police in Venice, Italy, arrested an art teacher for ***performing acts*** that they said were ***"contrary to public decency"*** during a carnival. Giorgio Spiller was brought into custody wearing a six-foot, red-plastic ***imitation cock.*** While Spiller admitted to being dressed as a ***cock,*** he was upset over being arrested. He maintained that he hadn't run into any trouble during the previous year's carnival. At that one he was dressed like a ***giant cunt***. . . . California's attorney general thinks ***pregnant girls*** who want time off from school to ***get an abortion*** should be excused from class without having to tell their parents. Since ***abortion*** is a legitimate "medical service," the attorney general says, the school can always call and check with the clinic or hospital where the ***abortion*** is being performed to make sure the student isn't playing hookey. . . . New Jersey ***prison officials*** are handing out booklets and conducting seminars for inmates who are afraid of ***catching AIDS.*** State officials deny that ***homosexual activity*** is widespread in the prisons, insisting that such behavior is forbidden by regulations. They maintain that the new campaign is simply an attempt to ***squelch the many AIDS rumors*** circulating among both prisoners and guards. . . . In Brantford, Ontario, Canada, a carpet shampooer who ***exposed himself*** to a ***pregnant woman*** claimed it was an accident. Lloyd Moore, who had previous ***convictions*** for exposing himself, said in court that his rug-shampooing machine broke loose, hit him in the ***groin*** and ***unzipped his zipper.***

CHIC's Seventh Anniversary!







November marks CHIC Magazine's seventh anniversary, and our sister publication is pulling out all the stops to celebrate its lucky seventh.

Join the party in CHIC's pages and meet America's little-known Russian Mafia, the sexiest women in rock 'n' roll (courtesy of a special segment of *Music Notes*) and, of course, the beautiful women of CHIC's erotic pictorials. All this, plus an outstanding collection of the *Great Moments in CHIC*, including nude photos of trendsetting song stylist Grace Jones, an incredible Farrah Fawcett lookalike and the amazing *Mystery Guest* illustrations of bare female stars (two of which are shown here) that outraged the Hollywood community.

Check your favorite newsstand now before all the copies of CHIC's anniversary issue are gone and you're left empty-handed. You'll like our sister . . . even if she is only seven years old.

Nine Years Ago In HUSTLER



We're proud of Jackie Onassis. Not merely because our nude photos of her were so spectacularly received and helped put HUSTLER at the top of the men's-magazine heap, but because she tastefully refrained from comment. Considerably lesser personalities have screamed like spoiled children when their photos appeared on these pages, but the refined Jackie O sat back quietly while the world admired her nude form.

This photo appeared long ago, but we couldn't resist making a point of this at a time when so many so-called celebrities are raising a ruckus about the public exposure of their precious bods. The lesson here is that there are times when silence is not only golden but downright elegant.

Princess Phone-Sex

Through the ages Jewish men have been brainwashed by lifetimes of hearing their mothers tell their fathers, "Not tonight, Sol." Why do you think Moses wandered in the desert for 40 years? He was looking for a nice Gentile girl who'd give him a blowjob! So a phone-sex service providing nasally women who tell the callers to forget it is just what these guys need to get their kosher rocks off! We can see the headlines on the ad now– "Boy, have we got a phone-sex service for you!"



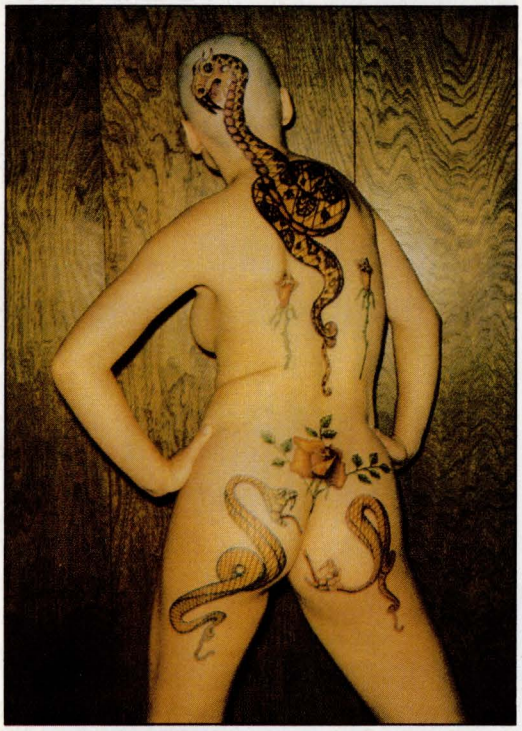
Reagan's Civil Rights Commission



Reagan keeps claiming that he's not a bigot; yet he recently fired three *liberal* members of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights and replaced them with three *conservative* appointees. One of the replacements, Robert Destro, had actually testified before Congress in 1978 that he felt the commission should be abolished.

What's ahead for the commission that investigates complaints of discrimination based on race, color, religion, sex, national origin or handicap? Maybe some new members–like Nazis, Klansmen or Southern "You-in-Trouble-Now-Boy!" cops. We even added Archie Bunker's head to our parody because his paranoid views of other races seem in line with current Administration thinking.

It's no wonder minorities are at the end of their rope.



Backbiter That's what she gets for going to a tattooist who moonlights as a barber. HUSTLER fans are forever sending us photos of their bizarre tattoos, but this has to be one of the most unusual. With designs like those, you can bet this young lady likes it up the asp.

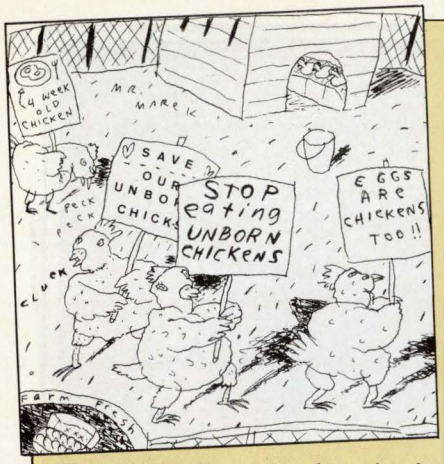
Keep'Em Comin'!

The word is out on HUSTLER's search for the biggest cock–announced last issue–and the photos are flooding in for that *$5,000* prize and the chance to appear in a HUSTLER pictorial.

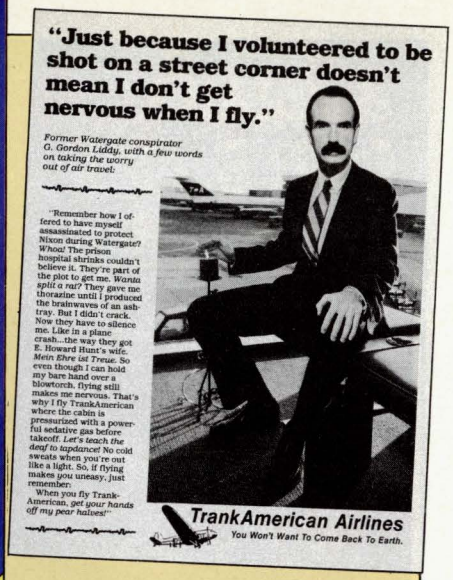
Incredible as it may seem, we're even getting pictures from *white* guys! As a matter of fact, our biggest find so far is the owner of the illustrious piece of pipe at right. We're not showing his face because he's destined to be the next John Holmes and will make his premiere in HUSTLER's first video production! Watch for it at your local videocassette outlet.

So keep sending in those photos, zipper-busters. You're not making any bucks just *hanging* around.









A Mole Pops Up

"Is there intelligent life on other planets?" is no longer the burning question. "Is there intelligent life in Washington, D.C.?" is what America wants to know. The answer is yes . . . but not in Congress. It's in a bold new satire magazine, *Mole*. When asked why the name *Mole*, publisher Gary Wasserman answered, "All the good names were already taken." Actually, the title is the government-jargon nickname for secret leakers–like the ones who gave the Reagan camp Carter's briefing book.

Mole is an uninhibited "Malice in Blunderland" lashing out at Washington's legendary lunacy and the characters involved. From tips for freshman Congressmen on Washington's infamous black ghettos ("Just drop your hang-ups, walk up to the next black person you see on the street and say,'Hey, nigger, give me five!' ") to Supreme Court Justice Sandra O'Connor's diary ("I think I scored an early victory in Court with my chocolate-chip cookies!"), *Mole* is one hilarious, *bright* piece of satire after another. HUSTLER welcomes any publication that brings D.C.'s puffed-up assholes under the magnifying glass of satire. You can start a pretty good fire with a magnifying glass, and if *Mole* aims it at the right part of Washington's anatomy. . .

Mole's only flaw is that you need an extensive knowledge of the Capitol Hill scene to understand some of the material. We hope the editors will recognize that problem and make their humor a bit more broad-based. Current humor mags like *National Lampoon* and *Mad* are as effective at political satire as a spoonful of Pepto Bismol for an elephant with the runs.

Mole will be available bimonthly at newsstands across the U.S. (the first issue was available only in limited areas) in the late fall. But if you don't want to take a chance of missing it, you can send $20 for a ten-issue subscription to *Mole* magazine, P.O. Box 43403, Washington, D.C. 20010.

PUNCHING PONTIFF PENS PACT

Vatican officials announced today that Pope John Paul II has agreed to fight Muhammad Ali, former heavyweight champion and star of the ever-popular D-Con roach commercial series. The bout, scheduled to be fought at Fort Lee, N.J. and tabbed the "Crusades in the Palisades," pits Ali's famous "Rope-a-Pope" tactic against the prelate's new strategy called "Hustlin'-a-Muslim."



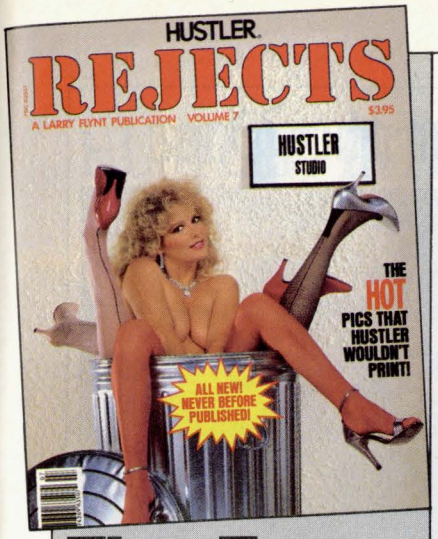
NC Photo

Drinking Problem Exposed

A drunk Nancy Reagan, who spent the night on the floor of the D.C. Greyhound bus terminal, is frisked by a member of the Metro Police special undercover midget squad.



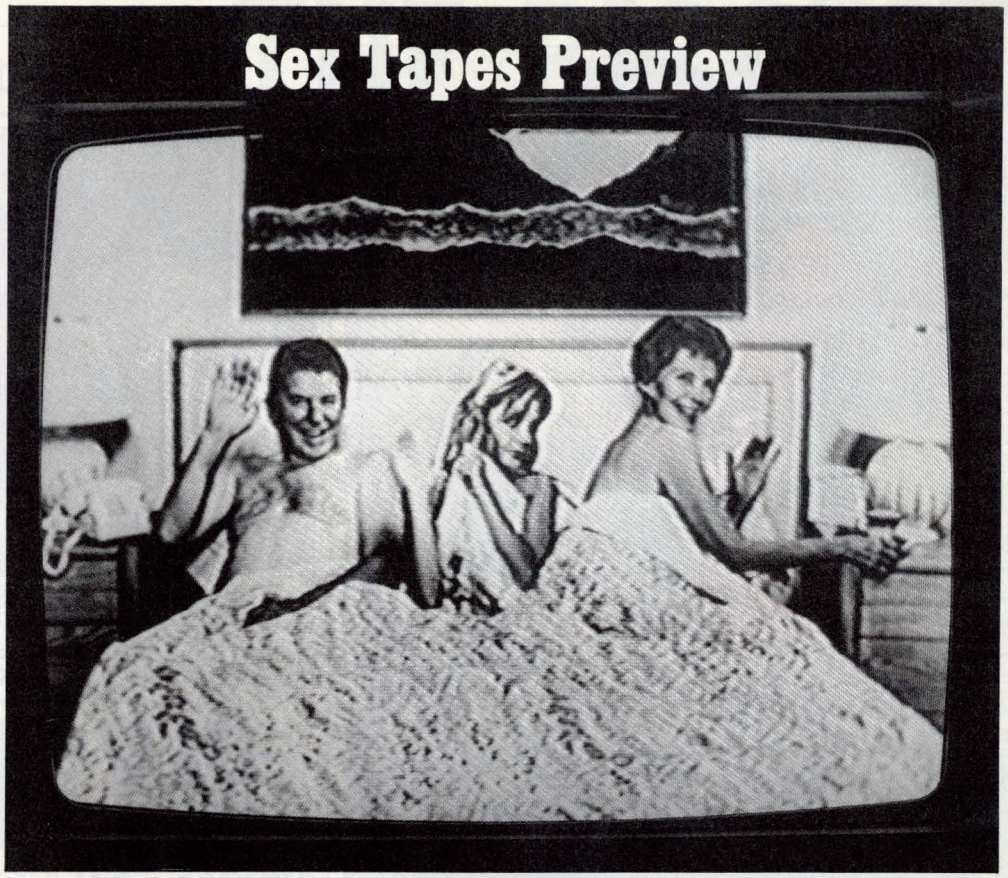




They Try Harder

These girls need a second chance. Their photos didn't pass HUSTLER's tough standards. Maybe the lighting was off; maybe the photographer was off. But the pictorials are still hotter than our competition's. So we put them in HUSTLER REJECTS. Volume 7 is nonstop sizzling photos with *no editorial interruptions*. Check your newsstands or send $3.95 plus $1 for handling to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944).

Sex Tapes Preview



Here's a hint of what's to come next month when HUSTLER unveils . . . *the Vicki Morgan sex tapes.* We've got 'em, and we're going to release the scenes that will shock the world in the December issue of HUSTLER. Our Christmas present to the Reagan Administration.



A Friend You Can Count On

Meet HUSTLER's new film reviewer, Lonn Friend. Lonn's just an ordinary guy whose tastes are probably similar to your own–that's if you like to sit in a dark room for hours on end deliberating the finer points of cum-shots. But that's why we chose him. He's an adult-film connoisseur who'll give you the straight dope on the newest X-rated films. If a flick can stiffen *his* jaded member, you'll know you're in for a treat.

The AIDS Suicide Plan



HUSTLER®

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HUSTLER INTERVIEW: THE BIGGEST, BLACKEST COCK EVER!

A candid, explosive, man-to-dick conversation with the most-sought-after piece of meat in the Western world.

HUSTLER: Let's get right down to it. Which do you prefer–black or white pussy?

COCK: I likes white pussy best. It's my way of gettin' back at you honkies by tearin' up all that "tight white."

HUSTLER: Surely, you aren't prejudiced?

COCK: No way, man. I'll fuck anything that walks . . . white, black, Chinese, Latinos, but I really prefers them young white Southern belles whose daddies own plantations. Or better yet, if they daddies in the Klan! I find that out, I fuck those bitches *blind!*

HUSTLER: Why do women love big, black cocks?

COCK: First off, they love the size. Don't believe it when you hear, "Honey, it ain't the size of the ship–it's the motion in the ocean." Ain't no sucker goin' out to sea in a canoe. And as for them preferrin' a big *black* dong . . . you know any white guys hung like this? And John Holmes don't count 'cause his mama was black. Most folks don't know that. I know 'cause I *fucked* his mama.

HUSTLER: We'll have to look into it. Tell us, what does it feel like inside a cunt?

COCK: Tight. (*Laughs.*) That's a joke all us big, black cocks tell. What's a cunt feel like? It's warm, soft, wet . . . like a mouth 'cept more rigid. And the whole thing can pucker around you instead of just the lips. The skin inside is like the bottoms of shoes with crepe soles. But softer. Shoes and pussies got a lot in common.

HUSTLER: We never thought of it that way.

COCK: Sure . . . you want 'em tight and clean, and when the old ones wear out, you go and find new ones. (*Laughs.*)

HUSTLER: That must be another joke all you big, black cocks tell.

COCK: Don't take it wrong, man. It's cold, but it's true. Can you dig? Here's another: What's white and 15 inches long?

HUSTLER: Nothing.

COCK: Shit, you heard that one.

HUSTLER: Were you ever deep-throated?

COCK: Only once. A fine young fox with a mouth as wide as the opening of a pickle jar. Daughter of a white Baptist minister. Got the mouth from her daddy.

HUSTLER: You fuck around a lot, don't you?

COCK: Nothin' I like better–'cept maybe good shoes and a warm place to piss.

HUSTLER: Speaking of piss, did you ever give a golden shower?

COCK: Uh-uh. That's almost as disgustin' as eatin' pussy.

HUSTLER: Then how do you feel about screwing in the ass?

COCK: *Now* you talkin'! I call that my "butt-buster." Ain't nothin' finer than pullin' the cheeks apart on some little blond piece of trash–'specially one with freckles and that white fuzzy hair on her thighs–and jammin' myself in until that pink skin *splits!* They scream and they whine, but they love it.

HUSTLER: One last question. Have you ever had a homosexual experience?

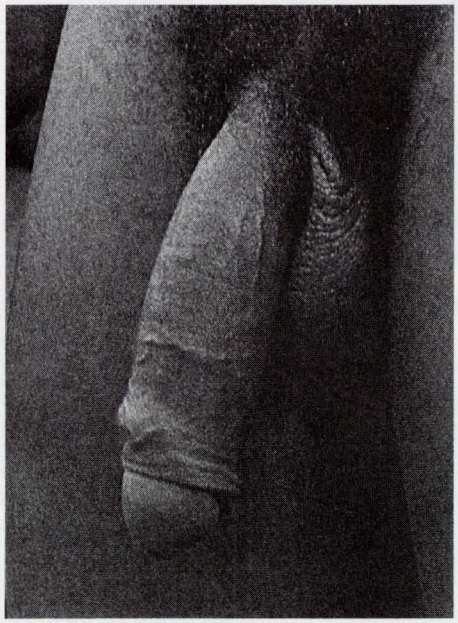
COCK: Only with a Klansman. I left that sucker's asshole stretched so wide, he could park his pickup truck in it. I don't dig that sort of action, but it was for a good cause.

HUSTLER: Thanks for taking time out from your busy schedule to talk with us.

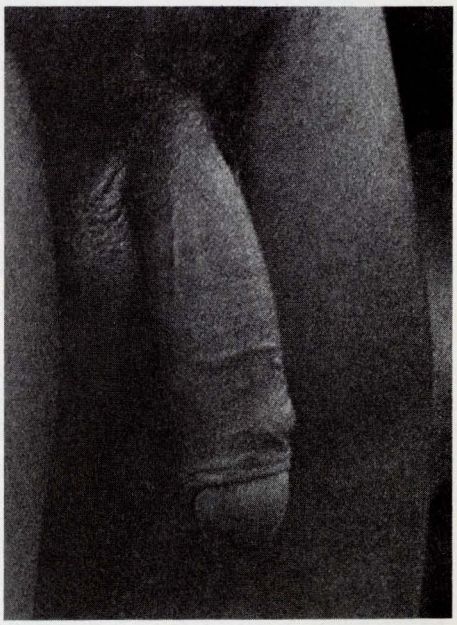
COCK: It's cool. Now if y'all could *hustle* your white butts outa here, I got an appointment with the welfare lady, and if I don't leave her *reamed, steamed* and *dry-cleaned*, she's gonna have my black ass out on the streets!



"I likes white pussy best. It's my way of gettin' back at you honkies by tearin' up all that 'tight white.' "



"Don't believe it when you hear, 'Honey, it ain't the size of the ship–it's the motion in the ocean.' Ain't no sucker goin' out to sea in a canoe."



"What's a cunt feel like? It's warm, soft, wet . . . The skin inside is like the bottom of shoes with crepe soles. But softer."

1983 Erotica Award Winners

Next month's issue will have the ballot for the HUSTLER Erotic Film Poll, in which readers vote on what they felt was best in the 1983 adult-film season. But X-rated-movie people, just like members of the "legitimate" film community, like to be judged by their peers as well. Regular movies have the Oscars, and adult films have their equivalent–the Erotica Awards.

Presented in Los Angeles each year by the Adult Film Association of America, the event is every bit as respectable and boring as the Oscars (they don't even show X-rated film clips), and the entertainment is equally mundane. This year's guest comedian was none other than Jack Carter. Wow!

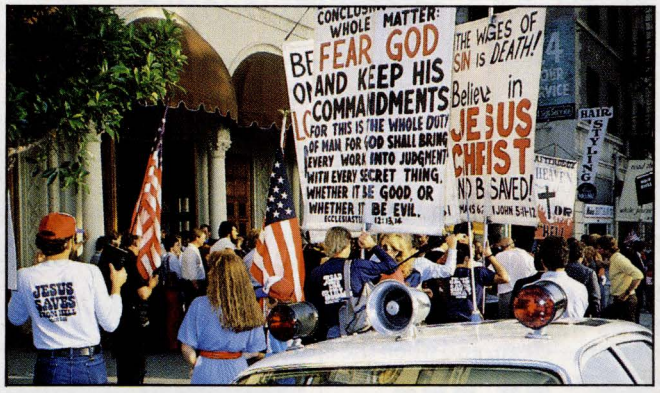
Still, the awards ceremony is worthy of note, because it gives the public an idea of what the porn industry thinks *it's* doing right. The awards this year were:

Best Supporting Actor was Jamie Gillis (*Roommates*); Best Supporting Actress was Veronica Hart (*Foxtrot*); Best Costumes (in a porn flick?) were in *One Thousand and One Erotic Nights*; Best Cinematography appeared in *Foxtrot*; Best Director was Chuck Vincent (*Roommates*); Best Actor was John Leslie (*Talk Dirty to Me II*); Best Actress was Veronica Hart (*Roommates*); and Best Picture was *Roommates*.

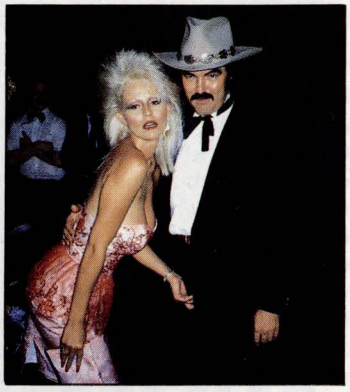
It'll be interesting to compare these awards with the results of our poll in the April 1984 issue. Watch for it.



Larry Flynt and photographer Suze Randall pretend Jack Carter is funny as starlets mug.



God-fearing antiporn protesters take their signs out of mothballs and hit the streets to do their annual "You'll go to hell" routine.

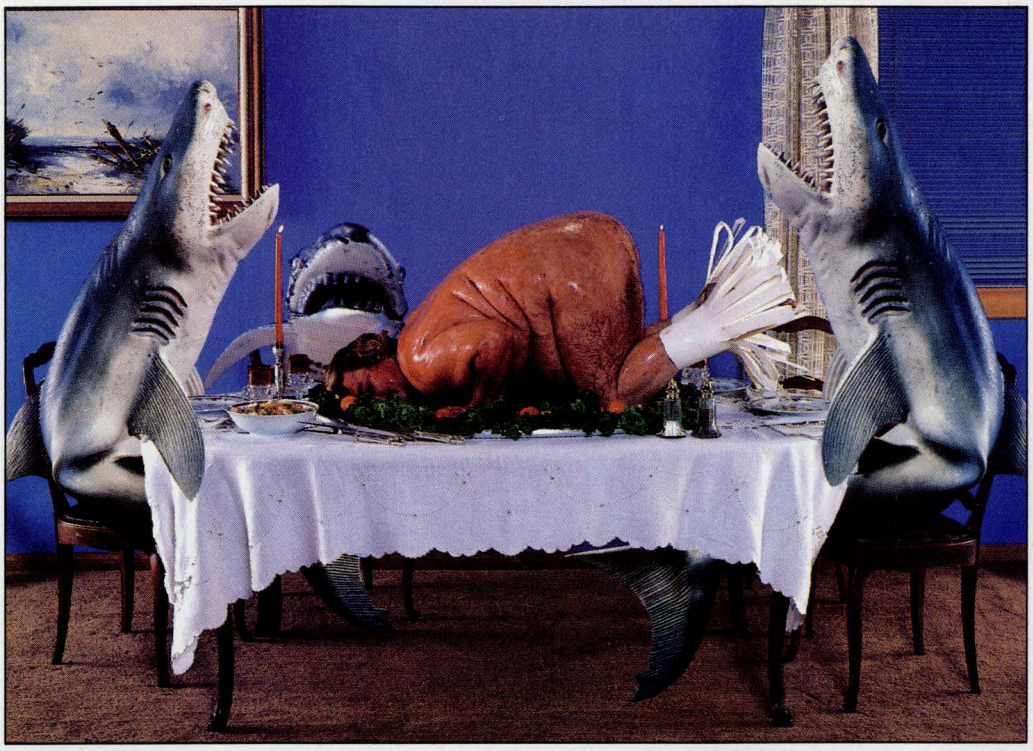


Seka, sporting a punk hairdo and a cowboy, hits below the belt for the cameras.

Hotter Than Pink

If we had to pick a point in time when people first realized that HUSTLER was more than just a sex magazine, this would be it. First appearing in our Third Anniversary Issue (July 1977), this ad brought home the fact that HUSTLER had gone beyond just pictures of nude women into something bigger and more menacing to the forces of repression and puritanical politics. Satire and humor became an integral part of our editorial focus. The ad urged readers to subscribe and help "Dr. Flynt's monster really go out of control." We mention it now because the mad doctor is readying the "monster" again, to terrorize all the new assholes who have sprung up to destroy the First Amendment since those halcyon days of HUSTLER's youth. Just when they thought it was safe to stomp on your rights.



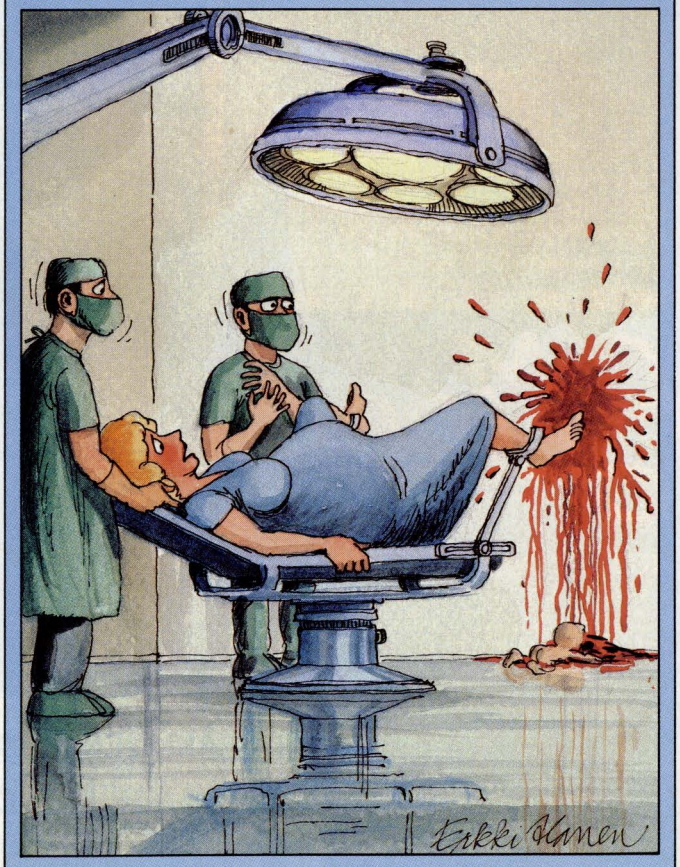


Thanksgiving for Sharks

The sharks' Thanksgiving prayer: "Dear Lord, thank you for swimmers who go out alone at night, and thank you for ships that sink with people on-board and, most of all, thank you for the royalties from *Jaws*. Amen."

See, sharks have a lot to be thankful for too.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Well, you told me to push!"



What Is It?

This is a photo of:

A. Karl Malden, letting his wife blow his nose.

B. Joan Rivers sealing her agreement to be permanent guest host for Johnny Carson.

C. A Jimmy Dean's Sausage taste test.

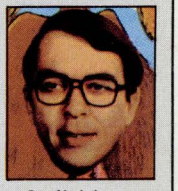
D. None of the above.

HUSTLER Update



Impoverished Americans: A Firsthand Report
March '83

"I have seen reports in the press in past weeks of Americans going hungry," President Reagan said last August, announcing the creation of a task force to review the problem. A full six months before Reagan finally got the message, HUSTLER's in-depth article pointed out the astonishing 31.8 million Americans living below poverty level. Since then, according to the latest Census Bureau figures, the ranks of poor Americans swelled by 2.6 million people–meaning that 15% of our nation is living in poverty, the highest figure in nearly 20 years. Rather than wasting time forming task forces, Reagan would be well advised to take immediate action to remedy this shameful situation.



Robert E. Bauman
October '81

We named this former Maryland congressman an Asshole not so much for his habit of soliciting sex from young boys but for hypocritically crusading against pornography and sexual perversion while he was doing so. The archconservative, who once told voters that he would "not go back to the personal hell" created by his compulsion toward alcoholism and homosexuality, now has publicly stated he is a gay-rights activist. "If the hundreds of thousands who are suffering can see it as respectable to be conservative, politically active and gay, there will be a good ending to this bitter struggle I went through," Bauman said. Such a "fairy-tale" ending, of course, would give Bauman untold numbers of fresh-out-of-the-closet young gay boys to fool around with.

Contributors

HUSTLER pays $150 for each reader-submitted Bits & Pieces item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one B&P item, the payment is $50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For November, $150 goes to R.W. Katten. HUSTLER's comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. HUSTLER's use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted or by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred.

"The odds are that Constance will be back in films...since her name continues to stir instant enthusiasm everywhere." *Playboy Magazine*

Star of "MISTY BEETHOVEN"

CONSTANCE MONEY *in*



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INSIDE EACH TASTE OF MONEY CASSETTE!

COMING SOON FROM **ATOM FILMS:**
"PLEASURE SO DEEP"

EROTIC FILMS

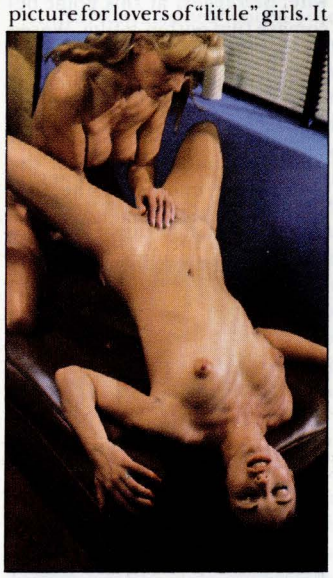
Edited by Lonn M. Friend

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which ones aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better productions.

The Young Like It Hot

Fully Erect. *Produced by Gail Palmer; directed by Bob Chinn; written by Gail Palmer; starring Hyapatia Lee, Eric Edwards, Kay Parker, Callie Aimes, Lili Marlene, Pat Manning, Don Hart, Rose-Linda Kimball, Lori Smith, Paul Thomas, Bud Lee, Herschel Savage, Sharon Mills, Reni Lovins, Mike Horner and William Margold. Running time: 91 minutes.*

Although the title might make you think you're going to be seeing a bunch of early-teen "Lolitas" bouncing and balling on the screen, *The Young Like It Hot* is *not* a picture for lovers of "little" girls. It is, however, a sex-drenched, fun-filled throwback to the camp fuck 'n' suck blue movies of the mid-'70s. As a change from all the efforts these days to make big-budget porn, it's refreshing to see one that makes no bones about being nothing more than cheap thrills, silly sight-gags . . . and a lot of down-on-your-knees sex!



'Hot': Marlene and Lee leave their switchboards for a steamy coffee break.

The story revolves around a phone company that's about to go all-computer and put its staff of beautiful switchboard operators out of work. Worried (and angered) by this, the girls' supervisor (played by the gorgeous Hyapatia Lee) decides that the only way to stop the technological transformation is through "pussy power." In other words, the staff puts their cunts together and mass seduces the community to convince their boss (Eric Edwards) and the board of directors that there are just some things a moist pair of thighs can do that a silicon chip can't.

As operators and repairmen begin to "service" their customers' sexual appetites, the phone lines at the company light up with calls from satisfied individuals throughout the city, and the computerization is prevented.

As simple and stupid as the story is, it provides the perfect setting for a barrage of sexual encounters between a very attractive cast of characters. Within the first 30 minutes of the film, Rose-Linda Kimball is pussy-eaten under her switchboard by Don Hart; Eric Edwards is sucked and fucked by Hyapatia Lee; and Paul Thomas receives the deep-throat blowjob of his life from Lori Smith.



R.-L. Kimball, Hyapatia Lee and Lili Marlene play horny operators in 'Hot.'

The latter scene, by the way, ranks up there as one of the most stimulating and downright "wet" deep-throats ever filmed. For a moment it even appears Smith has Thomas's *balls* in her mouth!

Another highlight of the film comes when repairman Hart calls on a horny housewife (Pat Manning) in order to fix her faulty phone unit. Manning–who at age 40-plus boasts more sexual energy onscreen than most of her younger colleagues–turns Hart every way but loose and gets a daring *four*-finger fist-fuck reminiscent of the scenes in the original, unedited 1978 classic *Candy Stripers* (also directed by Bob Chinn).

The highlight of the picture, though, comes when the office virgin (Lili Marlene) decides it's time to explore the wonders of heterosexuality. Within five minutes of shyly approaching boss Eric Edwards, Marlene (who handles dialogue about as well as a retarded child does fingerpaints) is screaming, "I want you to fuck me in the ass!" The comment is so hi-



Kimball gives her phone-company supervisor (Lee) a good licking in 'Hot.'

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

FULLY ERECT	**Superior. A top production that delivers fullest satisfaction.**
THREE-QUARTERS ERECT	**Good. A well-made film that's guaranteed to please.**
HALF ERECT	**So-so. This may get you off, but its appeal is limited.**
ONE-QUARTER ERECT	**Poor. Don't expect much, and you won't be disappointed.**
TOTALLY LIMP	**A waste of time and money. Avoid this one at all costs.**

lariously out of place, it actually makes sense! And perhaps therein lies the beauty and simple brilliance of this film. It makes no pretenses and doesn't try to be something it's not.

The Young Like It Hot is the kind of adult film nobody wants to make anymore–but a lot of people *still* want to see. *–L. M. F.*

Between Lovers

Half Erect. Produced by Marga Aulbach; directed by Henri Pachard; written by Marga Aulbach, Chester H. Carlfi and Henri Pachard; starring Jesie St. James, John Leslie, Georgina Spelvin, Joey Silvera, Mai Lin, Nicky C. O'Brien, Wendy Walker, Cheri LeBlanc and Adriane Bellaire. Running time: 85 minutes.

Once in a while a porn film comes out that tries so hard to look like a legitimate motion picture, it forgets *why* it was made in the first place. In many respects *Between Lovers* has the polish, pacing and appearance of a general-release movie. But in achieving that, it sacrifices the one essential of an X-rated movie: hot, creative sex.

The soap-opera-type story revolves around a fashion designer (Jesie St. James) who, after catching her husband (John Leslie) in bed with his secretary (Mai Lin), decides to go out and have an affair of her own. While out of town on business, she meets a witty, off-the-wall character named Dexter (Joey Silvera).

St. James and Silvera fall deeply in love–so deeply, in fact, that she commits bigamy and marries him. Soon things come to a head when she holds a grand fashion show–an event so important to her, she demands both hubbies to attend.



Jesie St. James and Joey Silvera pursue a tasty affair in 'Between Lovers.'

If love is blind, St. James must be dumb as well as sightless to allow such a situation. Anyway, to temporarily avoid a confrontation, St. James's best friend (Georgina Spelvin) whisks Silvera away from the scene before he can spot Leslie (ironically, the two men had met and become best friends in a Malibu bar some weeks before). Finally, St. James and Leslie walk in on Silvera and Spelvin in the middle of a fuck, and everyone's shocked. As it turns out, St. James admits she made a mistake in marrying Silvera and asks Leslie for his forgiveness. He gives it, and everyone lives happily ever after.

Besides a farfetched story, *Between Lovers* suffers from an overall lack of sexual spunk. Even the initial, deep-feeling love scenes between St. James and Silvera come off routine and rehearsed. The fucking appears almost like an afterthought–something the producers just threw in to get an X rating. And that's a shame, because the acting performances and the direction are excellent.

There is one delightful sex scene, though, in which St. James, in the midst of her affair with Silvera, shows Leslie what she's learned lately about pleasing a man. Finding her newfound expertise a mystery, Leslie confronts his wife. In a humorous interchange, she claims she's been reading "manuals." After shooting his wad, Leslie retires to the bathroom, still shaking his head.

A little attention to the sex, and *Between Lovers* would have been something for every adult-moviegoer. Alas, its appeal is reserved for those who like big-budget porn but aren't too particular about the quality–or quantity–of creative lovemaking they see. *–L. M. F.*



Silvera and St. James share a quiet moment together in 'Between Lovers.'

Sexcapades

Fully Erect. Produced by David Stone; directed by Henri Pachard; written by R. Allen Leider and Henri Pachard; starring Eric Edwards, Sharon Mitchell, Tiffany Clark, Lee Carroll, Mai Lin, Sharon Kane, George Payne, Joanna Storm, Michael Bruce, Ashley Welles, Alan Adrian and Tony Santino. Running time: 85 minutes.

Sexcapades is the best "making of a porno movie" flick since 1980's *Exposed*. It's an exciting, well-made behind-the-scenes look at an uncommon industry filled with uncommon people . . . and uncommon conflicts.

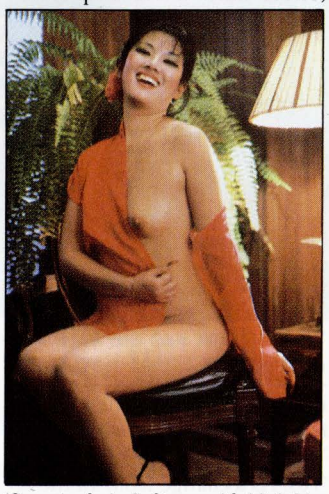
Eric Edwards plays a film director who is returning to make a hard-core porno after doing six years of non-erotic movies. His producer, Lorraine (played by Lee Carroll), wants the film completed as soon as possible. Edwards, however, refuses to create a half-assed picture and soon becomes obsessed with perfection. All this annoys his conservative and unyielding wife (Sharon Mitchell), who's incensed that he plans to use their home for filming.

The production of Edwards's blue epic turns the household upside down, and life changes dramatically for the director and his wife. *Sexcapades* at this point becomes a film-within-a-film. We see all the intricate goings-on–the presex masturbation, erogenous makeup, etc.–that take place *behind* the sex scenes. The action continues until just short of the ending–the ending of the film within *Sexcapades*, that is.



Eric Edwards takes on Mai Lin and Lee Carroll in 'Sexcapades.'

Stumped for a final scene,



'Sexcapades': Sultry maid Mai Lin proves good help is easy to find.



In 'Let's Talk Sex,' energetic Pat Manning gets a load of Kevin James.

Edwards–who's been thrown out of his house by Mitchell for fucking the maid (Mai Lin)–visits his producer, Lee Carroll. *Sexcapades* ends with a bizarre fantasy/reality sequence as Edwards imagines an erotic threesome involving him, his hot female producer and Mai Lin. This sequence–real or not (the viewer can't be sure of either)–doubles in Edwards's mind as the finale of *his* film. Hence, both pictures end together.

Attention to detail is what makes *Sexcapades* succeed so admirably. Eric Edwards's character is expertly developed, as is that of his wife. Their underlying relationship is ever-present throughout the story and makes for excellent conflict outside the making-of-the-movie sequences. And as for those sequences, every detail is carefully considered. You actually *feel* like you're right there on the set–watching the sweaty bodies writhe together beneath the hot lights and heavy cameras.

As for the sex in *Sexcapades*, there's plenty of it. In one particularly hot audition scene, buxom Lee Carroll "tests" Sharon Kane on her expertise with a strap-on dildo. The dirty-talking Carroll comes so many times, it even appears to startle Kane, who's had her face in more pussies than a busy gynecologist.

But the true "burning point" of *Sexcapades* comes in a scene on the set of Edwards's film. Tiffany Clark is fucked by Tony Santino while Edwards "directs" the action from bedside. Clark clings to Edwards for dear life as Santino almost thrusts her off the bed while a wide-eyed horny crew watches from behind the cameras. The sequence is so superbly shot and believable, you can see the beads of perspiration fly off Clark's forehead as she reaches a shuddering orgasm. And the applause by the crew onscreen when it's over makes it all the more real.

If you're curious to know what goes on behind the pornographer's cameras, don't miss *Sexcapades*. This production is an erotic eyeful. *–L. M. F.*

Let's Talk Sex

One-Quarter Erect. Produced by Ted Gorley; directed by Paul G. Vatelli; written by Paul G. Vatelli and Mike Hunt; starring Bridgette Monet, Kitten Natividad, Becky Savage, Tina Ross, Julie Parton, Alexandria, David Cannon, Linda Shaw, Pat Manning, Kevin James, Don Hart, Herschel Savage and Joy Larson. Running time: 85 minutes.

Despite a great premise, some sexy ladies and no doubt good intentions on the part of the filmmakers, *Let's Talk Sex* is a disappointment. With its frantic editing, obnoxious overdubbing and virtual absence of plot, the film almost looks like a series of spliced 8mm loops.

The movie begins as a nurse (Bridgette Monet) returns home late from work one night and is raped by an intruder (David Cannon). As it turns out, the sequence is just a fantasy of *his* being shared with one of the girls (Kitten Natividad) at a phone-sex service. From there, vignette after vignette takes place as various individuals from all walks of life decide to call this phone-sex outfit and get off.

For example, one scene has a young man (Kevin James) phone-fantasizing about getting it on with his stepmother (Pat Manning), who's taking a bath. Another sequence finds a virgin couple turning to an erotic operator (Becky Savage) for help with the "first time." The film finally ends with a real-life encounter between customer Herschel Savage and his girl-on-the-other-end, Tina Ross.

There *is* some hot sex in *Let's Talk Sex*, like the threesome between Don Hart and big-busted partners Alexandria (known in her other films as Mona Page) and Julie Parton. But no matter how intense the action looks–or into it the actors seem–this movie is so difficult to watch, it's impossible to concentrate on what's happening on the screen. The reason is the overwhelming use of overdubs and voice-overs. Not one live-action word is spoken in the entire 85 minutes of this flick, and there's something so distracting about knowing the sound doesn't jibe with the action, it makes the viewing an unpleasant chore. Even subtitles would have been better.

If you enjoy those quarter-movie booths–or don't mind loud, out-of-sync dialogue and an abundance of annoying grunts and groans–*Let's Talk Sex* may have something exciting to offer you.

Otherwise, it's not much to speak of. *–L. M. F.*



Julie Parton, Alexandria and Don Hart trade dirty words in 'Talk Sex.'

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

All American Girls
Debbie Does Dallas II
Doing It
Indecent Exposure
In Love
Irresistible
Memphis Cat House Blues
Naughty Girls Need Love Too
Scoundrels
Society Affairs
The Devil in Miss Jones II

Three-Quarters Erect

Expose Me Now
Hot Dreams
Intimate Lessons
Mascara
Midnight Heat
Satisfactions
Taboo II
Touch of Blue
Up 'n' Coming

Half Erect

A Taste of Money
Baby Cakes
California Valley Girls
Liquid Assets
Little Girls Lost
Nightlife
N*U*R*S*E*S of the 407
Oui, Girls
Puss 'n' Boots
Sorority Sweethearts
Trashi
Treasure Box
White Heat

One-Quarter Erect

Blue Jeans
Body Talk
Daddy's Little Girls
Foreplay
Fox Holes
Peep Holes
The Mistress
The Starmaker

Totally Limp

All About Annette
Little Orphan Dusty, Part II
Starlet Nights

BOOKS

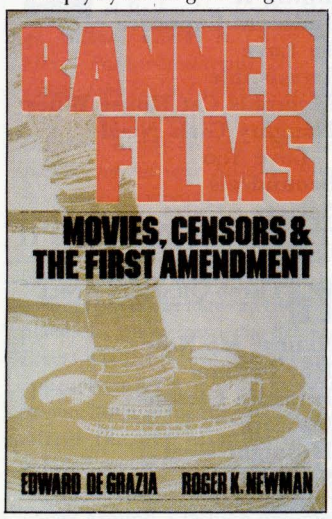
Reviewed by Theodore Sturgeon

Banned Films

By Edward de Grazia and Roger K. Newman; R. R. Bowker & Co., 1180 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10036; $14.95.

Nobody is ever going to call this a fun book. But get your nose into it, and you just might have a problem getting it back out.

Simply by holding *this* magazine



in your hands, you have involved yourself in the age-old issue of censorship. The fact that you can read HUSTLER–or any other men's magazine for that matter–is the result of many a courtroom battle fought and won. And winning has cost a lot of people jail time and countless thousands of dollars.

The same goes for the motion-picture business. Its persecution at the hands of religious and social institutions has caused many a reel of celluloid to be lifted from the projector and filed away where it can't "hurt" anyone. *Banned Films* is a documentation of the history of censorship in moving pictures, going all the way back to when *The James Boys in Missouri* was censored by Chicago's chief of police back in 1908.

The book covers more than the legal entanglements suffered by big-screen feature films. It also follows the plight of censored newsreels, prize-fight pictures, scientific and educational works, and war-propaganda footage . . . not to mention the taboo adult movies as well as those questionable pictures that bordered on blasphemy (like *The Miracle*, which told of an ignorant Italian peasant who thought she'd been seduced by Saint Joseph).

The book details some of the most interesting obscenity cases, including those involving the films *Deep Throat, The Devil in Miss Jones, Last Tango in Paris, Emmanuelle* and *Caligula.* After reading *Banned Films*, you'll be convinced that no matter how tame a movie looks, it's bound to be banned somewhere in this country.

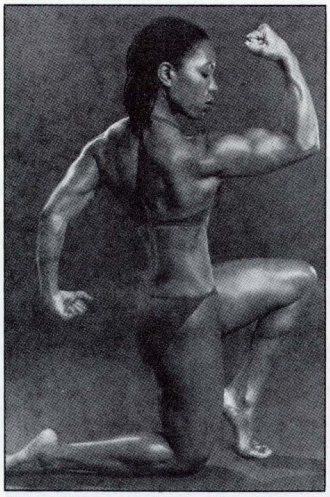
If you can wade through the legal jargon, you'll no doubt enjoy this 400-plus-page volume that tells you just how much of a punching our First Amendment has taken . . . and how proud (and thankful) we should be that it still stands firm today.

Strong & Sexy

By Trix Rosen; Delilah Books, 118 E. 25th St., New York, NY 10010; $9.95.

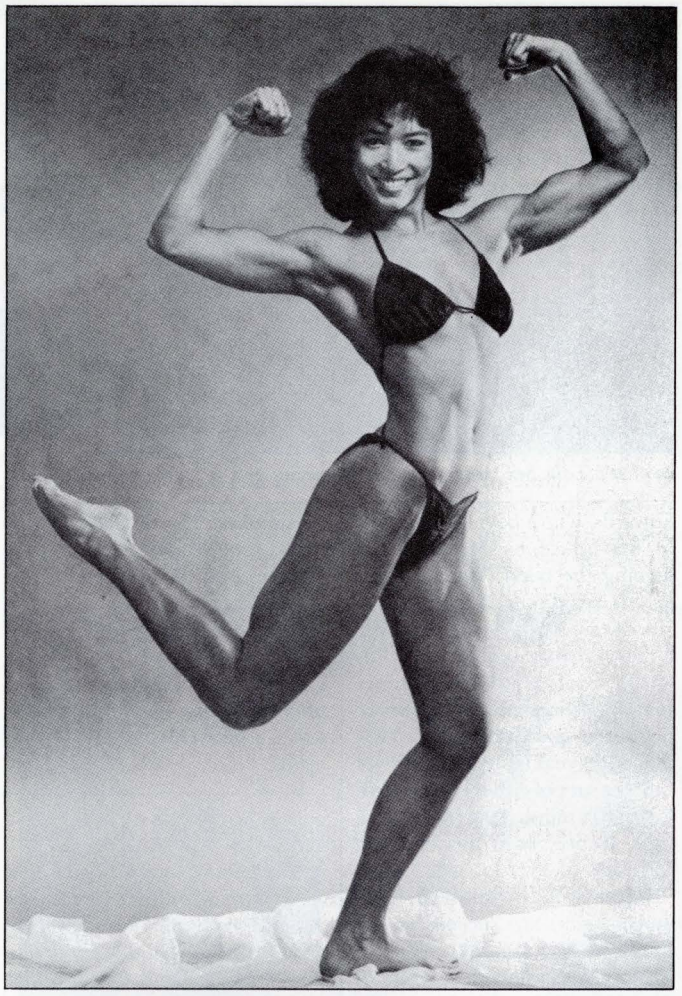
Like *Lady Lisa Lyon*–reviewed here in September–this is a book devoted to women with muscles. The difference in the two volumes, however, is that where *Lady Lisa* devoted each and every page to Lady Lisa, *Strong & Sexy* gives you a glimpse of several remarkably fit ladies who've made the worship of their physical bodies the most important thing in their lives. And let me say, these women are something to look at indeed.

The ladies in *Strong & Sexy* range from teenage to married mothers pushing 40. But they all have one thing in common besides their uncanny bodies. And that is energy and relentless dedication. That's what sets them apart from



Lorna Patterson shows off her biceps in one of 'Strong & Sexy's' pictorials.

"cheesecake" models. These women are not afraid to break the pussy-kitten pattern of so many of the models in TV and magazine ads. They risk turning a lot of people off, but at the same time they're doing something that proclaims their individuality and freedom of expression. And I respect that . . . a lot.



Luscious Lydia Cheng, an ex-circus strongwoman, flexes in 'Strong & Sexy.'

The book devotes a chapter to each lady and shows them in several poses. In addition, there's an accompanying text that tells you something personal about them, along with quotes from the individual models. Nina Schoenbaum describes her feelings about being a female bodybuilder by saying: "I don't flaunt my muscles as much as I thought I would. I feel differently about them; they are my product, and I protect them by wearing sweaters to keep them warm. I do look at everyone differently as I walk down the street. One time I saw a man and woman with their arms crossed on the bus, and I noticed that my forearms looked more like his, shapely and strong, not bony like hers." Bold statement . . . but honest.

Strong & Sexy is a well-put-together book with loads of black-and-white and color photographs. If you're not intimidated by women who pack a punch, pick it up.

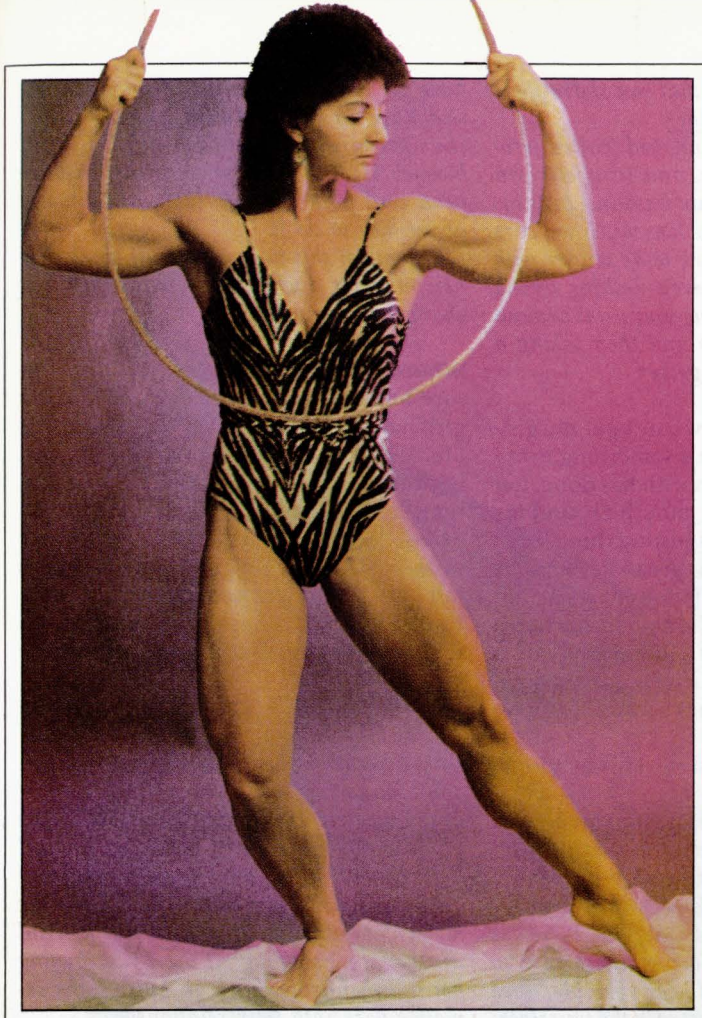
The Manhattan Gambit

By Benjamin Stein; Doubleday & Co. Inc., 501 Franklin Ave., Garden City, NY 11530; $15.95.

It's hard to believe that the same guy who wrote the remarkable book *'Ludes* (reviewed here in September 1982) also churned out this verbal comic strip. Either *The*



"Many people think muscles aren't feminine," Maro Bchakjian says in 'Sexy.'



Muscular Maro displaying her curves in Trix Rosen's 'Strong & Sexy.'

Manhattan Gambit's an early effort recently brought out of the trunk, or Benjamin Stein's forgotten how to write.

The scene is the U.S. during World War II, and the main characters are a German spy with a mission he thinks will win the war for the Third Reich; an aging cop who develops a personal grudge against the spy; and a supersharp lady from a high-level secret operation in Washington. As soon as you learn this, you know how it all is going to come out. It's one of those plots that isn't a whodunit but a *how*-they-dunit.

One stamp of Stein's work is that he does indeed do a ferocious amount of homework. He really captures the feel of our country in the wartime '40s. And he does it by stealing a technique used in Ian Fleming's James Bond books–mentioning trade names. The difference is, the things injected into the Bond books have class. The stuff here doesn't. In this book a man doesn't light a cigarette; he lights a Philip Morris. A girl throws up in a Kohler toilet. And a newspaper boy rides a Schwinn bicycle.

On and on like that it goes. In addition, names are dropped literally everywhere. J. Edgar Hoover, FDR and lots more . . . even Albert Einstein. Sometimes they're just scenery, and sometimes they act out parts in ways I very much doubt the real individuals ever acted.

Stein's fictional characters are either *all* good or *all* bad. There's no middle ground, and this is the kind of character-development mistake made by rookie writers who've not yet learned the technique of creating people you can really *feel* something for. *The Manhattan Gambit* is full of one-dimensional personas I personally didn't give a hoot about. Hence, I didn't give a hoot about how the story turned out either. Read something else.

Catch a Fire

By Timothy White; Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 521 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10175; $16.95 hardcover, $9.95 paperback.

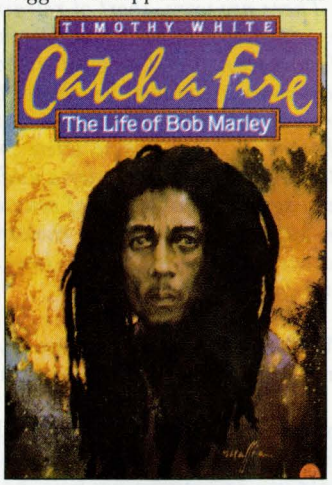
I got into a traffic jam one afternoon while I was visiting Jamaica. My driver yelled, "Vairse bokwids mon on mek I poss!" Translated, this means "Reverse backwards, man, and let me pass." In *Catch a Fire*, author Timothy White drops from time to time into this same Jamaican dialect. This book is about a young man who spoke in the same tongue of the land as my driver–but was perhaps the most significant individual to ever come out of Jamaica. His name was Bob Marley, and this volume tells the story of his incredible life.

Along with the peculiar language of Jamaica comes–for me at least–a flood of recollections that includes the *musical* sound of that speech, sung as much as spoken; the smells (and sometimes the stinks) of that Caribbean island; the richness here and the poverty there; and most of all, its social and political tensions.

The plug popped out of the pressure-cooker when Jamaica ceased to be a colony and became a nation. It was then that the wild blood struggle began to see who would rise to the top and rule. Shootings, riots, street-fights and gang action churned the island. And it was into this that Bob Marley was born.

From the dark-skinned singer with the "dread-locks," the music called "reggae" was born and popularized around the world. *Catch a Fire* is the story of Bob Marley's life–some 400 pages of what happened to him and his world from his birth in February 1945 to his death from cancer in 1981.

Marley's impact on the world expands far past the emergence of reggae. His appeal is not so much



to modern-day philosophers and social scientists–it is, indeed, to the unschooled, ignorant, poor, angry, distressed and *very alive* people you find mostly at the bottom of what might be called the ladder of justice. Marley sang for those who make up what the cover of *this* magazine proclaims: "The rest of the world."

Catch a Fire is an involved and engrossing biography of a man who really did make a difference. Read it and find out why.



Bob Marley (bottom, second from left) with his reggae band in 'Fire.'

(continued from page 15)

setting up housekeeping in your reproductive tract.

There are ways, short of refraining from sex altogether, to cut down on your chances of contracting VD. One good method is to always wear a condom, which not only helps prevent pregnancy but disease as well. Diaphragms have the same effect for women, blocking the travel of bacteria and germs up the vaginal canal. And, of course, you can be super-selective about choosing sexual partners who aren't likely to have VD in the first place.

Time to Get Up: Every time my husband and I make love, he falls asleep afterward. I know there's a chemical in men that makes them tired after sex. When I tell him that I'd like him to stay awake, just hold me and stroke my hair, he gets very defensive. Is there some way I can get him to be more affectionate after sex?

–L. H.
Grovetown, Georgia

He shouldn't get defensive. You're absolutely right–it's just as important for couples to be intimate after sex as during it. It's called "afterplay," and many sex therapists consider it crucial for a satisfying relationship. Whether you decide to talk, read or just snuggle quietly, it's critical that you share these after-sex moments together.

The hormone you mentioned (called serotonin) isn't that strong, and its effects can be easily overcome if your husband puts his mind to it. Let him know how much you care and how much you want to be tender with him. But remember, there's nothing wrong with both of you wrapping your arms around each other occasionally and then taking a nap. At least you're together.

Thar She Blows: How can I get my girlfriend to suck cock? It's something every other woman I've been with has done, but this one won't put her mouth around my prick. She says it's a disgusting thing, even though she's willing to spread her legs for hours while I lick her. It doesn't seem fair. All she's willing to do is smother me in petroleum jelly or baby oil and give me a handjob. It's nice, but it's not enough. How do I make her want to give blowjobs? –H. J.
Boston, Massachusetts

Something here smells fishy. Most people who don't like to give head don't like to get head either. Often it has to do with being taught that oral sex is dirty. Your girlfriend might be an exception to that rule, but there's a chance that she's just being selfish. Try to slowly change her mind. For example, have her just look at your erect cock the first week; have her explore it with her fingers the second; have her kiss it the third; and so on until she's prepared to administer a full-fledged blowjob. It could be she's never given anybody head and feels uncomfortable and unsure about how to do it.

If none of this works, hold off on licking her pussy for a while and see whether that changes her mind.

Where There's Smoke: I'm really unsure and confused about what to do. My girlfriend and I have a very satisfying sex life. We get it on about once a week, and both of us climax. But now I'm worried that she's not happy with me. She has an excuse for not coming home right after work almost every night. And she seems just a little uninterested in me and in sex. I'm afraid she's having an affair with someone. I'm upset and need some advice fast. –A. Y.
Coos Bay, Oregon

Once a week is plenty. . . if you're a nun! You don't sound very excited about your sex life, and your girlfriend probably isn't either. Be blunt and ask her where she's spending all those late evenings. Then try to heat up the quality of your lovemaking. Try to initiate sex more often–and make it last longer. And whether it's snapping off the TV or buying her a sexy nightie, work on putting the romance back into your relationship.

Salt Lick: I love to give head to my husband. He has a beautiful, long cock that I'll wrap my lips around. I like to get him hard and keep him hard, running my mouth up and down his shaft and tickling his balls. When he comes, I love getting that hot cum on my face.

My problem is that after the blowjobs my husband refuses to kiss me when I have cum on my face. He says that it's queer for a man to taste his own cum and that he's no faggot. How can I get a little show of affection from my husband afterward? I don't want to stop giving him head, but this is starting to annoy me. –F. N.
Las Vegas, Nevada

Sounds like you and your husband could be "heading" for trouble over this. We assume he's fulfilling your erotic desires in all other ways; he just refuses to kiss you when you're wearing his flavor of lipstick. We agree it would be great if he'd swallow his pride and give you the little kiss you're seeking.

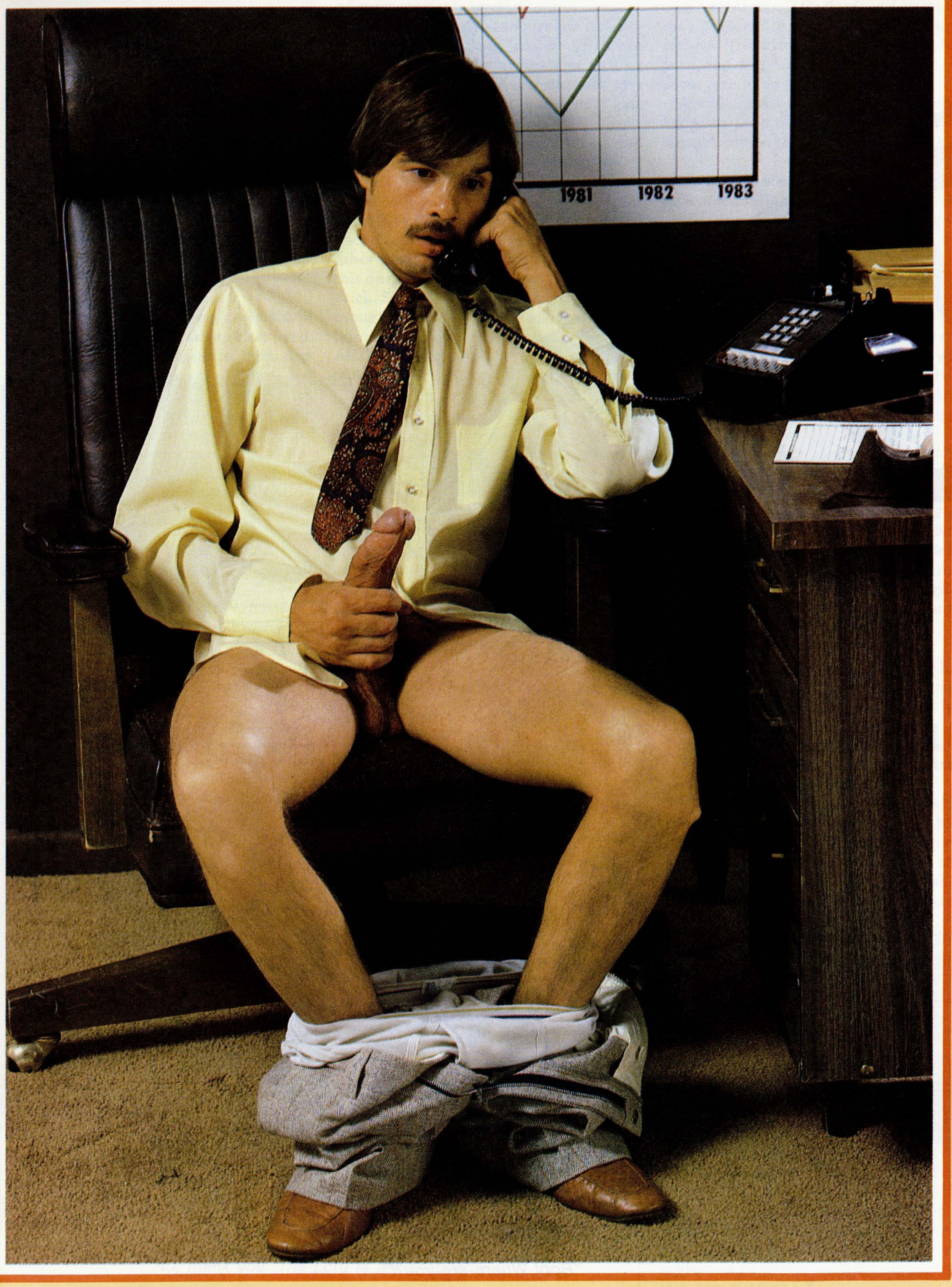
Try explaining to him that it's ridiculous to suppose a man is gay simply because a tiny drop of his own cum touches his lips. Since it sounds like he may be unsure of his masculinity, you might try some ego-stroking to build up his confidence in that department. But it's important that he realizes you need support and affection too. After all, good sex is a twoway street.



"No, thank you. The Lord is my shepherd!"



"Bob! Where <u>are</u> you?!"


1981
1982
1983

THE PHONE-SEX RAGE
America's Newest Hotline

Report by Rita Greene

When Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone in 1876, his first words were: "Mr. Watson, come here. I want you." If Bell were alive today and eavesdropping on the latest wrinkle in phone conversations, he'd probably hear something like: "My name is Watson. I want you to make me come." Each day, all across the United States, hundreds of thousands of callers are dialing phone-sex services to masturbate while sensuous voices supply vivid descriptions of uninhibited sexual fantasies. Despite the phenomenon's popularity, the Establishment news media continues to suppress this newest American fad. HUSTLER brings you this "firsthand," in-depth account of how phone sex works–and why so many callers are reaching out and touching . . . themselves.



When an auditor reviewed a recent Virginia state phone bill, he was puzzled by 2,500 calls to the same New York City number in a single month. Dialing the number, he soon understood. He'd reached a sexually explicit recorded message said to attract more than 500,000 callers a day.

A mother in an Eastern state reported a similar experience after noticing 39 calls to an unfamiliar long-distance number on her bill. She later found that her child had been dialing a service offering X-rated messages.

The increasing popularity of the phone-sex phenomenon and the wide publicity it has been receiving prompted HUSTLER to prepare this in-depth look at America's latest fad.

* * *

Some people insist that erotic telephone conversations offer the only real safeguard against the nationwide epidemic of herpes, AIDS and a wide variety of sexually transmitted diseases. Others feel that they provide a logical alternative to face-to-face relationships, which often take too much time in the pressure-packed lifestyle of the 1980s and which frequently end in heartache.

Whatever the reasons, fantasy phone-sex services are popping up everywhere, selling what used to be called obscene phone calls to turned-on men–and sometimes women–for $20 and up, round-the-clock. That's why in dozens of American cities that someone who callers are reaching out and touching is very often themselves.

Advertising in men's magazines and alternative newspapers, as well as through handbills and widely distributed matchbooks, these services supply people in all walks of life immediate gratification for every type of imaginary sexual desire–from A (anal intercourse) through Z (zoophilia; making it with animals). The only thing missing is actual body contact.

"I'll make both of us come by spreading myself wide open and giving you all of me," promises the voice of Los Angeles-based Anal Annabelle, who offers two calls for the price of one between 5 a.m. and 7 a.m.

"Horny?" asks the woman who runs Donna's Phone-Mates in Norwich, Connecticut. "Don't *feel it* alone! Let me or one of my sexy roommates *feel it* with you, at least by phone!"

"Beg for it!" demands Mistress Kate, a dominatrix who works the phones out of her San Francisco apartment. "I *know* what you deserve. Call me if you can take the punishment!"

"So real, you can almost taste, touch and feel her," says an ad for New York City's Telephone Fantasies. "So satisfying, you'll believe you did."



"That's right, sucker! The T stands for teenie!"

"Climax with me!" urges Lisa, whose service is located in San Francisco. "I'm hot, wet and waiting. I want to pull down my panties and masturbate just for you. My cunt's getting hot and juicy just thinking about it. Call me, and let's cum together!"

* * *

The beige push-button phone purrs softly in the Hollywood Hills bedroom of Joy Turner, a 37-year-old divorcee who is working on her master's in psychology and her license in marriage and family counseling. For the past two years, as proprietor of Cumfort Home Phone Service by Dial-A-Friend, her sensuous voice and kinky mind have satisfied thousands of customers.

Situated on the green-and-brown velvet comforter of her queen-size brass bed, Joy picks up the receiver on the second ring and describes herself to a caller:

"I'm 5-2, 125 pounds, with wavy dark-auburn hair and large almond-shaped eyes. I look like an advertisement for pizza–real ethnic. I'm 42-25-37; so obviously I've got big tits. I've also got a hairy pussy, nice legs and not too bad of an ass. I'm sensual and real erotic, not beautiful. I have soft skin."

After agreeing to a $30 charge for the first 15 minutes (follow-up calls cost only $1.95 per minute with no minimum), the caller identifies himself and gives Joy his credit-card number. She tells him to call back in a few minutes.

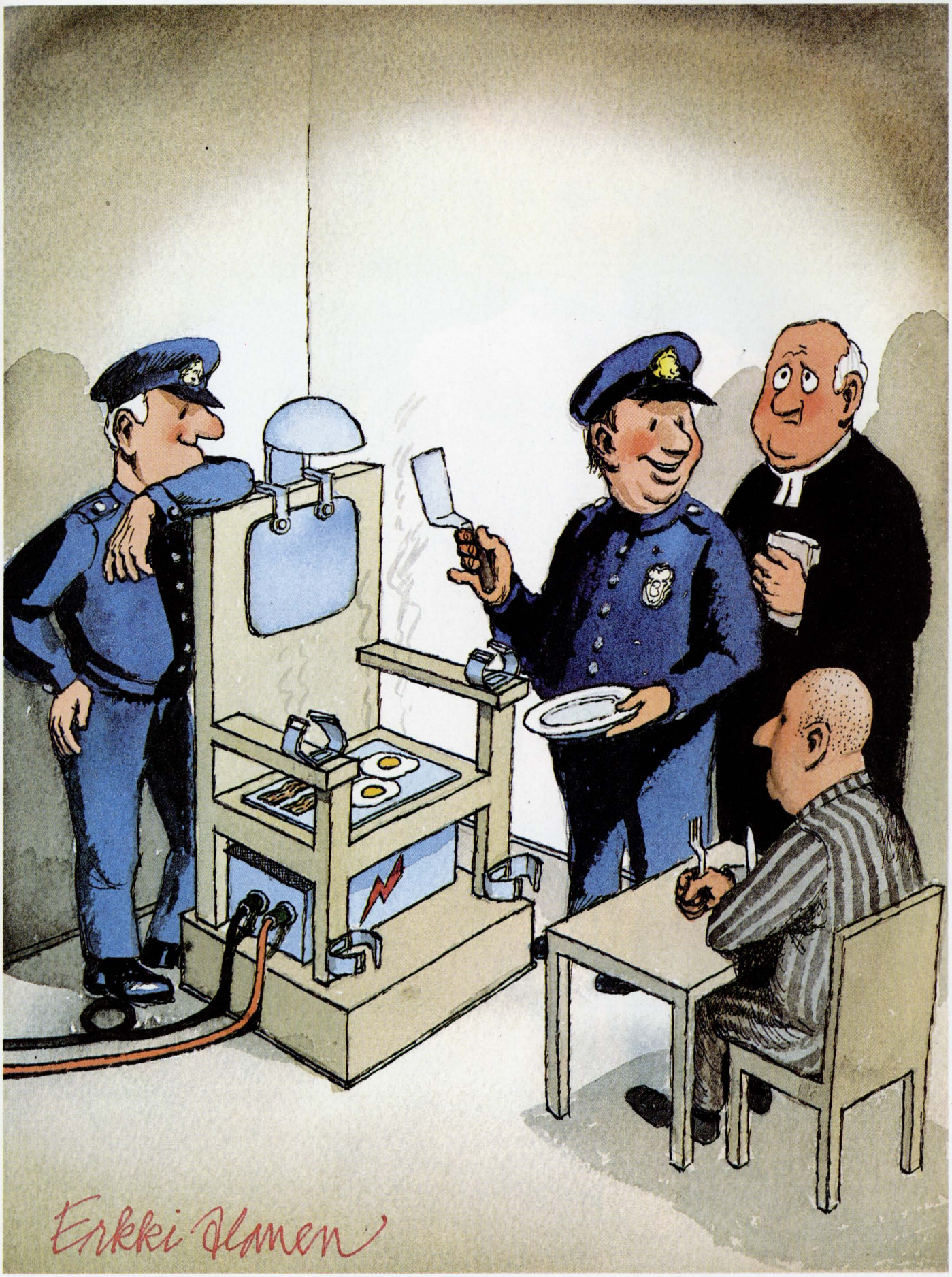
By the time his credit has been confirmed and he's back on the phone, Joy is completely nude with her electric vibrator poised as she supplies the first customer of the night with his requested verbal sexual fantasy–a threesome in which he's in the middle.

* * *

While it's difficult to determine exactly how many men use phone-sex services to carry on telephone affairs, a survey of just a few operations indicates some extent of their impact. A firm with offices in New York City, which asked not to be identified, estimates it has well over 200 callers each day and from as far away as Florida. "You'd be surprised at how many men want to get off early in the morning, even before they've gone to work," says Penny, one of its employees. "I have one guy who calls every Friday at 6:10 a.m. on the dot. 'It's payday!' he announces, and we get right down to it."

An entrepreneur named Vickie, who bills herself as "Vickie-A-Vegas-Showgirl," attracts a different kind of clientele. "Our customers are strictly Midwest," she says. "We get lots of shitkickers. For some reason calling Vegas gets guys hot. They think we're all gorgeous nymphos if we're based in Vegas. Who's

(continued on page 48)



"How do you like your eggs?"



Photography by Clive McLean



H-783




HTTP://FREEMAGS.CC





They both sensed the desire and affection that had been growing during the long weeks of practice for the big recital. Now, as if on cue, the passion they felt overtook them. The gowns slid off their creamy skin. Their eyes locked, and they felt the other's delicate fingers begin to caress their flesh. Each could feel the other's heart racing. They became lost in a whirlpool of pleasure. Desperately, their mouths thirsted for the wetness of their womanhood. The taste was pure and sweet and delicious. They felt their bodies tremble, their nerves begin to burn. Frantically their tongues played across their cunts. A searing explosion of lust tore through both of them. Their screams of ecstasy ripped the air. Finally, they felt their bodies crumple together, exhausted. They knew they'd never made such beautiful music before.









PHONE SEX

(continued from page 36)

to say we're *not* all gorgeous nymphos?"

All services accept major credit cards. Some will take checks or money orders sent to mailing addresses for paid-in-advance calls. And with few exceptions there is no fantasy too bizarre to be developed over the phone.

"I'll do any kind of role-playing–and by that I mean honest behavior under imaginary circumstances–except fantasies involving mutilation or child molestation," says Dial-A-Friend's Joy Turner, whose service employs 20 other provocative talkers. "But honestly, I've only gotten maybe two or three of those kinds of calls in two years."

Turner describes her typical client as 20 to 40 years old, a professional who can afford to spend money for entertainment. "I've got regular callers from Pennsylvania, New York, Illinois, Texas and just about everywhere in between," she says. "In real life most men ejaculate within two or three minutes of insertion, and it's just the same in the fantasy situation on the phone, where most of the time is spent setting the scene for the imaginary moment of insertion into the vagina–or any other opening. Usually they're aroused before they call. There's no question that anticipation *is* the greatest aphrodisiac of all."

She views her main function as providing a caller with the necessary additional stimulation. "Phone sex is an adjunct, an assistance, an inspiration to one's sensual life, not a substitute for a relationship," Turner says. "Naturally, it can go flat. But like relationships of any kind, it's most exciting when intimacy and real emotional contact is made. And that's what keeps my bells ringing.

"We call our service Dial-A-Friend because we think of ourselves as intelligent, caring friends. Masturbating by phone brings me very close together with my customers. Oddly enough, 87% of the thousands of men I've spoken with are also interested in *my* satisfaction. You'd be surprised how often I have a real orgasm."

Many experts point out the benefits of masturbating to sexual fantasies. "It provides a healthy physical release of sexual tension with none of the harmful and negative by-products of sexual intercourse," says Chicago clinical therapist Sandra S. Kahn, author of *The Kahn Report on Sexual Preferences*. "It can allow the individual to indulge in what might be 'unacceptable' fantasies with no harm to anyone else. It can provide a 'practice' or 'rehearsal' function so that later sexual activity can be more comfortable and enjoyable."

In *The Hite Report on Male Sexuality*, one of the men who were interviewed insisted, "No other person in your life will ever be more in tune with your sexual responses than you yourself. I love sexual activity with women, but masturbation with fantasy is just about unlimited in its creative potential. You can really enjoy it at your own pace and never be embarrassed."

* * *

Redheaded Rusty Thayer, a former actor who writes for porn magazines and recently completed an X-rated movie script, augments his income by handling the six or seven calls referred to him each day by a California phone-sex service. He specializes in the needs of horny women who, as it is said in the commercials, want to let their fingers do the walking. As a come-on, he tells them:

"I am six-feet tall, 180 pounds, have hazel eyes, a beard and a 6½-inch dick that is six inches in circumference and circumcised. And I don't lie about my size either."

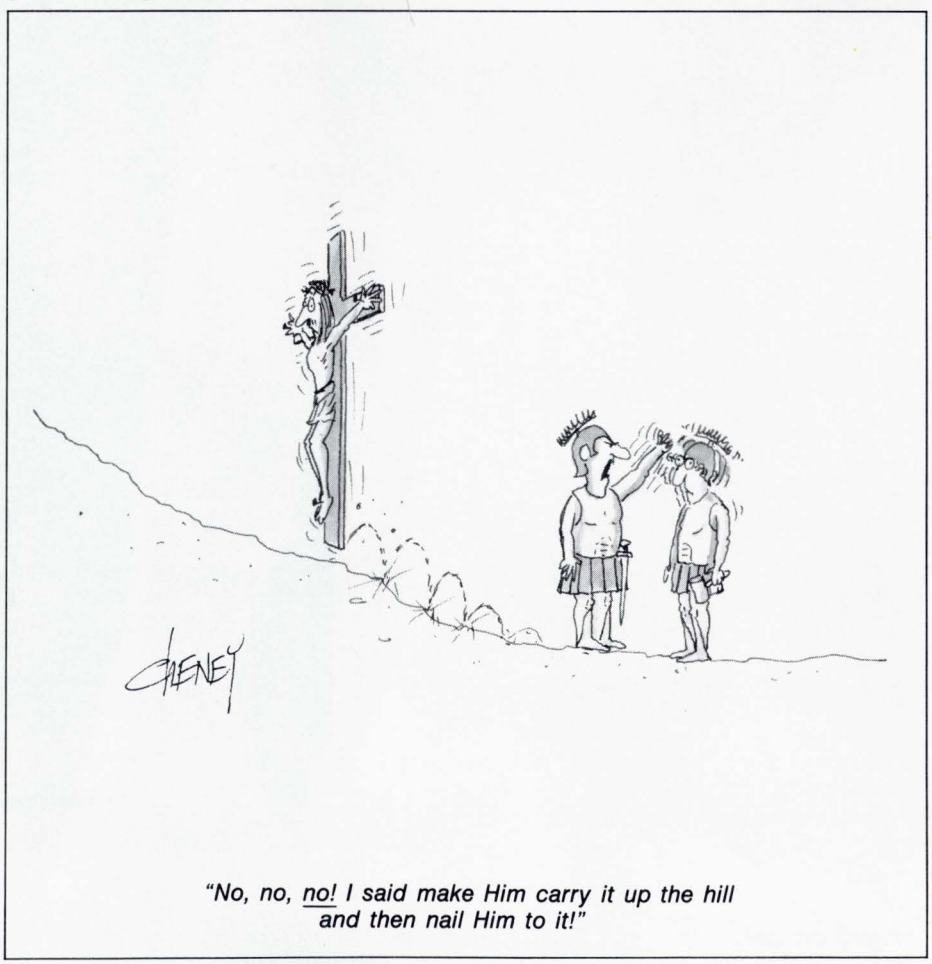
Without hesitation, Rusty admits that he enjoys what he's doing. "I get a hard-on every time I pick up the phone," he says. "There are some voices that turn me on as soon as they say hello. And quite often I really do ejaculate. What irritates me most is a woman who comes in the middle of a call and hangs up. I feel full-scale rejection. It's like someone getting out of bed after coming and leaving me high and dry."

The most common fantasy role Rusty plays for callers is that of an unexpected visitor to their homes. "They particularly go for me impersonating plumbers and mailmen," he says. "They get off on the idea of expecting their husband when they open the front door naked and finding a stranger instead. They like to be in their own homes, probably feeling safer there. You can take them out for a fantasy date, but the sex begins only when they open the front door. And invariably, they like to be the sexual aggressors.

"Lots of women are very frightened when they first make the calls, since it's unusual for them to take this kind of initiative. They're always afraid their husband is going to catch them; yet they often call when their husbands are upstairs–or so they say. It takes two or three calls before they'll open up and really talk. Once they know you, they get very intimate."

Many first-time callers, like one woman in particular, find it difficult to loosen up and free themselves of inhibitions. "Her fantasy was that I lived in the neighborhood, I had seen her in the grocery store many times, I thought she was a very hot-looking lady, and I wanted to make it with her," Rusty recalls. "Looking through her window one night, I saw her walking around the apartment and decided to come over and finally make a pitch for her."

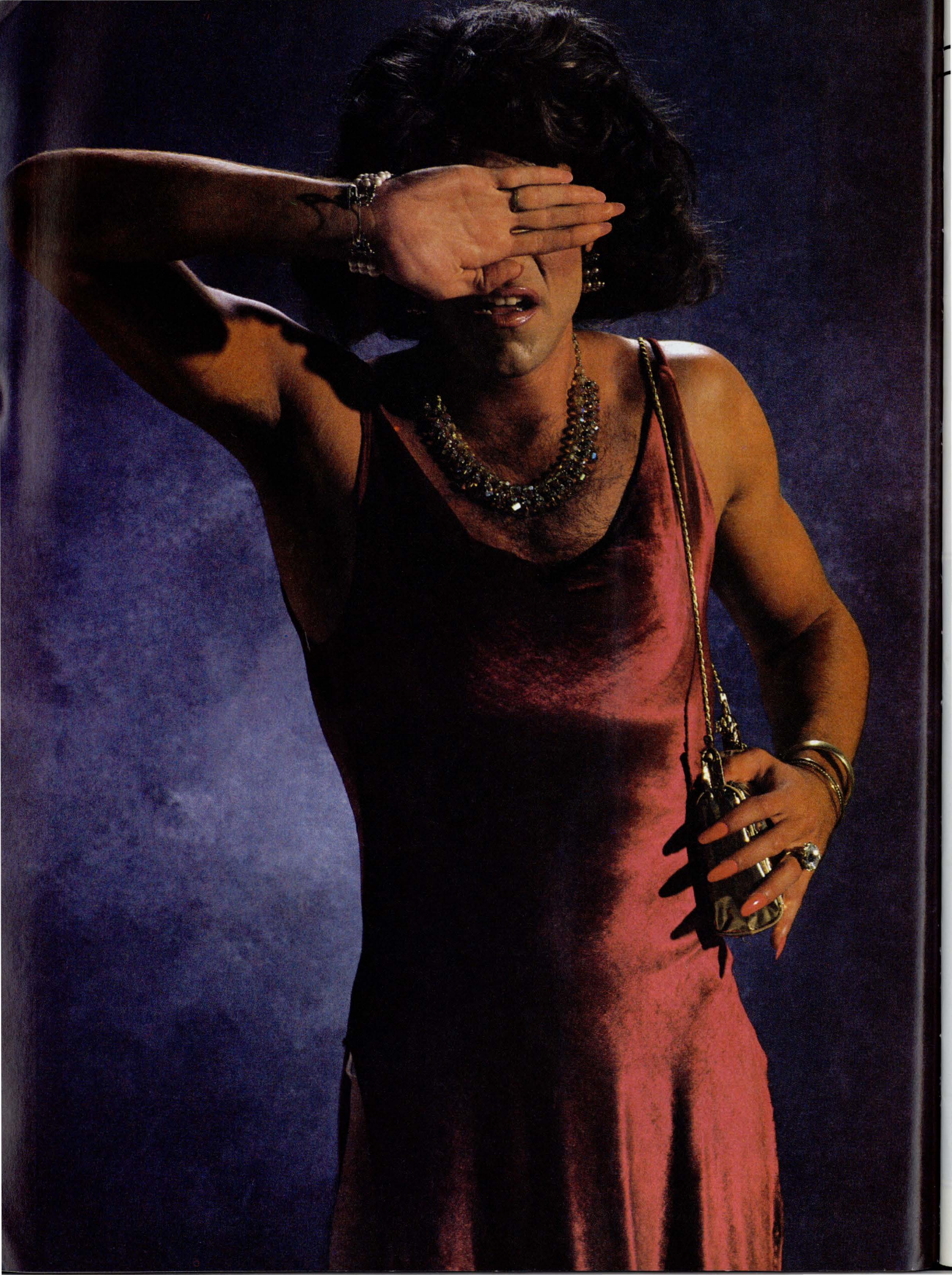
(continued on page 62)



"No, no, no! I said make Him carry it up the hill and then nail Him to it!"



"Pardon me. Would you mind terribly if I went before you?"



Confessions of Men Who Dress Like Women

By Anton Golan

When Dustin Hoffman stepped into his girlfriend's closet and emerged as Tootsie, movie audiences went wild. But what if your best friend did the same? Would you reward him with laughter and applause, or take your phone off the hook, hide your children and call the men in the white coats? Or would you, as a seemingly increasing number of men are doing daily, ask him where he got his slip and run out to buy one for yourself?

While the idea of dressing in women's clothes may not appeal to most men, there are some for whom it's more than an idea; it's a reality. These men are called transvestites.

What exactly is a transvestite? A person who dons the clothes of the opposite sex, generally a man dressing as a woman. While it sounds simple enough, there is an aspect of transvestism (or cross-dressing) that places this act on most shrinks' Kink Parade lists: The majority of transvestites are sexually aroused by cross-dressing and usually masturbate while wearing women's clothes. Jude Patton, a licensed therapist in Santa Ana, California, acknowledges this erotic element for some, but adds that other individuals cross-dress "simply for the pleasure of it, or for comfort."

Also, having the desire to slip into pantyhose and a designer dress does not mean that such a man is effeminate or has a lasting wish to belong to the opposite sex. He is not like the transsexual who wants to be a woman, who thinks of himself as a woman trapped in a man's body and who may eventually undergo surgery to change his sex. Instead, the transvestite is a man who merely gets off on wearing women's attire.

Surprisingly, the true transvestite is rarely homosexual. Patton says, "In some of the surveys that we've done, including some studies by other professionals, it seems that about 90% of transvestites are heterosexual." Another study conducted by a transvestite who goes by the name of Virginia Prince was published in 1972. Among the results, Prince found that 74% of the transvestites surveyed had fathered children.

Although it might be going too far to call transvestism a new sexual trend, increasing media attention indicates that cross-dressing may actually be more common than we think. Last summer Phil Donahue interviewed four male transvestites (TVs) on his afternoon talk show, and Dr. Wardell Pomeroy–a member of pioneer sex researcher Alfred Kinsey's original team–estimates that there are more than 1 million transvestites in America, if every man who ever put an article of women's clothing on at one time or another is counted. This figure suggests that one out of every 125 American males is at some time or another donning panties, bra and other feminine apparel for a real change of pace.

Yet, despite their numbers, the majority of male transvestites in this country have been forced to lead secretive and guilt-ridden lives. Women TVs, on the other hand, have an easier time. Mona Coates, Ph.D., a licensed marriage and family therapist from Costa Mesa, California, told HUSTLER that "women who have such a predisposition are already allowed to wear jeans, pants, fatigue shirts–to dress pretty much like men. But society's categorization of the male role is so much more rigid that men can't wear blouses or skirts without facing disapproval."

Perhaps because of that, transvestite social organizations and support groups have been created to enable transvestites to satisfy their compulsion to cross-dress, but in a safe environment and on a regular basis. Two Southern California organizations that provide meeting places and sponsor social functions are CHIC (Cross-dressing Heterosexual Interso-



Photography by Ladi von Jansky

cial Club) and the Bi-Social Center, a support group for transsexuals and transvestites.

For many transvestites, however, support groups are not enough. Troubled by their compulsion to cross-dress, they seek therapy. Because this behavior is not harmful to the transvestite or anybody else, Patton and psychiatrists such as Wardell Pomeroy try to help the transvestite to diminish his guilt feelings and to be more comfortable with his behavior. Says Patton, "We work on self-esteem."

Patton agrees with the majority medical professional opinion when he says there is no "cure"–that the transvestite's compulsion to cross-dress will probably never disappear.

In America today a transvestite may lose his job, his family and in some states even go to jail if his cross-dressing is discovered. Understandably, cross-dressers are reluctant to openly discuss their lifestyle and risk disastrous exposure.

The people who talked with HUSTLER to provide us with this story agreed to do so only if their identities were kept secret. As you'll see, each has a unique viewpoint and insight into this complex facet of sexuality known as transvestism.

"Joe" is a 49-year-old auto mechanic from Northern California who has been aware of his transvestism since the age of five.

HUSTLER: What do you think makes you a transvestite?

JOE: I'm not sure. Freud said some sort of childhood trauma caused transvestism, but nobody pays much attention to that anymore. I think you're kind of born with it. I believe it's caused by some sort of biochemical disturbance in your body–either too much or too little of some male hormone before you're born.

HUSTLER: Do you think of yourself as suffering from sexual confusion?

JOE: Not sexual confusion, but gender [sex-role] confusion, for sure.

HUSTLER: Do you want to *be* a woman when you're dressed up as one, or do you think of yourself as a man who's just dressed up as a woman?

JOE: It depends. Most men I know who do this come across as pretty masculine when they're living as men. Then they dress up, and they change. Their gestures become different; their voices modulate. With some of them you'd have trouble telling that they weren't really women. It's hard to describe exactly what happens to your emotions when you're dressed. You don't lose sight of who you are, but you *feel* so different. When I'm dressed, feelings come up for me that I don't ordinarily have. I feel soft, feminine, elegant.

HUSTLER: Do you feel the urge to cross-dress all the time?

JOE: You have to understand that transvestism is a phenomenon that blows hot and cold. It's a compulsion. When it's got you in its grip, you can't do anything about it. And when you're out of its grip, you can't imagine why you ever do it. When the compulsion had run its course, I used to hate myself. I'd burn the female clothes I'd bought and promise myself never to dress again. Then the urge would come back, and I'd be sorry I'd gotten rid of my female wardrobe.

HUSTLER: Which stage are you in now?

JOE: In the frame of mind I'm in now, I can't even imagine why I have the urge to cross-dress.

HUSTLER: But the urge will come back?

JOE: It always has. There've been *years* when I've let it alone, but then I'd start to feel the compulsion, and it would last for months.

HUSTLER: Does your cross-dressing compulsion ever give you any warning that

A HAPPY CROSS-DRESSER

Frank is a happy, well-adjusted transvestite who has been cross-dressing for nearly half of his 55 years. In his female identity he calls himself Barbara Brewster, and he passes easily for a woman in public.

"I *think* of myself as a woman when I'm dressed as a woman," he says. "I have to, in order to emulate them and to do a good job of it. As Barbara Brewster, my walk changes; my voice changes. I have attempted to emulate womanhood. It feels good, and I enjoy it."

Frank, who served in the Air Force for 20 years, has a highly responsible job as project administrator for a California engineering firm. His co-workers know him as a man. But when he goes home at night, he takes off his business clothes and "slips into something a little more comfortable."

However, Frank was not always comfortable about his transvestism. Indeed, it began under circumstances that could have been highly embarrassing and did prove difficult–for he was an officer in the Air Force. At the time he was already in a long-term marriage and the father of two daughters. Gradually, without his wife's knowledge, he began to do strange things–*dirty* things, he thought– with his wife's intimate apparel. Yet, he confesses, he enjoyed it.

"At first I found I had more than the usual liking for the touch of my wife's clothing, nightgowns and lingerie," he told HUSTLER. "And there was a very, very heavy sexual connotation to it: I'd get an erection and usually masturbated to ejaculation. But I kept it a secret.

"When I first began to cross-dress, even though it was only partial–like a nightgown or something of that nature–I really thought I was sick. In fact, I thought I was going out of my mind." He also wondered if he was gay, thinking that surely this was what homosexuals do. "But I did some research through organizations and publications for transvestites, and I found there are hundreds of thousands of us all over the world. I have traveled around the globe, and I've found sisters of the sorority all over."

Frank was still on active duty in the Air Force during his first 14 years as a transvestite–so, understandably, Frank had to be highly discreet. "It was four or five years before I 'came out' and started meeting people," he recalls. This couldn't have been easy considering his military career, but Frank brushes off the problem in comparison to the happiness he has found in his new female identity. Yet at no time, he insists, was he ever attracted to men sexually, nor is he today.

However, once he dared to venture out of the closet, it began to fill with women's garments. Over a five- or six-year period he was able to collect a sizable wardrobe. This was also made easier because he and his wife were divorced around that time, but not because of his cross-dressing.

Although Frank was secretly cross-dressing during much of his marriage, his wife never discovered it. "She still doesn't know to this day," he says. "My two grown daughters do, and they



it's coming on, or is it a sudden thing?
JOE: It always begins the same way. I start having dreams–always the same dream. I'm walking down the street dressed as a woman. I'm in a seacoast town. I'm always walking north, with the ocean on my left, and wooden, white-painted buildings on my right. That's how I know that the call is coming back. Then it makes itself manifest in my conscious thoughts.
HUSTLER: You mentioned that you used to try to fight your compulsion. How did you do that?
JOE: I did all I could to get around it. I worked harder. Sometimes I'd work 20-hour days to take my mind off it. I got super-active sexually.
HUSTLER: Did any of these tactics work?
JOE: (*Laughs.*) No! I just made myself frustrated and miserable. It's hard for anyone who's never had these feelings to understand what I'm talking about. But transvestism is a compulsion that runs your life if you don't give in to it, and it runs your life if you do.
HUSTLER: When you give in to your feelings and put on women's clothes, does your compulsion go away sooner?
JOE: No, it lasts about the same amount of time whether I give in to it or not.
HUSTLER: Where do you go to dress up?
JOE: At first I'd do it at home. I made sure there was no one around, of course. You can also check into a motel room with women's clothes in your luggage. Now I've made a lot of friends, other transvestites around whom I can relax.
HUSTLER: Are you a member of any of the transvestite support groups?
JOE: Yes. There's CHIC, the Cross-dressing Heterosexual Intersocial Club. That's a mostly local organization, with lots of professionals as members. Then there's the Bi-Social Center, for both transvestites and transsexuals. It has weekly meetings. And there's a group called Tri-Sigma, the Society for the Second Self.
HUSTLER: Do you cross-dress at meetings of these organizations?
JOE: Yes. It's a good way to knock the edge off things. When you feel the urge coming on, you can go hang out with your friends you've met through various TV organizations. I think this support network is the best thing going.
HUSTLER: Do you ever go out to bars or restaurants dressed as a woman?
JOE: Sometimes. Not often.
HUSTLER: How does that make you feel?
JOE: Frankly, I'm scared shitless.
HUSTLER: Have you been married?
JOE: Twice.
HUSTLER: Did either of your wives know you're a transvestite?
JOE: My present wife does.
HUSTLER: How does your wife feel about your compulsion?
JOE: She doesn't like it. I don't think any of the guys' wives do.
HUSTLER: Does dressing as a woman arouse you sexually?
JOE: Yes.
HUSTLER: How do you obtain sexual release when you're dressed?
JOE: I masturbate.
HUSTLER: Have you ever had sex with a man when you're cross-dressing?
JOE: No. Never wanted to. The idea doesn't appeal to me.
HUSTLER: When you're in your cross-dressing phase, how's your sex life with your wife?
JOE: Our sex life is usually pretty active, and the compulsion doesn't lessen it. I'm as horny as I always am–maybe more. I wouldn't think of climbing into bed with my wife when I'm cross-dressed though. She'd hate it, and I have too much respect for her to do that.
HUSTLER: Do some of the TVs you know

have accepted it. We've all gone out dressed in women's clothes together to parties and dinners. It's brought us closer together in that we could share something extra."

Even though Frank has never remarried, he has had a number of romantic relationships with women since his divorce; the current one has lasted four years so far. "Sexually I still maintain that I am a heterosexual male cross-dresser," he declares. "And I still restrict my sexual relations to male-female relationships." Nor does he screw while wearing women's lingerie. "We've played around with it, but I actually enjoy sex in the buff much more," he laughs.

The masturbatory impulses he used to feel when cross-dressing have also disappeared. Now, he says, cross-dressing provides more mental relaxation and an enjoyable tactile sensation that brings peace of mind. It's something, now, that is simply very delightful to do.

How does Frank's girlfriend relate to his cross-dressing? "She thinks it's kind of kinky and fun once in a while," he grins. "We go out together dressed, as my daughters and I do. But you have to make sure the woman you're with is understanding and in love with you, and that you've been to bed with her before telling her."

Frank adds, "My girlfriend and I had a pretty solid relationship before I laid this on her. And [that way] it was just another something to have fun with."

One of Frank's girlfriends, however, was put off by "Barbara"–and not for reasons one might suppose. "We'd go to parties where I was known as Barbara, and I'd get more compliments than my girlfriend would. This hurt her feelings." Finally, she got tired of it and joined an est group.

Although Frank enjoys shopping for women's clothing, he's found that it definitely isn't cheap. At least, not the way *he* does it: "It's very expensive to maintain two wardrobes," he sighs. "In fact, I would say that my 12-foot, wall-to-wall closet has got about 7½ feet of Barbara and 4½ of Frank.

"I try to be as inconspicuous as possible–to look good, well tailored, well coiffured and never flamboyant," Frank points out. "We have *got* to be less flamboyant than the average woman. They can do it and get away with it because they *are* women. But we don't want to draw attention to ourselves."

He shops at department stores rather than at shops that cater to transvestites. "You get a better quality there–also a better price," he notes.

Frank goes out in his finery as Barbara at least once or twice a week, but he admits that it took him a long time to get to the point where he had the courage to go out alone: "Although I've had the impulsive feeling to cross-dress for 30 years, it's only during the last 15 that I've felt comfortable enough to go out and pass as a woman."

He also goes once or twice a month to various transvestite social functions. He is the past president of the CHIC organization (Cross-dressing Heterosexual Intersocial Club), and he says, "I still run the speakers bureau and the information line–which is (213) 249-CHIC, in case any of your readers want to call." The address is P.O. Box 562, Duarte, CA 91010.

The speakers bureau arranges for transvestites to address interested groups, and Frank himself has lectured at several colleges and universities to human-sexuality and sociology classes.

On a more-serious note, Frank says Barbara has definitely changed his own personality for the better. "I've learned how to be tender, loving and caring–more than ever before. The macho image I had for many years just started melting away. I now see the inconsiderateness of some other males–their macho, butch characteristics–the way they treat their wives. And I think, *That's the way I used to be.* I get along with everybody in my Frank-and-Barbara lifestyles."

Obviously, Frank's two personalities get along beautifully with each other. For him it's the perfect marriage, and he says he never intends to get a divorce.

have sex while they're cross-dressing?
JOE: Some of the guys, the unmarried ones, say that some women dig that. I've never met one.
HUSTLER: Your wife must love you a lot.
JOE: She does. As I said, this is a hard thing for all the wives to handle. It's difficult for me to imagine what their point of view must be. The wives of the guys in CHIC all know each other and talk about what's going on. And I think Tri-Sigma is trying to start a group of wives, to help them learn to handle the situation.
HUSTLER: Have you ever undergone psychotherapy?
JOE: Not until this last year. I finally said to myself, "This is driving me nuts! I'd better get some help."
HUSTLER: And has therapy helped?
JOE: Very much. It's helped me express my feelings and accept that I have certain feelings. Another thing that's helped a lot is the support groups. When I have the urge, I can now say to myself, "Okay, Friday night there's a group meeting. I'll go out and dress." That gets me through the week. By scheduling my life in that way, I recognize that transvestism is a part of my life. I'm making room for a part of my personality to express itself. To me that's a lot better than denying that that part exists. What you're really doing then is denying yourself.

ONE WIFE'S VIEWPOINT

In the course of researching the subject of transvestism, we came across an extraordinary bit of information: The majority of transvestites, perhaps up to 80%, are married, and the remainder seem to be involved in healthy heterosexual relationships.

Of course, the question that popped up immediately was: What do cross-dressers' wives think about it? We've all heard the tale of the wife walking into the bedroom to find her husband decked out in her nightie and admiring himself in the mirror. Usually the story ends with her throwing insults at him and initiating divorce proceedings.

But according to the spokespeople for several transvestite support groups, this is a greatly exaggerated image. Not only do productive, long-term marriages exist between transvestites and their mates; many women know of their husbands' fetish and participate in it.

Helen B. is one of these women. She is in her late 40s, is the mother and stepmother of seven children, and lives with her husband–an ex-Marine–in Los Angeles. In this interview she reveals herself to be a woman who takes her husband's "hobby"–as she refers to it–completely in stride.

HUSTLER: How long have you been married?
HELEN: Three years. This is a remarriage for both of us.
HUSTLER: Did you know that he was a transvestite before the marriage?
HELEN: Yes.
HUSTLER: How did you find out?
HELEN: He just came flat out and said, "I've got something I've got to tell you. I don't want to keep any secrets from you. If we're going to have a lasting relationship and a strong commitment, then you'd better know about this." Then he proceeded to dress, and I proceeded to lie down and laugh, because the clothes he had at the time were, quite frankly, funny. They were all too big, and they were all five years old. Since then we've managed to stylize him a bit more. We even share cosmetics now. I've given him lessons in makeup, and we've gone to private makeup artists together.
HUSTLER: So you share this?
HELEN: If you're going to have a relationship, you have to share everything. For instance, on our honeymoon in Hawaii we were sharing nightgowns. Now we've moved on to other things.
HUSTLER: Do you shop together?
HELEN: Yes.
HUSTLER: Does he try things on?
HELEN: No. We pretend we're buying a gift for another woman.
HUSTLER: What do you do together when he's cross-dressed?
HELEN: Sometimes we go to CHIC [a private Los Angeles club for transvestites]. Sometimes he just does it in our bedroom. He has his own makeup and his own clothes. Sometimes we share clothes and makeup. Or maybe we'll take pictures or have a drink, or just talk. We talk quite a bit. Sometimes he'll put on slacks, sometimes a dress. He just goes through these periods every now and again, and they only last the one evening.
HUSTLER: Does he go through a personality change when he's cross-dressed?
HELEN: No. He behaves the same way he always does.
HUSTLER: Is this a sexual turn-on for you–seeing your husband in women's clothing?
HELEN: No, it's not a sexual thing for us. I just sit there and laugh. But with his last wife it was. For her it was a weird thing–a turn-on. He would dress, and she would berate him and put him down for it, and then go out and buy him something. He would go through guilt periods for his behavior. With us it's just something we share.
HUSTLER: You mentioned taking photographs of him while he's cross-dressed. Is this a sexual turn-on for him?
HELEN: No. He just wants to see what he looks like. He wants to see whether it's an improvement or not. He wants to look pretty.
HUSTLER: Do you ever get depressed or upset by the fact that your husband's a transvestite?
HELEN: No. Let me put it this way: With my last husband it was trains. Everywhere we had trains. The garage was full of them; the house was full of them. Now my present husband does this. I view it almost as a hobby.
HUSTLER: Why do you think your husband cross-dresses?
HELEN: It relaxes him. I think the thrill of it–of doing something forbidden–is also part of the appeal. And he has very sensitive skin; so he likes to wear things made of satin or lace.
HUSTLER: Had you had any experience with transvestites before you married this one?
HELEN: No. I didn't even know what they were. I was very sheltered. I've met quite a few in the past year, though, and they were very nice people.
HUSTLER: Has your husband's transvestism made him any less masculine in your eyes?
HELEN: No. In fact, I don't think there's a transvestite I've met yet who wasn't in the service. Mine's an ex-Marine. And he and his 13-year-old son do all sorts of mechanical things together, like fixing cars.
HUSTLER: Do any of your friends know about your husband's "hobby"?
HELEN: No, only those in the CHIC organization. We've chosen not to tell the children, because his 13-year-old recently lost his mother, and I don't think the boy could handle this now.
HUSTLER: Do you think your friends and family would be shocked if they knew?
HELEN: I really quit worrying about it. I do think there's more transvestism around than these people realize though. If you pick up Ann Landers or Dear Abby, you're all the time reading about men wearing ladies' undies.

This marriage is much happier for me than my last. I'd say in all other respects we're a perfectly normal, happy couple. And after all, I don't have to worry about him leaving me for another woman!


Shasa
DIVING
FOR
PLEASURE
Photography by James Baes



Even the loveliness of the Bahamas pales beside the beauty of Shasa—a 22-year-old with a real passion for life. "I'm a woman of action—I depend on my feelings and instincts," Shasa says. "I don't just talk about something. I go out and *do* it." That's why the exotic temptress loves her job as a diving instructor. "This is a great place, especially for me," she says. "The world's most adventurous and eligible men come here looking for fun. They all want private lessons, and that's just what I give them. And more." How much more? "If I like a man I'll let him know by stroking him in the water. Then we'll swim to a private cove and make love. I like to be taken forcefully, to feel his big cock ramming inside me on the sand. Afterward we'll bake dry in the sun." Shasa smiles. "And do it all over again."













(continued from page 48)

Rusty suggested that he begin the fantasy conversation by ringing her doorbell. "I don't have a doorbell," the woman said.

"Okay, I'm knocking on your door."

"You're really going to hurt your knuckles. The door is made of iron."

"So how would you suggest I get in?" Rusty asked, trying not to lose his patience.

"That's your problem, isn't it?"

His frustrations grew even greater. "I spent 55 ball-breaking minutes on the phone, trying to satisfy that woman," he recalls. "I'd say, 'I'm getting so hot, I want to come.' And she'd say, 'Hold back, Rusty, hold back.' Finally, for spite, I told her I was taking her head, jamming it on my cock and shooting off in her mouth. Afterward, we became great friends."

There are only two fantasies Rusty refuses to perform. He won't impersonate a child nor will he administer a verbal spanking or be spanked himself. Otherwise, anything is fair game.

"I have one regular customer who has a little dog," he says. "Her idea of a real good time is to have the dog lapping my ass and my balls while I'm fucking her."

Rusty's deep, rich voice becomes defensive for a moment. "I'm not overly fond of that," he admits. "Not that I'm against it, but it's just that I'm afraid I'm going to get bit in the ass."

* * *

"I see phone sex as being quite therapeutic," says Dr. Michael Perry, a family and marriage counselor in San Diego, California, who specializes in sex therapy. "It gives people permission to express their most secret dreams–fantasies they would not otherwise dare tell anyone in a million years, let alone act upon. Having such a safety valve makes for a healthier sexual environment. I find that lots of people have rather dull and uneventful sex lives because they've either forgotten how to fantasize, or they never did it in the first place."

Perry, who lectures widely and holds sex-therapy workshops, often utilizes fantasies in his one-on-one therapy sessions. "The first response to phone-sex fantasy might be, 'Isn't that terrible; it's just closing people off; they're not having real relationships,' " he observes. "But who are we psychologists to say what people ought to be doing? People should decide for themselves what's true and honest and pleasurable. Perhaps an honest anonymous fuck is exactly what the doctor ordered."

Renowned psychoanalyst Erik Erickson feels otherwise. "Some people today may fool themselves in their so-called recrea-

Where To Call For Phone Sex

The following sampling of phone-sex services is intended as a guide for beginners. Obviously, some services are better than others. But all of them offer different strokes for different folks.

The XXX Phone	
New York City	212-976-3737
The Erotic Telephone Network:	
New York City	212-929-6227
Chicago	312-454-9267
Atlanta	404-432-4160
Washington, D.C.	202-484-4816
Los Angeles	213-859-8590
Boston	617-266-9302
Anal Annabelle	
Los Angeles	213-652-2770
Sandi's Phone Sex	
Los Angeles	213-450-5346
Mistress Roxanna's Phone Fetishes	
Los Angeles	213-399-3275
Fantasy Phone	
Toll Free, U.S.A.	1-800-521-7008
Michigan and Canada	313-543-8500
Donna's Phone-Mates	
Connecticut	203-886-5501
Nancy	
New York City	212-582-8181
Tammy's Hot Line	
New York City	212-730-7175
The Naughty Lady's Telephone Fantasies	
New York City	212-929-5056
Los Angeles	213-276-5732
Suzi's Lust Line	
Los Angeles	213-656-9970
Pleasure	
Tennessee	901-323-9401
Pillow Talk International	
Los Angeles	213-785-8801
Nicole's Fantasy Hot Line	
San Francisco	415-931-4200
Brooke Phone Sex	
Los Angeles	213-659-7742
Mistress Kate	
San Francisco	415-668-9504
Laurie's Showgirl Sex-Line	
Las Vegas	702-362-0729
Kellie's of Las Vegas	
Las Vegas	702-739-1449
Julie's Hot Line	
San Francisco	415-775-6868
Hot Fantasy Line	
Washington, D.C.	301-856-3200
Mickey	
Los Angeles	213-271-4249
Luscious Phone Sex	
Los Angeles	213-466-3461
Lori	
New York City	212-582-8181
Lisa	
San Francisco	415-864-1071
Pandora's Box	
New York City	212-679-0540
Linda's Phone Fantasies	
New York City	212-807-8123
Judi	
Los Angeles	213-271-4240
Jackie's Phone Sex	
Los Angeles	213-656-4310
Hot Number	
Los Angeles	213-823-7044
Playmates Phone Sex	
New York City	212-730-7120
Swing Line	
St. Louis	618-332-6400
Tele-Sex	
St. Louis	618-345-8550
European Live Phone Sex	
San Francisco	415-845-2262
Phone Sex International	
Los Angeles	213-934-2249
Hot Phone Sex	
St. Louis	618-875-6000
Easy	
Memphis, Tennessee	901-327-8008
Plenty Horny Only	
Need Ears	
Los Angeles	213-767-GIRL
	213-767-4475
Laura	
New York City	212-741-0216
Joan	
Los Angeles	213-271-4240
Lips International	
Orange County, California	714-594-8477
Real Sex	
Orange County, California	714-966-0446
Cumfort Home Phone Service	
Los Angeles	213-874-7010
Tiffany	
Orange County, California	714-966-1491
Be Dominated	
New York City	212-741-0216
Sherri's Live Phone Sex	
Los Angeles	213-479-4611
Mistress Monique	
Los Angeles	213-652-2610
Angel's Phone Sex	
Los Angeles	213-452-3819
Diana's Phone Sex	
Los Angeles	213-828-8591
Amber	
Los Angeles	213-479-0926
Cherry Girls	
Los Angeles	213-651-0825
Lisa's Phone Affair	
Los Angeles	213-656-4042
Telephone Fantasies	
New York City	212-807-8123
De De	
Los Angeles	213-271-4249
Bad Girl Connections	
Los Angeles	213-657-7184
Mistress Morgan	
New York City	212-582-8181
Candy's Phone Fantasy	
Maryland	301-933-2900



"I guess I used too much lubrication!"

tional sexuality and actually feel quite isolated because they lack . . . real intimacy," he says. "In extreme cases you could have a highly active sex life and yet feel a terrible sense of isolation because you're never there as a person [and] you're never perceiving your partner as a person."

But Perry vehemently disagrees with people like Erickson who criticize the isolation factor of phone sex. The doctor speaks from personal experience.

"I have had some of the most intimate sex I've ever had over the phone," he insists. "I've had a total body-involving orgasm talking to somebody on the phone while we were both masturbating ourselves. It was really an earth-shattering experience."

His enthusiasm is shared by Inger Nielsen, a tall, earthy sex therapist from Seattle, Washington, who is employed by a local community-services agency. "I'm in favor of making sexuality available to anybody who wants to experiment, without guilt and shame," she says. "And for many people I think phone sex might be a really healthy way of achieving sexual pleasure. It could be particularly beneficial, for instance, to the handicapped or to people who aren't attractive or healthy enough to find a sexual partner. Even having a phone contact with somebody else is more of a relationship for them than just looking at pictures by themselves and masturbating."

Like Perry, she also speaks from personal involvement. "I've experienced sex by telephone at times when I was separated from my lover," Nielsen admits. "It was real enjoyable."

* * *

The personal experiences cited by Nielsen and Perry–erotic conversations with people they know, rather than strangers–go beyond the hot-blooded operators supplied for a price by various call-in services. They offer a hint of what may be the future direction of phone sex: friends using the phone to turn one another on, purely for the purpose of having an orgasm.

One ardent believer in this latest wrinkle in phone sex is 40-year-old David Murty, who works in the entertainment industry and lives outside Chicago. For the past year he's been having a sexual affair by phone with Helen–someone a friend first suggested that he meet.

"I called her with the idea of asking her on a date," recalls David, who has been married twice, has no children and is quite wealthy. "It was impossible to get together; so I suggested calling her back in a week. That second call was more comfortable, more intimate, and at some point I asked her what she looked like. She described herself as 5-7, 28 years old, with long and thick blond hair and a good body.

"She sounded very unselfconscious and open; so I asked her about her breasts. She described them and also said she was touching them while we were talking. That got me real excited. Then she asked me to describe myself and asked what I was wearing. There were pauses which indicated that the conversation was taking a decidedly erotic direction.

"She told me again that she was touching herself and asked if I was doing the same and if I had an erection, which I did. She told me to stroke myself, and the conversation continued like that, with lots of heavy breathing and silence and more heavy breathing at her end and mine, until we both came."

That was the first time David ever had such an experience. "It was so easy, so pleasurable, so quick and so timesaving," he recalls. "One of the things about sex that had always been difficult for me was its aftermath. What do you say after the peak of a climax? What do you do? With the phone that wasn't a problem. We just talked for another moment or two, and it was over."

Over the past 12 months David has spoken to Helen at least once a week. "She has never turned me down, but also she's never called me," he says. "I don't know why; nor does it bother me.

"I keep thinking I'll get bored or she'll get bored. But so far it hasn't happened. We've become incredibly intimate, and we know each other incredibly well. She knows more of my fantasies than I've ever expressed to anyone else, including my former wives."

One time David recognized Helen in a restaurant parking lot after noting a key phrase on her license plate. Inside, he sat nearby and watched her throughout the meal without introducing himself.

"She really is very, very good-looking," he says. "She actually fits any fantasy I have in a woman. I'd never tell Helen about seeing her though. We have a nearly perfect affair. I wouldn't want to ruin it."

* * *

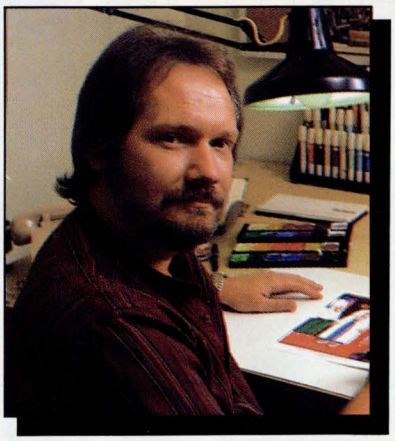
Whether it's free of charge or for money, the future of phone sex appears to be limitless. Looming just around the corner is the mass-market introduction of the picture telephone–an invention that will enable someone interested in getting off over the phone to actually see the person providing the titillation. Also in the planning stages are computer video devices, with which fantasy-minded customers who are hooked up to cable systems will be able to see one another masturbate simultaneously.

What all this could mean is the end of traditional dating, wooing and seduction habits as we now know them. But phone sex, nevertheless, will always be a temporary alternative until the real thing–touching, feeling and hot-and-juicy fucking–comes along.



"My mom gives better head than your mom!"

TINSLEY IN REVIEW



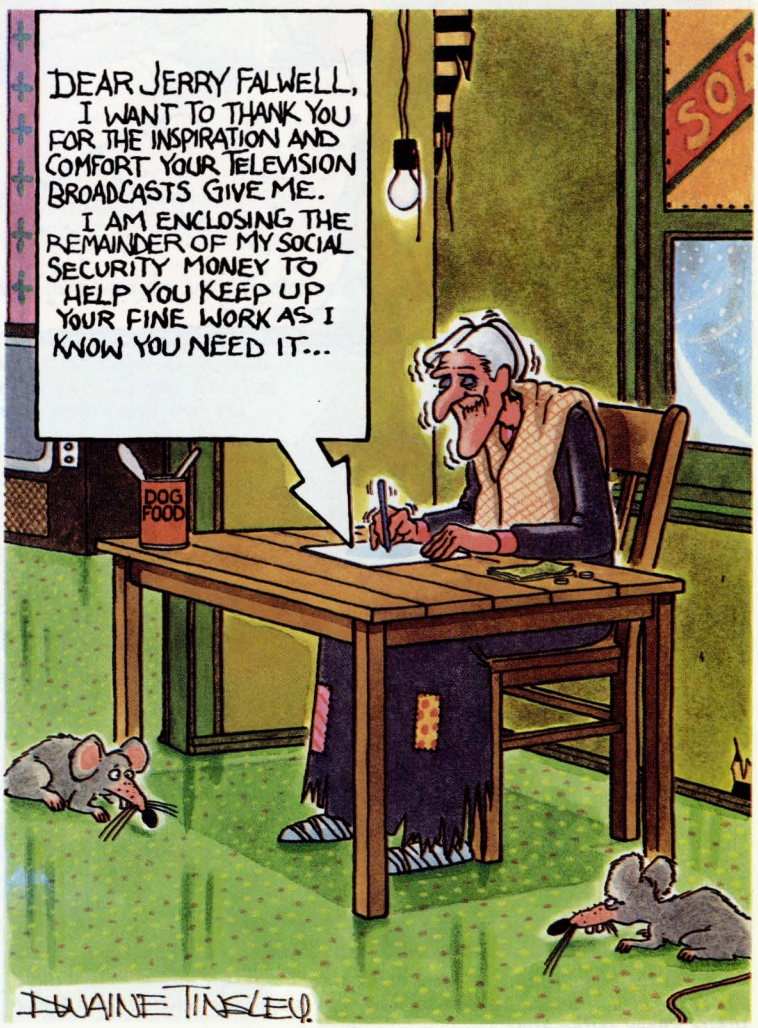
Dwaine Tinsley is not a black, a Jew, a wino, a child molester or a bigot. But the characters in his cartoons are. They're everything you have nightmares about, everything you despise, and sometimes they're everything you're afraid you might be. That's why Tinsley's work has gotten so much response over the years. Love mail and hate mail from people who recognize something they don't like about others or themselves. And that's just what Dwaine wants. He draws to make people *think*.

HUSTLER and Tinsley have gone together like bread and butter since the appearance of Dwaine's first cartoon here in 1975. Although many have been so tasteless that even Larry Flynt has had to think twice before running them, Larry is determined *not* to sell out and censor his creative artists. That's one of the reasons HUSTLER has attracted some of the finest humorists in the business. Larry's ego doesn't stand in the way of creativity. While Hefner and Guccione boast that their magazines are extensions of themselves, Flynt has always insisted that HUSTLER isn't an extension of himself–but a mirror reflecting the society we all live in. That lack of censorship–and the way many magazine dealers react to it by hiding HUSTLER behind the counter–is the reason HUSTLER hasn't surpassed *Playboy* and *Penthouse* to become Number One. Yet.

It's also the reason Dwaine Tinsley has become one of the most published and popular cartoonists of his time. From *Chester the Molester* to his infamous pokes at racial and religious stereotypes, Dwaine's work has become legendary. We've compiled on these pages a small review of his cartoons as a sampling of the greatness and aggravation he has brought to HUSTLER. In case you've been asleep for the past nine years, now you'll know what all the fuss has been about.

November 1981

No way was Dwaine going to let blood-sucking evangelist Jerry Falwell–who stuffs the Moral Majority coffers with money from the easily confused elderly–get away without comment.▶

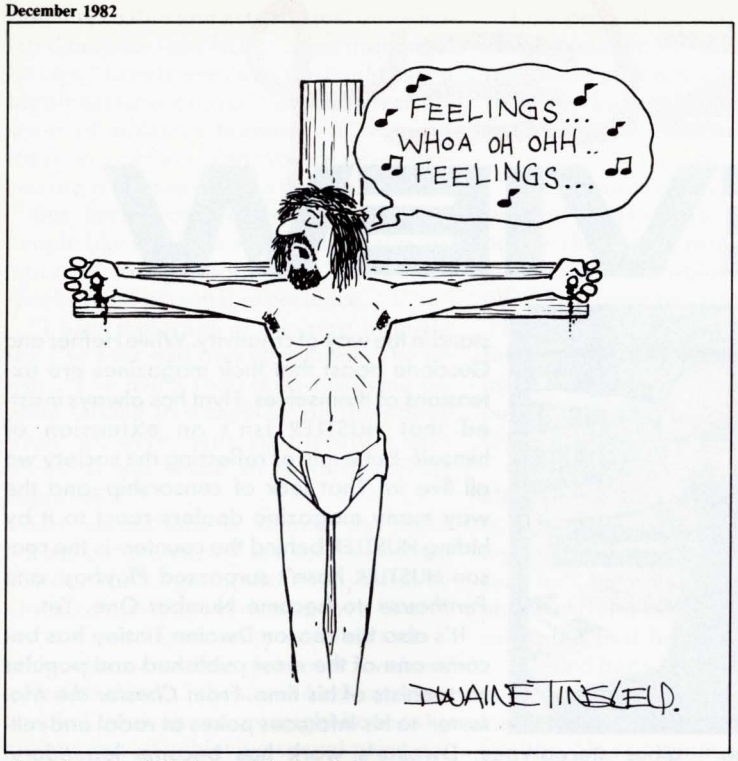


November 1976



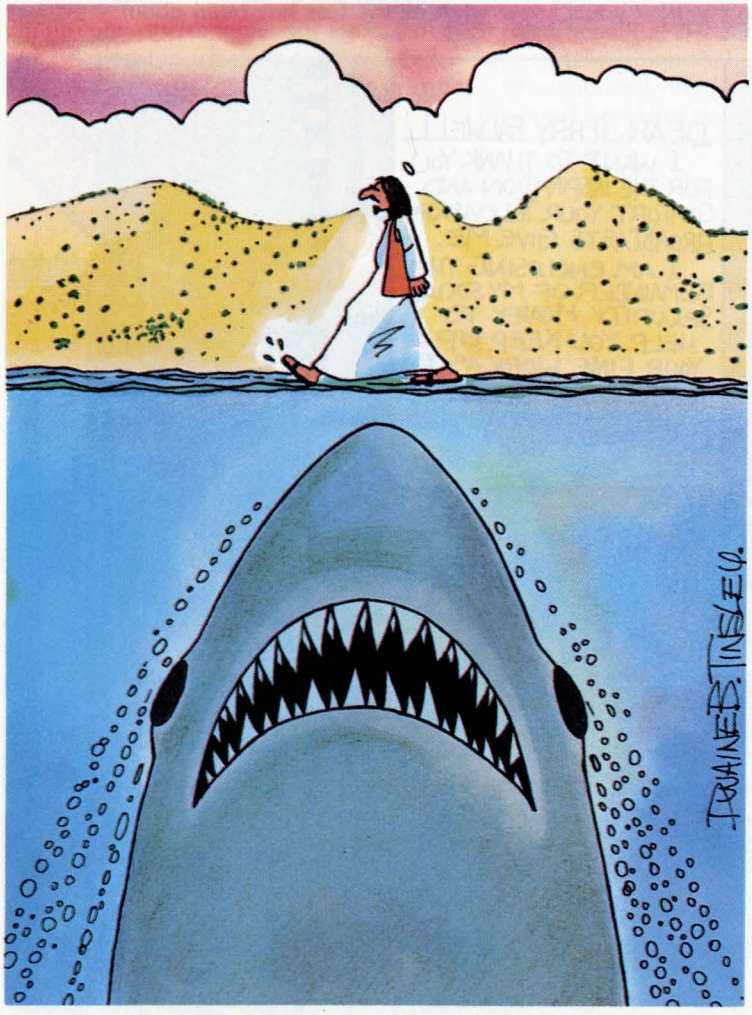
Find this cartoon repulsive? Most normal people do. Dwaine defuses the stereotype of the watermelon-eating black by poking fun at it, much the same way blacks use nigger as a humorous term of endearment.

December 1982



Crossing the ridiculous with the divine. Even hard-core Christians laughed at this Tinsley cartoon.

December 1978



Jaws was the biggest thing to come along since Jesus. So why not team them up? Is the idea of a man walking on water any tougher to believe than a Great White Shark eating him?

In a cartoon drawn during the Arab oil embargo, Tinsley sums up America's feelings of getting shafted better than anyone else.



February 1980

Violence in the city streets was making headlines. "Not getting involved" was an American pastime. Tinsley took it one step farther.



"...And these are some pictures we took on our recent visit to New York City. That's Eloise there in the middle!"

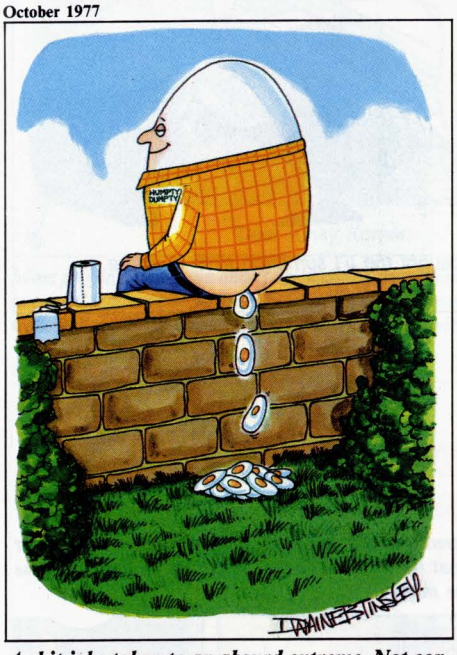
December 1980

November 1977



Since the beginning of man, nothing has changed. Dwaine shows here that guns and pills have made some things easier... maybe too much easier.

October 1977



A shit joke taken to an absurd extreme. Not controversial, just funny.

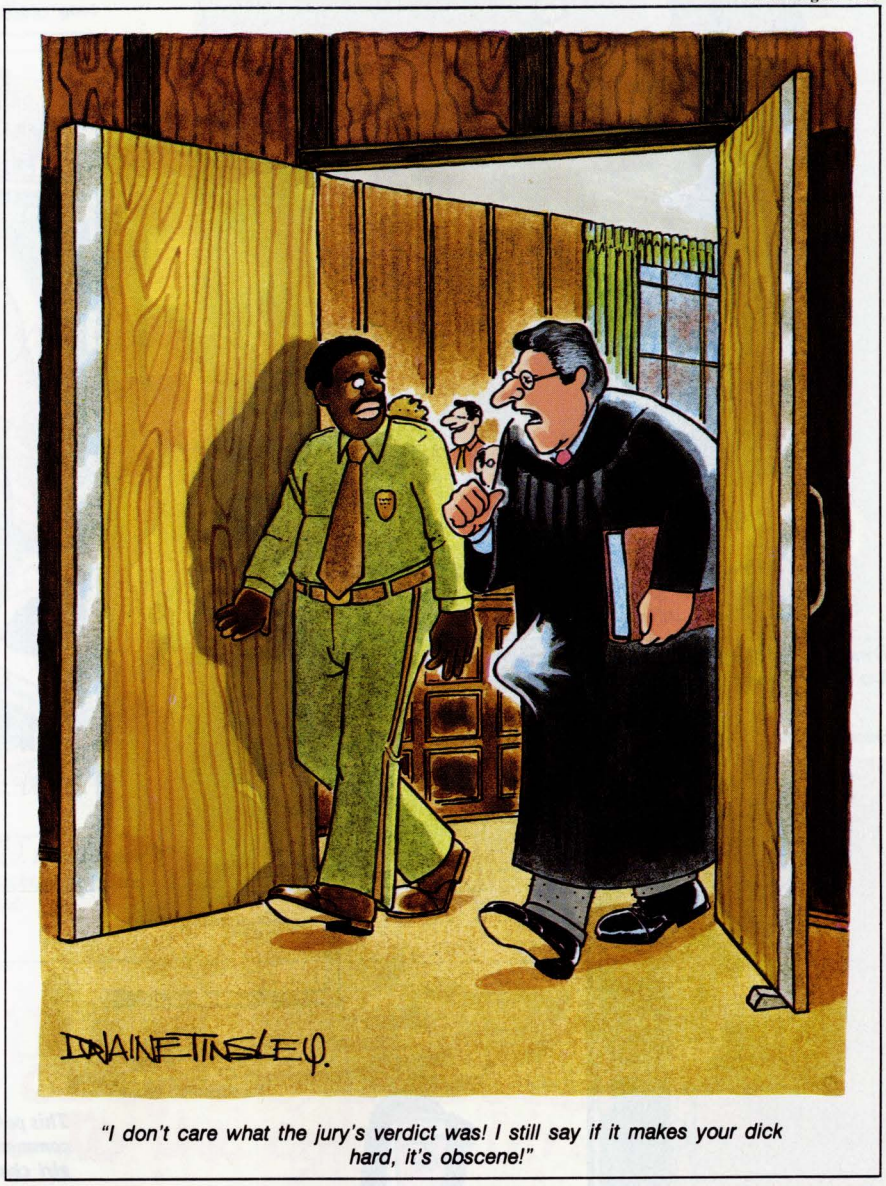
August 1976



There's a black sheep in every crowd. Leave it to Dwaine to make him a baa-a-a-a-ad dude.

The truth spurts. In all of HUSTLER's obscenity trials no judge has admitted being turned-on. But Dwaine knows what's going on beneath those black robes.

CHIC August 1979



"I don't care what the jury's verdict was! I still say if it makes your dick hard, it's obscene!"

With a power-mad nuclear cowboy as President, everyone's nervous. Tinsley's Reagan finds out there'll be no winners after World War III.



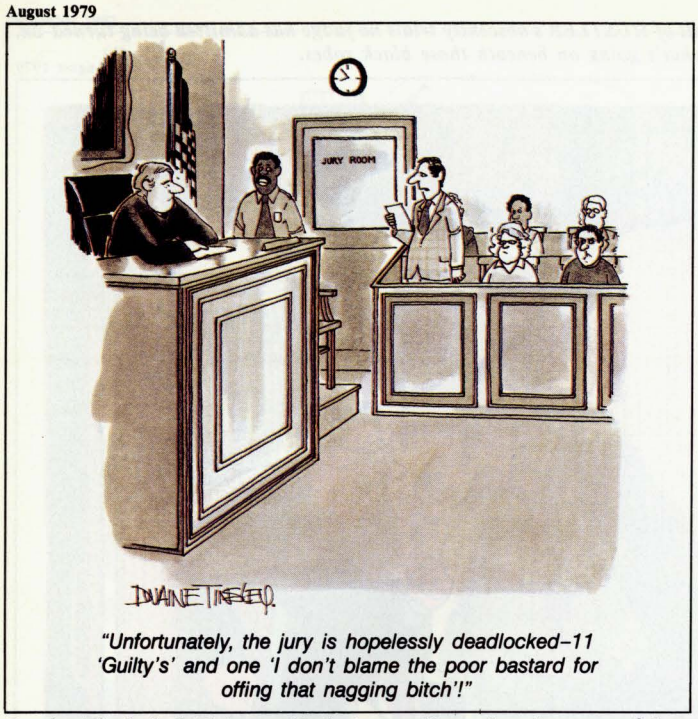
May 1983

August 1979



Evolutionist Charles Darwin said it, and they called him a heretic. Tinsley said it, and they laughed.

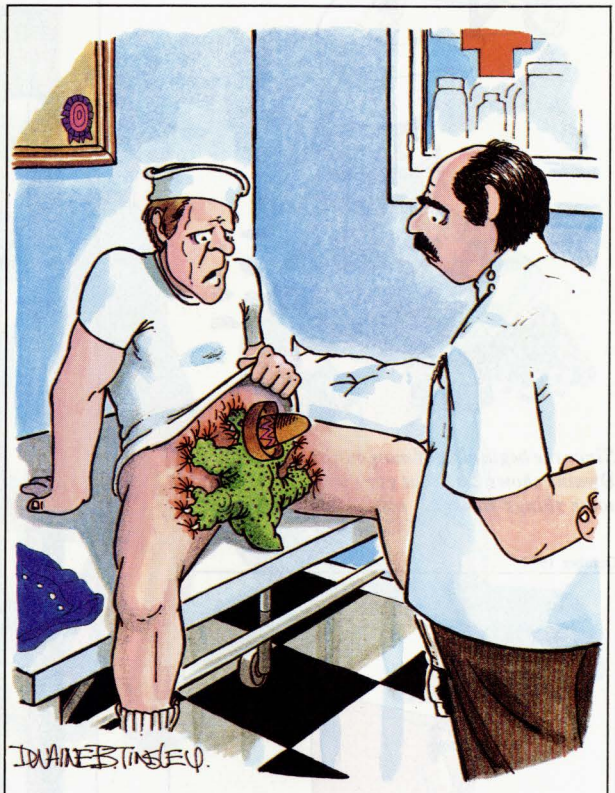
August 1979



"Unfortunately, the jury is hopelessly deadlocked–11 'Guilty's' and one 'I don't blame the poor bastard for offing that nagging bitch'!"

Dwaine Tinsley's faith in mankind: Among 12 people at least one of them has to be honest.

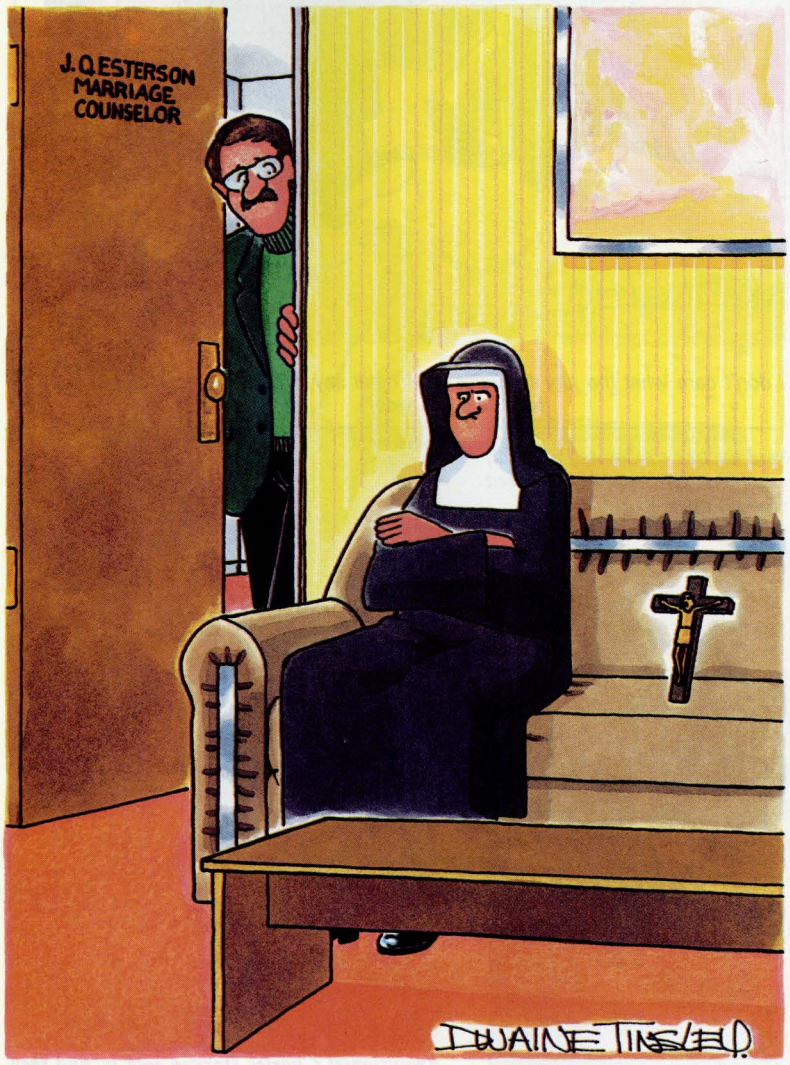
Dwaine's "li'l sumbitch" is how every poor guy imagines the dreaded creatures that infest our genitals when we're not careful. This cartoon really struck home.



"I think I caught the li'l sumbitch from a whore in Tijuana, Doc. . . ."

May 1976

September 1981



In the Catholic Church, nuns are actually married to Christ. This is Dwaine's way of saying that even a perfect guy can't satisfy them all.

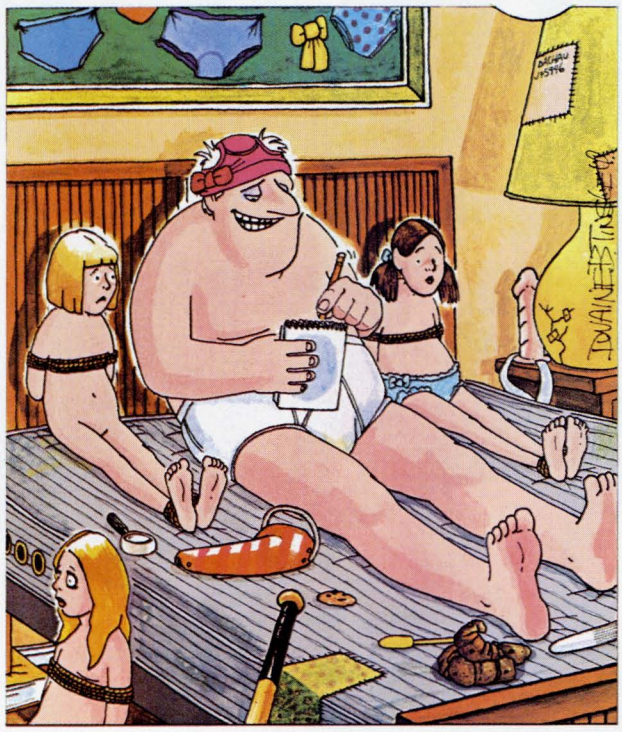
This poke at stereotypes brought a ton of letters–all critical. Most commented about the padlock on the Jewish lady's purse, not the girl chasing the money.



September 1977

This one forced readers to think about everything–religion, race, even virginity. Maybe Mary wasn't exempt from the pleasures of the flesh. She sure is trying hard to convince Joseph she's "immaculate."▶

January 1977



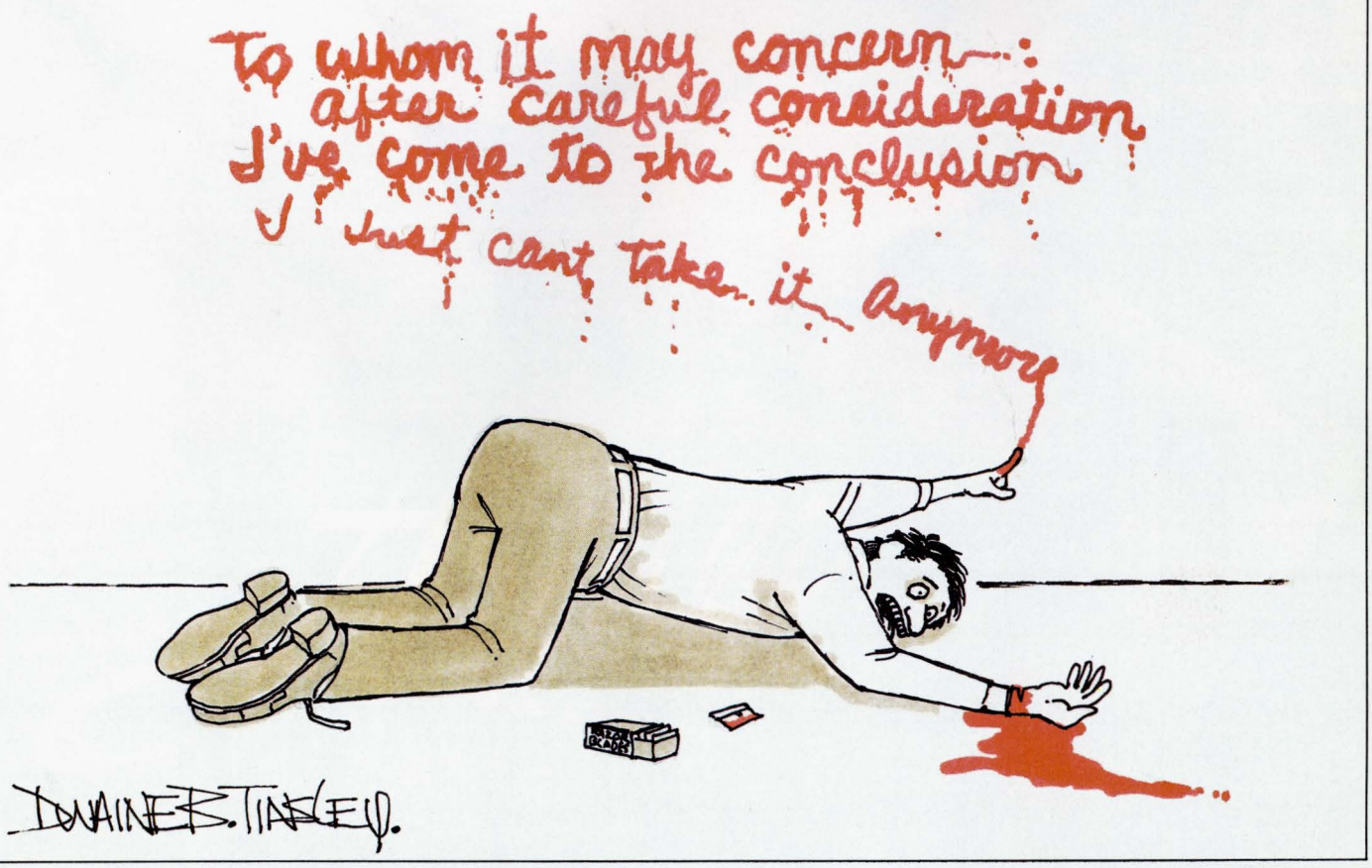
"Dear Kinky Korner. . . ."

Most people won't think about child abuse, much less discuss it. Here Dwaine outraged readers into open discussion. Drawn to provoke thought, not titillate, Chester has never been shown in a sexual act with a child.



January 1982

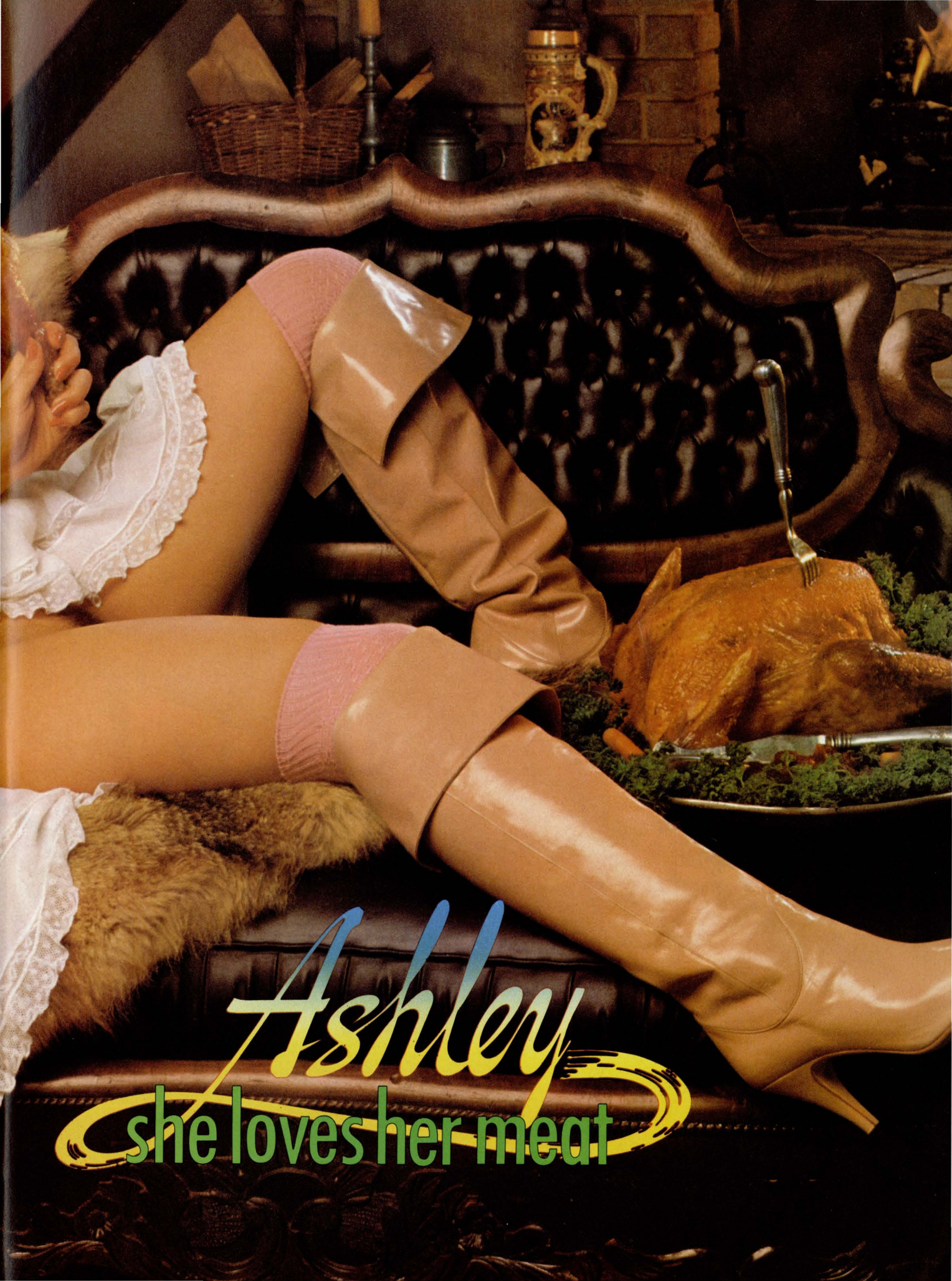
February 1978



In a troubled world, Dwaine's character writes the ultimate statement–"from the heart." And that's where Dwaine's best ideas always come from.



Photography by Matti Klatt


Ashley
she loves her meat

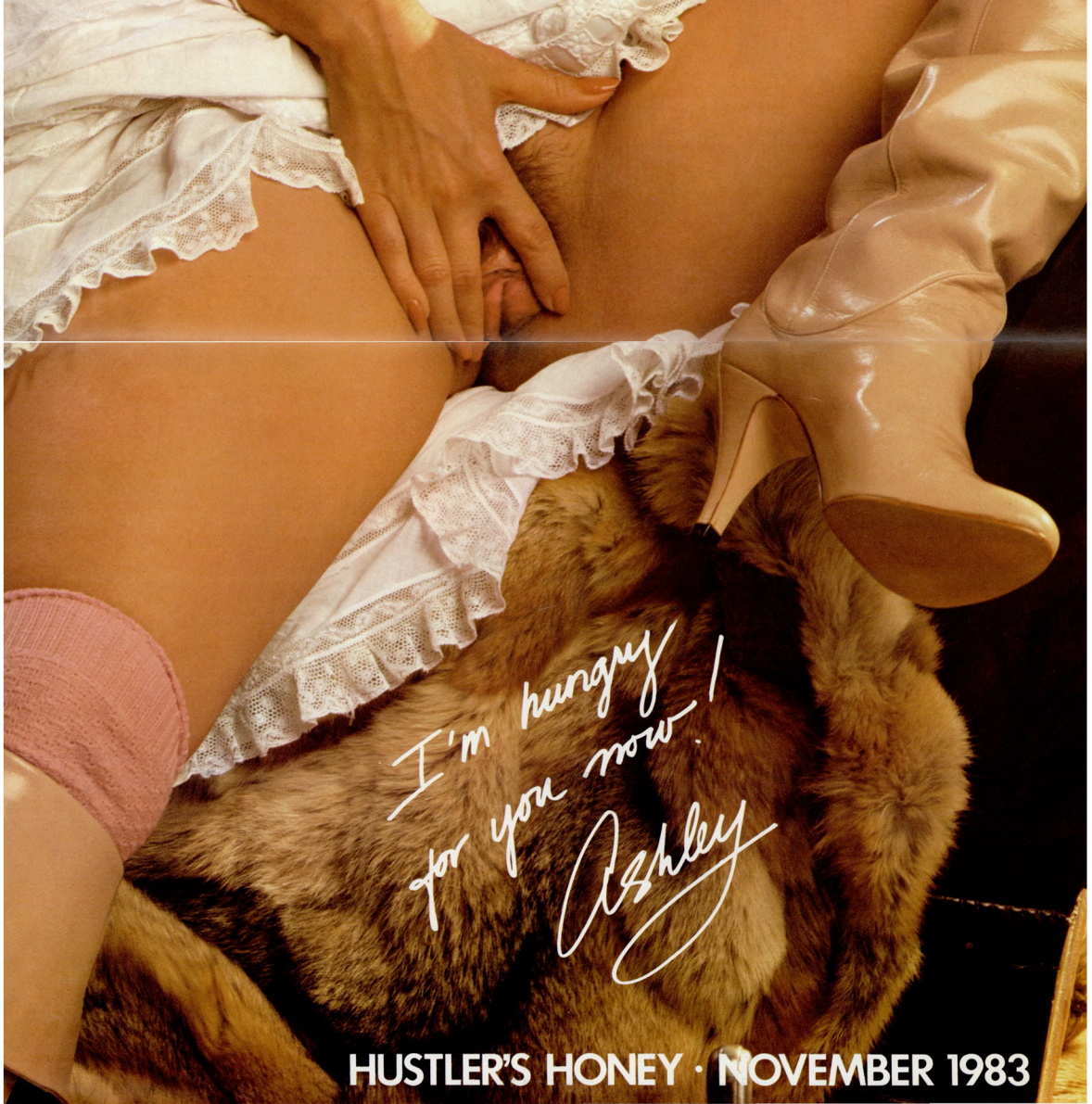






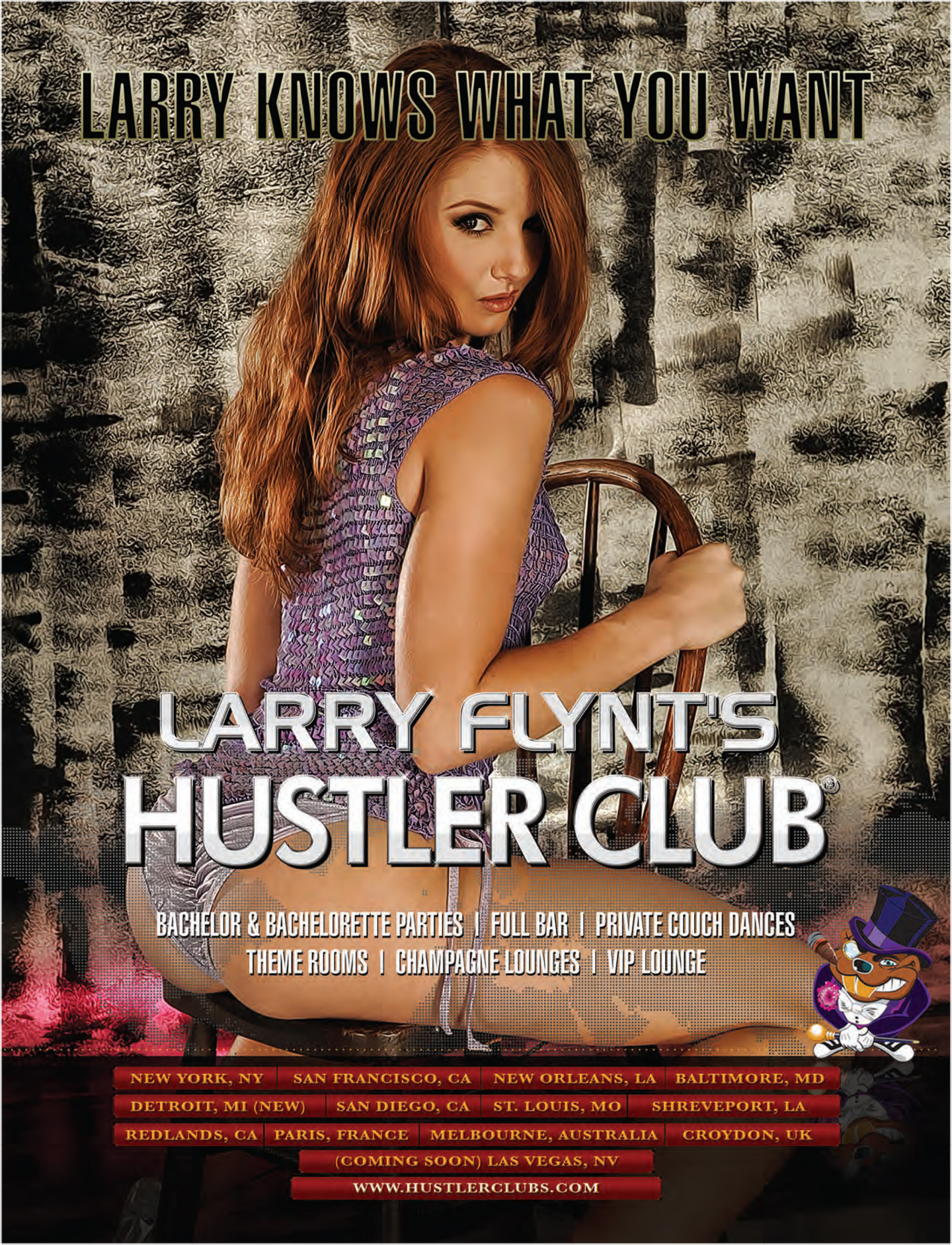
Ashley's always had a fondness for anything that makes for a good mouthful. "As a little girl," this 28-year-old says, "I'd always eat up all my meat but nothing else. I didn't like fish or vegetables or desserts." When she saw the turkey at our photo-session, she started tearing off pieces and nibbling. "You certainly have a tasty bird here," she joked. Ashley not only likes meat but is also an expert on it. Her father was a butcher in Chicago. She still lives in the Windy City, working as a secretary for a large construction firm. "Some of the guys I work with are like bulls," Ashley says. "They're big and strong. But it's not just muscles I'm after. I'm looking for someone who's big in other ways too. And I want someone who tastes as good as he looks."





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Martial law had been established in a small Central American country, and all civilians had to be home by nine at night. Two soldiers were standing in the city square when they spotted a drunk weaving his way up the street. One of the soldiers took aim and shot the man.

"Why did you kill that poor drunk?" the first one asked. "It's only five to nine."

"I know where the guy lived," the second soldier informed him, "and he'd never have made it home in five minutes."

One cold and snowy day a man noticed a woman stranded on the side of the road with a flat tire. He stopped and asked if she'd mind if he changed it for her. She said she wouldn't mind, and the man suggested that she sit inside his car to keep warm.

He worked with the lug nuts until his fingers were almost frozen. When he went to the car and asked if he could put his hands between the woman's legs and warm them a bit, she said okay. He did so for a few minutes and then went back to try to fix the lady's flat tire.

Three more times this happened, and on the fourth time when he asked to warm his frozen hands between the woman's legs, she said, "Yeah, sure, but doesn't your *nose* ever get cold?"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *galloping gourmet* as: a bum following a garbage truck.

Question: What would it take to bring the Beatles back together?
Answer: Three bullets.

A white businessman came home unexpectedly one afternoon. Not seeing his wife in the kitchen, he stepped into the bedroom just in time to watch a black guy exit through one of the windows. Turning to his wife, who was sprawled out on the bed naked, the husband exclaimed, "Hey, Helen, who the hell was that?!"

"How would I know?" his wife quipped. "They all look alike to me."

Question: Why was booze invented?
Answer: So that fat and ugly women could get laid too.

An airplane passenger, being served drinks by a stewardess, yelled, "Hey, here's something brand-new–an ice cube with a hole in it!"

"What the hell is new about that?" answered the man sitting beside him. "I married one."



At the breakfast table the little boy sheepishly asked his father, "Dad, does Mom eat birds?"

"That's a silly question, Son," the father replied. "Why do you ask?"

"I heard you and Mom talking in bed last night," the boy explained, "and you said, 'Do you want a swallow, or should I let it fly?' "

Question: How can America stop Presidential assassinations?
Answer: Elect a black Vice President.

Two Polacks were out in the country hunting geese. The first hunter said, "We gotta get a new dog. This one ain't caught a bird yet."

"Let's give him another chance," the second Polack said to his partner. "Maybe we just ain't throwin' him high enough."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *Aunt Jemima and Motherfucker* as: the two most famous black women in history.

Two buddies at the bar were drinking away and comparing their wives' sexual behavior. "Hey," one asked, "does your wife shut her eyes when you're fucking her?"

"Yeah," said the other. "The bitch can't stand to watch me having a good time!"

The jaded husband called his voluptuous wife to tell her he'd discovered a new position for making love. Excited by the prospect of something fresh in their usually uninspired intimacies, the wife pressed for more information. "In this new sexual position we'll engage in intercourse while lying back to back," the husband said.

"Back to back?!" the wife wondered. "I don't understand how that's possible, dear."

"It's quite simple," he replied. "I'm bringing home another couple."

Question: Why wasn't Jesus Christ born in Iran?
Answer: God couldn't find a virgin or three wise men.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *wife* as: a gadget you screw on the bed, and it does the housework for you.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—but we cannot return submissions.

CHESTER THE MOLESTER





"Any of you girls gotta take a shit?"





The Final Orbit

She was the only woman on the planet, and he was the only man. They knew they could never return to Earth. Each breath they took could be their last. In that moment of terror they let passion overtake them.

BY TED NEWSOM

Illustration by Ren Wicks

The spacecraft *Icarus 3* made another footnote in history today," said the gray-haired TV commentator, "as it began its final orbit of Earth prior to leaving for deep space."

A group shot of three people appeared electronically behind the newsman: a dark-haired woman flanked by two men, one white and one black. "The trio of astronauts have now set a record for the number of orbits of Earth–1,222, surpassing the previous record of 1,214 orbits set by *Skylab* in 1974. The *Icarus 3* interstellar spacecraft was scheduled to leave Earth orbit two days ago, but a minor electrical malfunction postponed that."

The image of the newsman disappeared, replaced by a fuzzy television transmission from the orbiting craft. A stocky black man in a bulky white flight suit was sitting before a control panel; below him were superimposed the words SATELLITE TRANSMISSION FROM ICARUS and COL. JOHN J. HAMILTON JR.

"Ah–Houston, this is *Icarus 3*," the black astronaut said, his voice garbled. "The glitch is all cleared up. We're prepared for final instructions. Over."

An animated diagram next appeared on the TV screen. It showed the sleek spacecraft's path around the globe, and a curving red line that arched away from Earth and into the blackness of space. "After this final orbit," said the newscaster over the film clip, "*Icarus 3* will fire its powerful pulse engines and begin its historic voyage toward our closest neighbor, the star system of Alpha Centauri, four light-years away."

The television camera cut back to the newsman, who gazed sternly into the camera. "Even with the spacecraft's experimental warp-drive, this fantastic journey will take an estimated five years to complete. For this reason the three astronauts will be in cryogenic suspension–a sort of deep freeze–for most of that time."

Again, the TV image changed. In front of a suburban home a sturdy, handsome man stood beside a thirtyish blond woman with tired eyes. Below them was superimposed MAJ. PAT HENDRY, LINDA HENDRY-FILE TAPE–SEPTEMBER 1989. "Sure, it'll be a long time," the man said, hugging his wife, "but not that much different than if I were stationed overseas."

"*Way* overseas," the woman added with a smile.

The married couple was replaced by a shot of a dark-haired woman standing before the NASA emblem. Her brown eyes gleamed in the camera lights. Beneath her flashed the words DR. SUSAN REYNOLDS–FILE TAPE–OCTOBER 1989.

"Are you scared?" asked a reporter.

"No," answered America's third woman in space. "I have perfect faith in our mission, our equipment and my fellow astronauts."

* * *

Susan Reynolds floated across the living quarters of *Icarus 3*, anchoring herself with one hand while she unlatched a compartment door with the other. The empty, sterile containers were secured tightly with Velcro straps. Easing the compartment door closed, Susan drifted downward, checking out the biological testing apparatus: That too was secured. Everything was set on her end. She kicked off and drifted over to the bank of computer monitors. One of her fellow crew members, Major Pat Hendry, was making his own last-minute checks.

"Need a hand, Pat?" she asked. As she floated toward him, Hendry turned, grabbing her arm and slowing her weightless drifting to a stop. Their hands brushed briefly, and Susan said, "Excuse me."

Pat Hendry grinned. "After 85 days together you don't have to apologize. And no thanks. Everything checks out. You ready for the big sleep?"

"Sure," she answered. "I've done it before, you know. I tested the cryogenic process on myself. You're not worried?"

Hendry shook his head, glancing back at the three plexiglass cylinders in the rear compartment. "Not scared. Just . . . well, I haven't got used to sleeping alone even after three months. When you're married nine years, you sort of get used to having things a certain way." He sighed. "Boy, the five of us are going to have a lot of celebrating to do when we get back."

"Five of us?"

"Me and my wife, J.J. and his wife, you. . . ."

"Yes. I suppose so." She smiled a little. Seldom in the past three months had Major Pat Hendry been anything but businesslike. He was a typical military astronaut, Susan decided: humorless, straightlaced. J.J., the mission commander, was more fun, but both men were so *married*.

"There's not a chance of a malfunction in the suspension chamber," she told him for what must have been the hundredth time in three months. "Our chambers will pop open immediately if anything–*anything*–goes wrong with the computer."

They pushed off to the forward compartment, where J.J.–Colonel John J. Hamilton Jr.–sat at the controls, talking to Mission Control. Suddenly, the transmission was drowned out in a blast of static. He adjusted the radio control and held the mike close to his mouth.

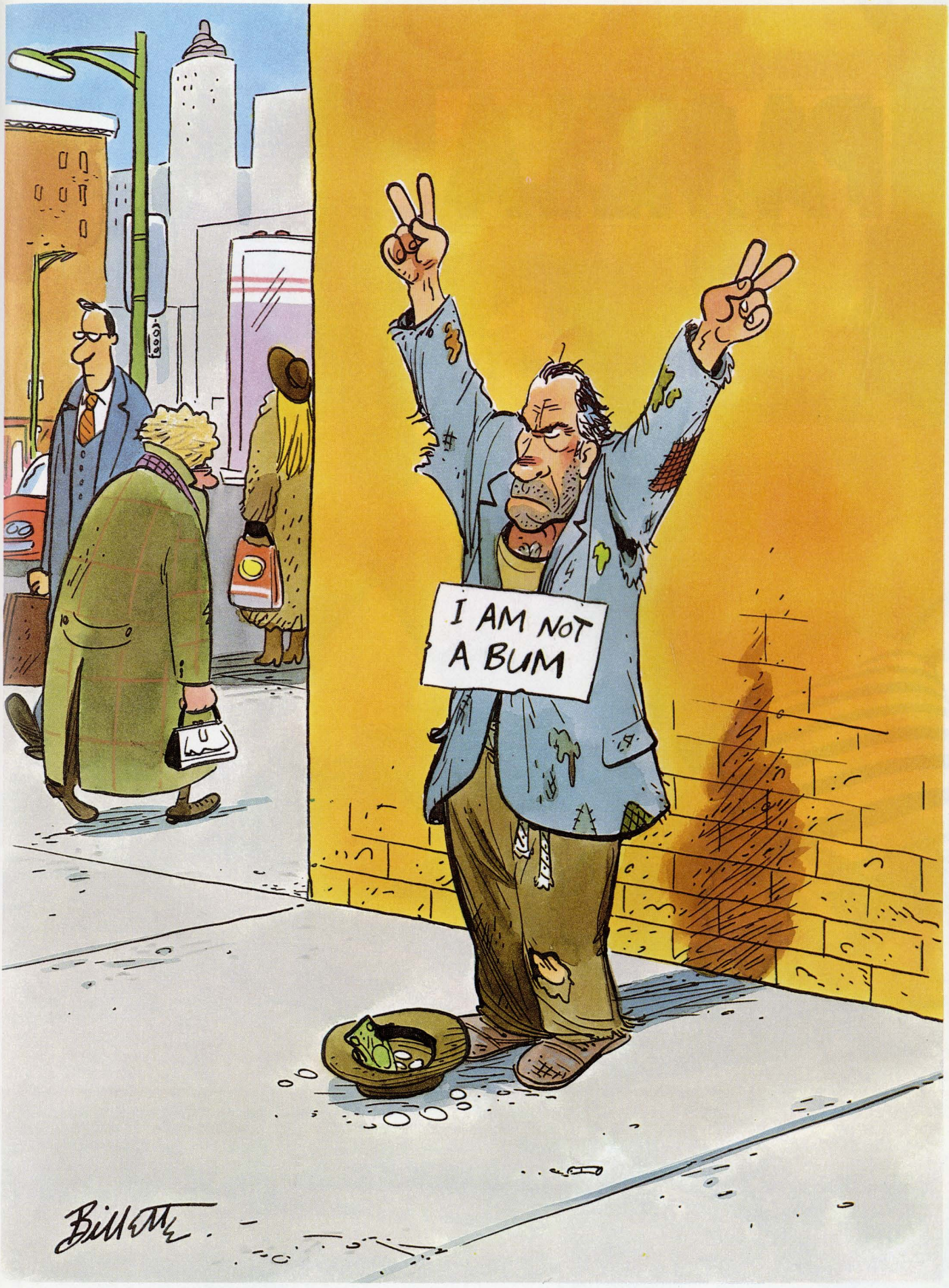
"Houston, this is *Icarus*. Say again, please. Over."

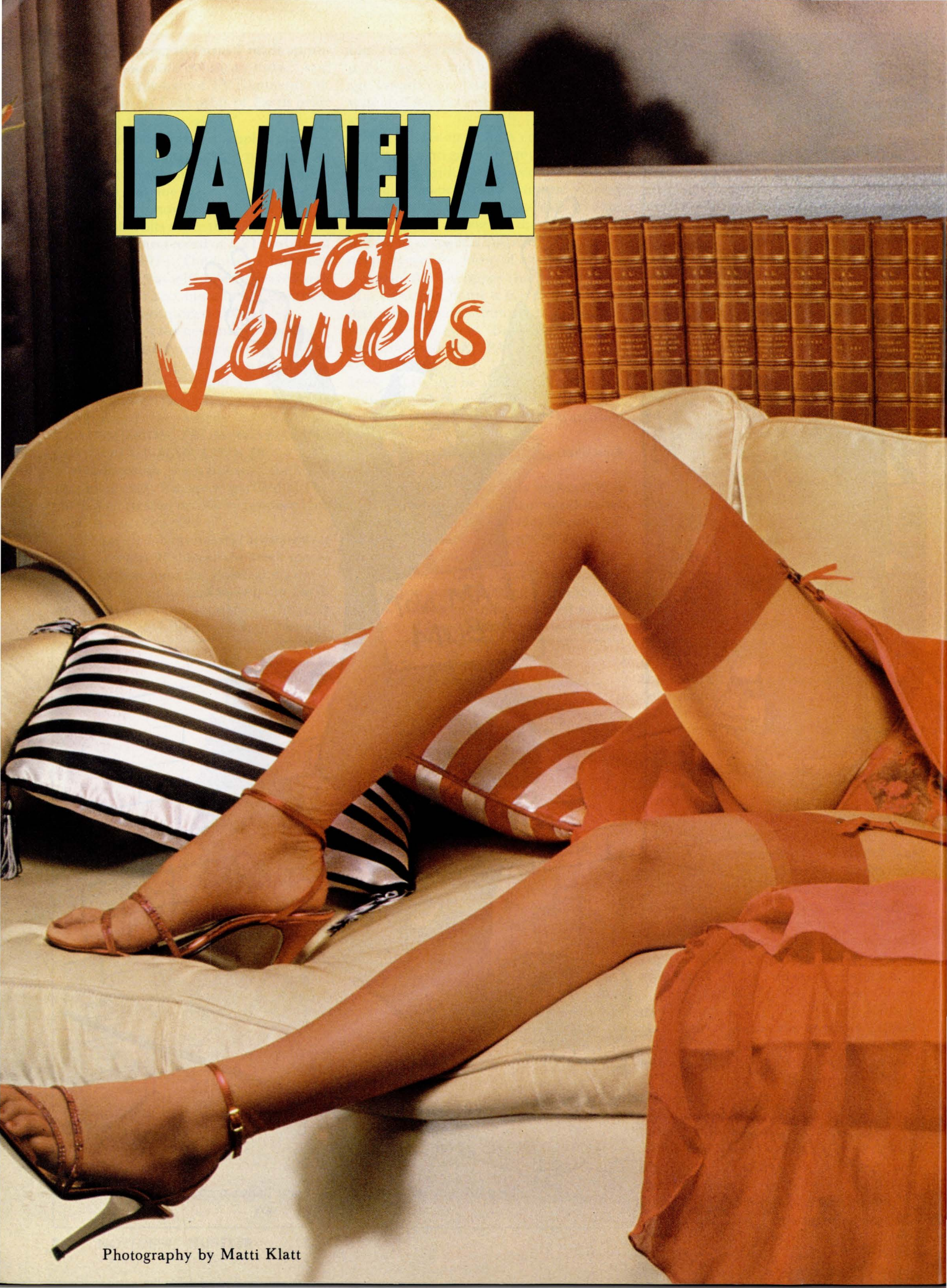
In disconnected spurts the voice of Mission Control finally got through the static "white noise." "Houston to *Icar*–cryogenic– proceed with–leave Earth orbit."

(continued on page 96)



"That's a relief! When you didn't meet me, I thought you'd wrecked the car!"


I AM NOT
A BUM



Photography by Matti Klatt





Precious gems and expensive jewels often excite beautiful women like Pamela. "Playing with jewelry, holding it and fondling it actually turn me on," says Pamela. This gorgeous 21-year-old is not only ecstatic over jewelry–she's knowledgeable as well. "I used to be a salesclerk in a jewelry store," she reveals. "After the store would close, I'd go in the back room, take off all my clothes and bring out the precious jewelry. I'd have rings, necklaces and bracelets all over me. Dressed in riches, I'd look at myself in the mirror, and I'd begin to rub my pussy until I came." These days Pamela looks for the same qualities in her men as in her jewels. "It's important that all my men have sparkling personalities," she smiles. "And be very, very hard."




R.L. STEVENSON
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GUEST OPINION

(In keeping with HUSTLER's long tradition of presenting even the most controversial viewpoints, we provide this space to outspoken opinion-makers in politics, religion, the arts and other segments of contemporary society. The author of this month's Guest Opinion is the often-maligned Madalyn Murray O'Hair, America's most prominent Atheist.)



Madalyn Murray O'Hair

When speakers for American Atheists appear in public, audiences invariably ask about the organization's attitude toward sex. The people who pose these questions suffer agonies of guilt and anxiety over their bodies' natural demands—agonies stemming from the repudiation of sex in our puritanical, religious-based culture. Not finding what they require in information supplied by dishonest government agencies, unhappy homes and sick churches, they are seeking the answers as to what is—or should be—acceptable sexual behavior.

What follows are the official positions of American Atheists on important aspects of human sexuality, guidelines which should prove to be invaluable for every thinking American. Above all, we support the concepts that sex is a private affair and that all of us should be "doing what comes naturally."

If the need for sex was normally and routinely accepted in life, as is the need for food, drink, body cover and shelter, it would not become a neurotic obsessive compulsion as it is for many; nor would it be perverted into acts of senseless violence.

In any event, the restrictive hands of state and church must be removed from the nation's crotch.

SEXUAL SUPPRESSION . . . Attempts to suppress sexual desires by uptight prudes, who believe that sex is dirty, account for untold numbers of emotionally shattered lives. If young girls are forced to restrict their sexual desires and feel guilt to the point of anxiety and hysteria, how will they ever be able to relax and enjoy sex?

Nature should be the only factor in making a decision about when to participate in sex. At the time a young male is capable of producing semen, he should start to ejaculate it. When a young female begins her menstruation and heat cycles, she should start to exercise her vagina.

Beginning with the years immediately preceding puberty, we need to teach our youth:

1) Everything that is known about sex;

2) That girls should not get pregnant unless they want to and can manage a child;

3) That boys shouldn't impregnate a female if they can't support the dear little consequence;

4) That every precaution should be taken to avoid contracting a venereal disease.

Sex education should begin in kindergarten, be supported by public funding and be obligatory even in private schools. The entire array of pregnancy-preventative devices, methods and medications should be made available to all.

SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED DISEASES . . . We need a government-financed war on crabs, syphilis, gonorrhea, herpes, AIDS and sexual ignorance. Measures to cure these diseases, and steps to prevent their spread, must be taken now.

Routine short-arm examinations should be encouraged in every school, all places of employment and in churches on Sundays. Every street corner of every city, town or village should have government-supplied dispensers for dispersing free condoms to the male of the species. And every ten blocks in any direction should have free, tax-supported clinics where females can receive instruction, personalized medical care if necessary, or special fittings of birth-control apparatuses.

PROSTITUTION . . . Male and female houses of prostitution should be government-sponsored and tax-supported. Prices for a prostitute's services should be within the reach of everyone. Doctors should be stationed at entryways to check only for venereal disease. Once everyone became accustomed to the idea of sex as a normal human need, the houses could be permitted to phase out.

MARRIAGE . . . American Atheists cannot accept that a license to fuck—the marriage license—should be issued by the state. Somewhere in the beginning of a relationship, an announcement of intentions to friends and acquaintances is sufficient. Such an announcement could also include mention of any plans to increase the association by the manufacture of any small new family units, in the conventional way. Marriage should last as long as it is mutually satisfactory and no longer.

ABORTION . . . The Roman Catholic Church is directly responsible for the murder of millions of fetuses yearly. This church fights not only sex education, but also the distribution of pregnancy-prevention information and prophylactics. It thereby forces women to be sexually ignorant, trapping them in unwanted pregnancies. In the resulting hysteria, they have abortions that can mean possible destruction of uterine walls, high financial costs, inexpert assistance, death, bungling self-help and psychological consequences.

American Atheists are unequivocally opposed to the Roman Catholic policy of forcing ignorant women to use abortion as birth control. Still, if a woman finds herself with an unwanted pregnancy, the decision must be hers in respect to termination.

HOMOSEXUALITY . . . Several years ago, American Atheists actively aided and abetted a number of persons who were both homosexual and Atheist to start their own "Gay Atheist" organization. Grassroots groups were formed with the aid of the 50 American Atheist chapters (in 27 states) and with the aid of the national office of American Atheists. We were wise enough to reason, sympathetic enough to understand, full of enough empathy to know that what goes on in any bedroom in the world cannot be governed by church, state or authority of any nature, but rather only by the people concerned. The sexual activities of consenting adults is their pleasure and business alone.

MASTURBATION . . . This solitary exercise is a simple, delightful, expedient way to handle a small problem that comes up. It is most often private, noiseless and quick, with the shower water neatly dissipating the odor and discharge. No guilt can possibly be placed upon it.

PORNOGRAPHY . . . Larry Flynt requires that women who pose for HUSTLER "show pink." Despite the efforts of self-serving prosecutors to prove otherwise, no woman has come forward in his nine years of publishing to say that she did *not* voluntarily line up at HUSTLER's front door to have her quivering little clit photographed. Larry Flynt simply understood a need of the times, seized upon it and made money from it. His crime is that he is successful and that his subscription lists grow.

But there is no coercion at any stage of the publishing process. The women come, eagerly. The photographers are concerned with "their art." The printers do an excellent reproduction job. The binders, shippers and even the U.S. Post Office are competent in this business venture.

And the eager purchasers await each issue. It takes a voluntary, overtly financed act to come into possession of a HUSTLER. Larry Flynt doesn't give them away, nor force them on anyone. Who is then to complain? Whoever does not like porn need not purchase it, read it, or lick the pages. That person is safe from what he or she considers to be offensive.

FEMALE DEBASEMENT . . . The women's movement, which I predated in the fight for equal rights, says that printing pictures of what women do privately—showing clit and labia—constitutes debasement of women. If women's libbers feel debased in their bedrooms and then project their feelings of self-debasement onto Larry Flynt and his publications, they should examine more closely the religious principles upon which their ideas of the sin and guilt of their sexuality is based.

KIDDIE PORN & CHILD ABUSE . . . Catch and kill the adult bastards who sexually use and brutalize children—but only after hanging them up by their balls for three days.

BESTIALITY . . . If Ronnie Reagan goes in for bestiality on the ranch, the only concern of American Atheists is that it should be with an adult hen or rooster and not with a baby chick. His relationship with the American people, however, would indicate that he fucks only the defenseless.

PROFANITY . . . There has always been a restriction upon free speech that has made it undesirable to refer to vital bodily functions or the locale of those functions. Hundreds of years ago, it became a practice in polite society to substitute Latin words for those references, and the vernacular of everyday speech was denied to everyone.

"Whoever does not like porn need not purchase it, read it, or lick the pages."

Hence, it was acceptable to urinate—but not to piss. It was lowbrow to shit, but high-toned to defecate. A lover was supposed to whisper to his own, "May I have carnal knowledge of you?" instead of saying, "Oh, baby, let's fuck."

There are three classes of forbidden words: those which represent life-giving vital functions, the sites of those vital functions and words derogatory to women. This year, when all I wanted was a small cyst removed from the pubic flesh, my own doctor asked me, "Is the problem 'down there' ?"

There is one bodily function so nonreportable that not even one of the 13 famous "dirty words" can describe it: menstruation. For a thousand years women "fell off the roof" or "had Aunt Mame visiting." It was only in vulgar lower-class America that the truth came out in the expression "riding the rag."

Neither the state, nor the church, nor polite society should be able to put a special stigma on a word that outlaws its ordinary use. Until someone can show the exquisite difference between farting and expelling a flatus, American Atheists will continue to fart, not to flatulate. And that is not only a First Amendment-protected right of freedom of speech, but a little uncommon "common sense."

CONCLUSION . . . The United States would be far better off if there were more fucking and less reading and dreaming about fucking, which only makes sheets wet. The inflated lying in sex polls notwithstanding, sex in our nation today is a spectator sport more than a reality. This is evidenced in the mass markets for magazines, movies, cable television and porn cassettes. Sexual suppression and control has always been the task of religion. Government recognizes that if one's sex life (our most powerful natural drive) can be controlled, we can be made slaves to lesser restraints.

The only way to break the sexual and other controls that govern our behavior is by identifying them for what they are. In the last analysis, the only freedom that counts is freedom of the mind.

Readers who share or disagree with Madalyn Murray O'Hair's opinions are encouraged to address their reactions to Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067-3054. Those interested in further information about her organization should contact: American Atheists, P.O. Box 2117, Austin, Texas 78768; (512) 458-5731.

THE FINAL ORBIT

(continued from page 84)

"Shit," J. J. swore, banging the radio with his hand. "Houston, I didn't copy that last one. Give it to me again."

The voice from Houston came through clearly now. "Proceed with cryogenic suspension, *Icarus*. You are ready to leave Earth orbit."

Susan and Pat gave J. J. the thumbs-up signal and began to float toward the rear compartment. "Good night, you two," the commander said. "Go take a nap for a few years. I'll join you presently."

As Susan lifted the hatch to the plexiglass cylinder, she said to Pat Hendry, "It's going to be strange to wake up and weigh 120 pounds again after weighing *nothing* for this long."

Drifting slowly into the clear compartment beneath her, Pat grunted an agreement. They each strapped themselves in and pushed the round red buttons near their left hands. There was a slight hiss of gas as both suspension chambers began to fill with a cold, bitter-smelling gas. As the freezing anesthetic began to take effect, thoughts randomly whirled through Susan's brain. She thought of her first lover, when she was 17. He'd been so impetuous, forcing her to make love in elevators, public bathrooms, public parks. He'd been a biology teacher; maybe that's why she became a biologist, she thought dreamily. Her eyes closed.

The suspension gas worked quickly; both Susan Reynolds and Major Pat Hendry were only vaguely aware of the flashing red light in the forward compartment and the warning siren that echoed through the cabin of *Icarus 3*.

"*Icarus*, this is Mission Control," barked the voice from Earth. "We've just had an urgent message from the Soviet space center in Baikonur. They've got a renegade satellite on a disintegrating orbit."

"Keep it the hell out of our way, Houston," warned J. J. Hamilton. "We've got 20 seconds before the pulse engines kick in. That's in your computer, and there's no way we can stop it."

"J. J., listen. That Soviet satellite is going to self-destruct before you get near it. It should be visible about 500 miles distant, at the 11 o'clock position."

The digital gauge clicked off the seconds before the powerful interstellar engines switched on automatically: 18 . . . 17. . . 16 . . .

"Houston, we're going into pulse-drive in 15 seconds," the commander responded. "Are you ordering me to abort?"

"*Icarus*, that Soviet satellite is an armed killer. When it self-destructs, we expect a minor nuclear event to take place, although it shouldn't–"

15 . . . 14 . . . 13 . . .



"Houston, this is *Icarus*," said Hamilton, flipping a row of toggle switches. "I am aborting the mission as of *now*."

"Negative, *Icarus*. You are computer-locked to leave orbit in 11 seconds. Mission status is go."

"Haven't you idiots ever heard of NMP?"

11 . . . 10 . . . 9 . . .

"*Icarus*, this is Houston. Repeat, Mission status is still go."

Frantically, J. J. Hamilton reached above his head and pulled the protective cover from the lever marked Computer Override. He knew that the NMP effect–Nuclear Magnetic Pulse–could disrupt electromagnetic impulses for thousands of miles on Earth.

In space there was no telling what an atomic explosion could do. *Icarus* was far enough away not to be damaged by the blast itself, but the radioactive waves it would send out would cut off the computer instructions from Houston–leaving the ship, in effect, without a pilot. The only way to prevent that would be to take over the computer *immediately*.

"J. J.," screamed the voice from the radio, "cover your eyes!"

The entire left side of Hamilton's vision filled with a blinding sheet of white light. The black astronaut managed to cover the right-hand side of his face, but the searing flash confused and dazzled him.

3 . . . 2 . . . 1. . . .

The huge impulse-power engines erupted, thrusting *Icarus 3* forward in a tremendous burst of speed. The monstrous pressure of acceleration crushed J. J. Hamilton back into his form-fitted seat, pressing on him like a gigantic hand. Out of the corner of his good eye he saw the readouts on his flight panel: They were going berserk. The radio supplied only a continuous blast of static.

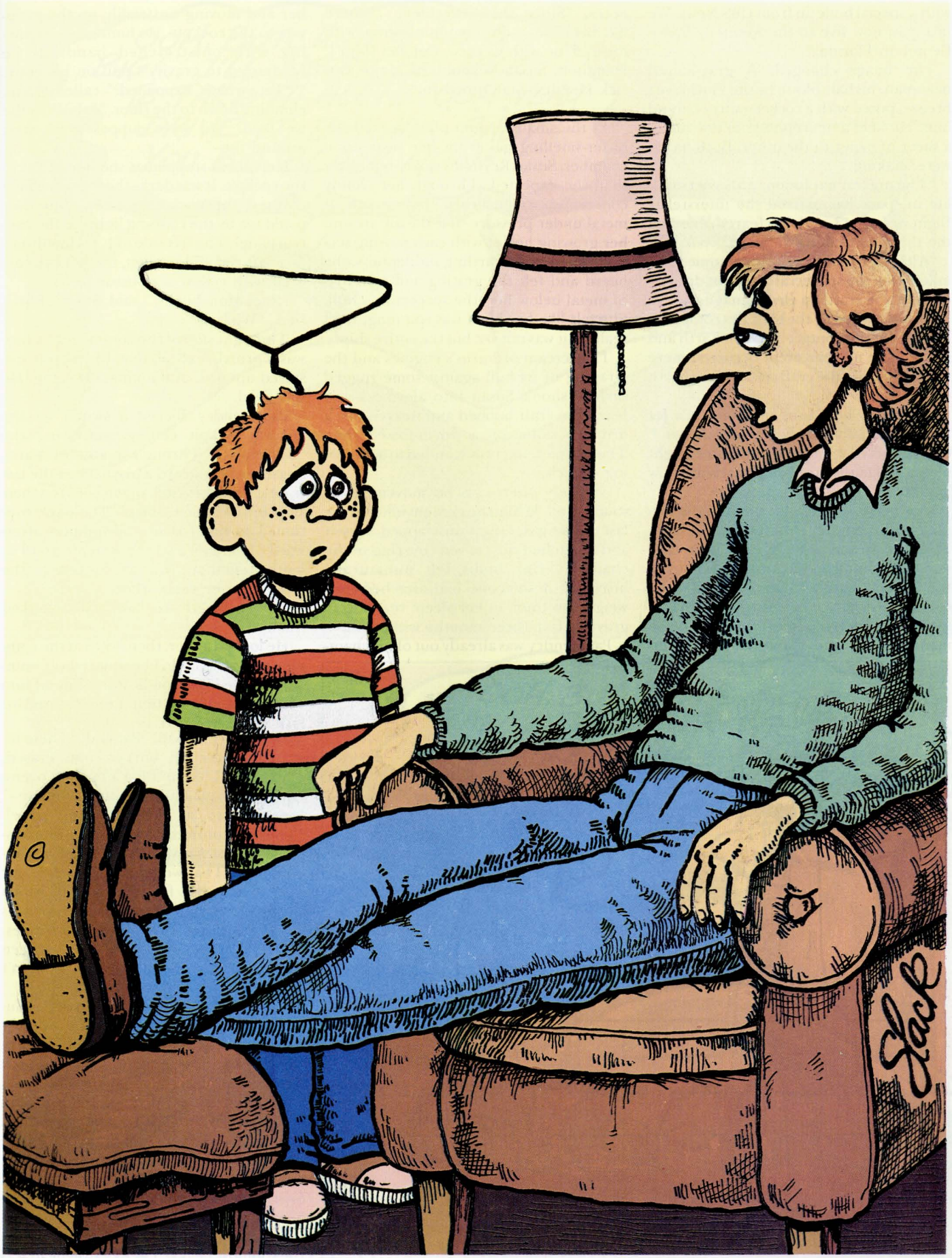
Pushing up against the increasing G-forces, the black commander reached above his head to the Computer Override lever. Struggling to make his fingers obey, he managed to wrap them around the lever. He tried to pull it down toward him, to disengage the automatic pilot. The blue-green ball of the Earth was already 35,000 miles behind him.

In their separate, gas-filled plexiglass chambers, Susan Reynolds and Pat Hendry were unaware of any problems. They did not know that *Icarus 3* was accelerating at the rate of 450 miles per second, or that their computer flight plan had been entirely erased, or that the ship's controls would not respond.

Susan Reynolds and Pat Hendry slept deeply.

* * *

A network logo suddenly replaced the daily soap opera. An announcer's voice urgently said, "We interrupt this program



"What makes you think your mother and I didn't want you?"

with a special bulletin from CBS News. We take you now live to the Kennedy Space Center in Florida."

The image changed. A gray-haired newsman, his hair blown by the Florida sea breeze, posed with a rocket gantry behind him. He held a microphone in one hand, a sheet of paper in the other. Both hands were shaking.

"The nuclear explosion of a Soviet satellite in space has marred the interstellar flight of *Icarus 3*, and, it is feared, doomed the three astronauts onboard.

"Although the explosion, some 550 miles from the spacecraft, did not directly damage the craft, an electromagnetic disturbance caused by the blast has completely cut off radio contact between Earth and *Icarus*. The nuclear event occurred mere seconds before the craft was to leave Earth orbit.

"Scientists here and at Pasadena's Jet Propulsion Laboratory fear that *Icarus 3* did not receive its final computer flight plan and that the craft and its crew are now rocketing aimlessly in space."

The newsman held his hand to his earphone, listening. "This–this just in from Tass, the Soviet News Agency. The Russian prime minister has sent an apology to the United States and has vowed that the entire Soviet space program is at NASA's disposal in any rescue attempt." The newsman frowned and glanced again at his notes. "Since the . . . accident . . . there has been no radio communication with *Icarus 3* or with its crew, Colonel John J. Hamilton, Susan Reynolds or Major Patrick Hendry. Stay tuned for. . . ."

* * *

As the small vacuum pipes sucked the bitter-smelling gas from her suspension chamber, Susan Reynolds woke–but faster than she expected. Through her cloudy consciousness she heard the screech of metal under pressure–felt the air around her growing hotter with each passing second. Then, with startling suddenness, she heard and felt the grating and grinding of metal below her–the spacecraft's hull. She felt like her head was spinning, then realized it was not *her*, but the entire ship.

The scream of *Icarus*'s engines and the scraping of its hull against some rugged surface shook Susan into alertness–and fear. The craft bobbed and weaved like a drunken sailor on a storm-tossed ship. The ear-piercing noises ended in a sickening crunch.

Abruptly, there was no movement or sound at all. While the vacuum inhaled the last of the gas, Susan unstrapped herself and unlatched the curved covering of the chamber. Her limbs felt unnaturally heavy, as if someone had attached lead weights to them in her sleep: reaction to gravity after three months without it.

Pat Hendry was already out of his chamber and moving unsteadily up the gangway to the cockpit. He lumbered, balancing with outstretched hands as he readjusted to gravity's pull on his body.

"Pat, what's happened?" called Susan, climbing down to the floor. "J. J.? Why did we land? We were supposed to orbit around the–"

Her words stopped as she joined Pat in the cockpit. It was dark–the reentry shield covered the cockpit window. But they could see by the flashing lights of the control panel. The left side of J. J. Hamilton's face was red and swollen, the left eye covered with yellow scar tissue.

"Radiation burns," said Susan, horrified. "What–"

The right side of the commander's face was normal, except that his brown eye stared upward, unblinking, unseeing. He was dead.

Pat Hendry flicked a switch on the curved cockpit ceiling, activating the "black box." Through a mist of static, Susan and Pat heard a playback of the last frantic messages exchanged between their ship and Mission Control. The static continued to hiss for several minutes afterward. The man and the woman stood silently together. Neither looked at the dead man, or each other.

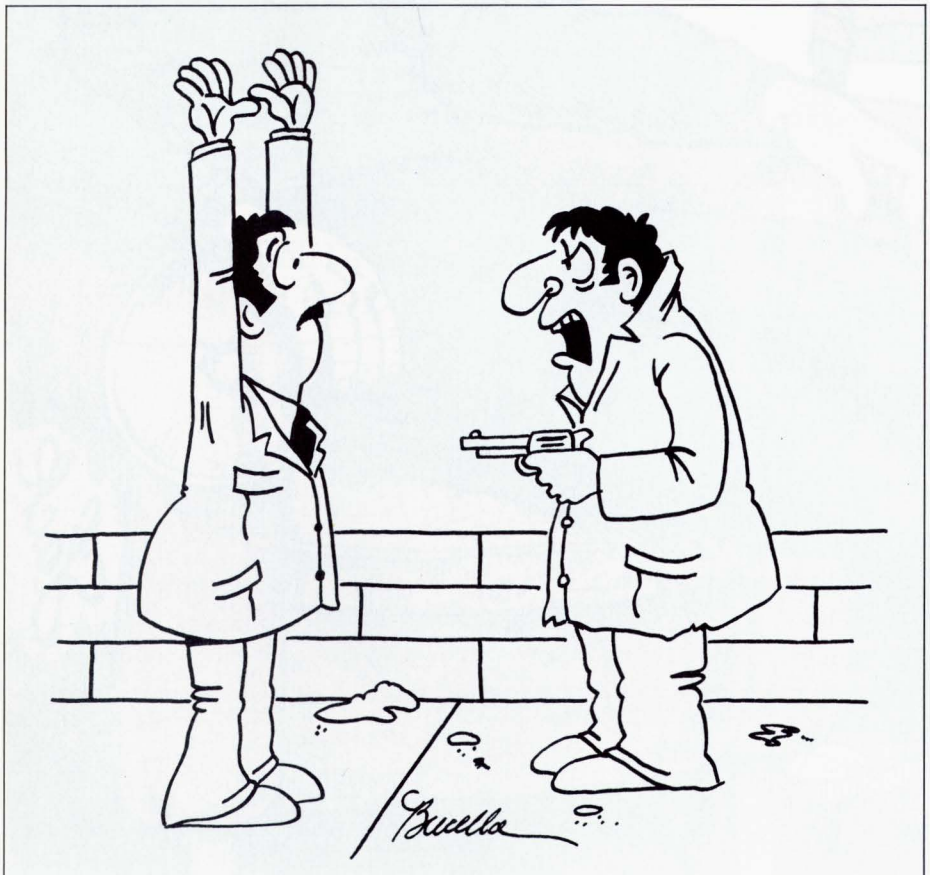
"Pat . . . where *are* we?" Susan asked finally.

He looked at her, then down at the complex control panel. The squared-off numbers of the digital indicators showed him conflicting information. Lines creased his face as he frowned.

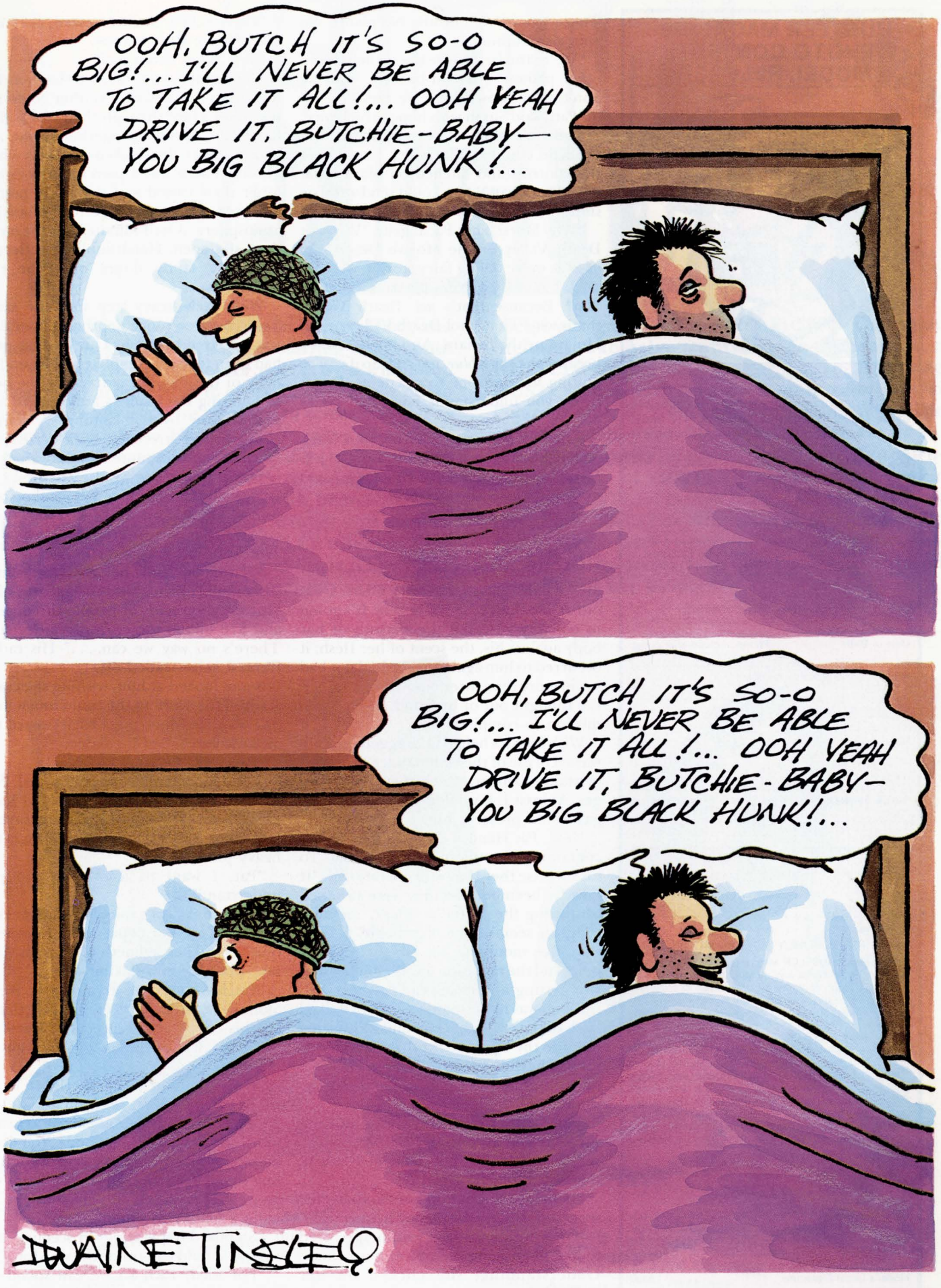
"I can't tell, Susan," Pat said. "These instruments are all burned out, erased, scrambled. Like running a magnet over a tape cartridge. These readings, they're–" He gestured at the flickering panel. "They're contradictory, crazy. The distance indicator says we've gone over 8 billion miles. That would put us outside our solar system but far short of the Alpha Centauri system. The fuel indicator says we've gone less than 10 million miles. That would put us somewhere between Earth and Mars. I don't know. I just don't know."

"Then let's have a look," answered Susan. She pushed two buttons in the center of the panel. Slowly, the black reentry shield over the window rose. They both squinted as daylight filled the cockpit.

It was a desert. Miles of reddish sand dunes stretched into the distance. Strange, black rock formations dotted the landscape, their weird shapes distorted by millennia of exposure to heat and wind. Swirls of sand spun in the wind. Far away a ridge of purplish mountains extended across the horizon; a layer of snow covered the topmost peaks. The sky overhead was mottled with gray clouds, but small patches of blue showed through here and there.



"I have AIDS. Gimme your money or I'll fuck you!"


OOH, BUTCH IT'S SO-O BIG!... I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO TAKE IT ALL!... OOH YEAH DRIVE IT, BUTCHIE-BABY— YOU BIG BLACK HUNK!...
OOH, BUTCH IT'S SO-O BIG!... I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO TAKE IT ALL!... OOH YEAH DRIVE IT, BUTCHIE-BABY— YOU BIG BLACK HUNK!...
DUANE TINSLEY

HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's Name _____ Name to Be Published _____

Address _____

Date of Birth _____ Phone (include area code) _____

Model's Social Security Number _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer _____

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, portraits or any of the above information. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I also understand that if the editors so decide, my photographs can be published in GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION Magazine's photo contest, *My Woman . . . My Wife*, in which case the prize awarded is $50, or in another affiliated magazine for an amount to be determined by that magazine. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's Legal Signature _____ Date

There was no sign of life. No plants. No animals. Nothing.

"We're the first to see the surface of another planet," Pat said bitterly, "and we don't even know where we are."

"Pat," said Susan with hope in her voice, "maybe it's Mars. The reddish sand–it could be, couldn't it? Maybe J. J. took over the controls and ditched on Mars! That would be great! NASA could send a rescue ship in just a couple of weeks, and–"

"Why Mars?" shot Pat angrily. "Why not Death Valley or the Mojave Desert? As long as we're telling fairy stories, why not say J. J. managed to double back to Earth? *Why?* Because that's *not* Death Valley, that's why! That's not Death Valley or the Mojave or the Sahara. And it's not Mars, because the sky is *blue*, not red. So if you're waiting for someone to rescue us, forget it, do you understand? Forget it! We're *lost*."

Susan turned away, bursting into tears. She brushed against the lifeless arm of J. J. Hamilton and wailed. Pat Hendry crossed to her, taking the woman in his arms.

"Look, I'm sorry."

Susan buried her face into his chest. Her body shook as she cried.

Uncomfortably, Pat stroked her soft brown hair. "Susan, I'm *sorry*. Okay? I was out of line. Everything'll be fine. It's going to be okay." He felt the warmth of her body against his, the scent of her flesh; it occurred to him again that he had not had sex in more than three months. He pushed the thought out of his mind. They had a mission to complete.

With Susan's help, Pat dragged the still-warm corpse of the commander to his suspension chamber, which they filled with gas. At least J. J. wouldn't have to rot; the gas would preserve him.

Next, Pat Hendry checked the cabinet containing his atmospheric monitors. To his surprise they were still operational. "It must've been because they were switched off during the . . . the accident," he said. "The air seems to be breathable. A little thin, like mountain air, but there's oxygen. And the radiation level–I don't know. I'm getting a normal reading, but–"

Susan was not listening. She had walked back to the empty cockpit and was staring out into the bleak desert that surrounded them. She didn't even turn when Pat came up behind her and put his hands on her shoulders.

"Sue," he whispered, "let's put on the suits and go outside. Help me check the craft. If it's not damaged much, then . . . maybe. . . ."

He helped Susan don her cumbersome spacesuit, sealing the domed helmet tightly. Once inside his own suit, he gestured to her, pointing at the side of her helmet. Understanding, she clicked on her microphone.

"Can you hear me?" she asked, her voice crackling in Pat's helmet.

"Yes. What about me?"

She nodded, and followed slowly as Pat walked to the air-lock. Neither could see the other's face through their black-glass faceplates. Standing together in the air-lock chamber, they looked like bulky white ghosts. There was a piercing hiss as the inner door closed and the ship's pumps balanced the air pressure to the outside atmosphere. A half-minute later the outer door slid open. Harsh sunlight reflected from the sandy dunes onto the two astronauts.

With each heavy step into the sand, Susan became more depressed. *Icarus 3* was nearly destroyed. The landing gear had been torn off completely. The underbelly of the ship was scarred by the heat of entering the planet's atmosphere and scraped raw by the landing. A rough, twisting trail stretched back across the sand for a mile or more. Smoke wafted up from the smoldering pulse engines.

"J. J. did a hell of a job landing the thing," Pat said.

"Yes," Susan answered, looking away. "We were lucky, weren't we?"

Pat turned from her and the ruined spaceship. Hopelessness washed over him. "It took thousands of people three years and $70 billion to get *Icarus* into space. There's no way we can. . . ." His radio-filtered voice trailed off.

Susan looked at him, wishing she could see his face, wishing she could touch him. She watched him trudge back toward the air-lock and called his name.

"Pat, wait. Please."

The spacesuit-clad figure turned. She walked to him, placing her gloved hand on his arm. He could feel the pressure of her touch but only vaguely through the heavy pressure suit.

"Pat, I want to *touch* you. Do you understand?"

He heard Susan's voice in his helmet but could not see her expression of desperation behind her helmet's black glass. "Susan, what are you talking–"

"Pat, *touch* me. Please! I need you. We're alone here. Probably the only living things on this entire planet. And I'm *scared*."

"Susan, it'll be all right. We've got to maintain."

"It's *not* going to be all right. We're never going to leave here, you just said so. This planet may be as radioactive as uranium. The air may be poisonous. You don't know if your instruments were accurate." She waved her arm at the rocky, sandy expanse. "This planet, this air–it might kill us in a matter of minutes."

"Standard Operating Procedure says that we should wait inside the ship for–"

"For *what*, Pat?! So we can spend six

(continued on page 108)

$10,000 Beaver Hunt Contest

All New!

You asked for a bigger and better *Beaver Hunt*, and now you've got it! That's right. Starting next month we're sweetening the Beaver pot . . . by a whole lot. Besides awarding $100 to every Beaver whose photo appears, each issue we're going to select one girl as our Beaver of the Month. In the same issue she'll pose for an extended photo-feature called *Beaver Spotlight*. (For a hint of what's to come, check out our special preview *Spotlight* with Beaver Barb on pages 106-107.) Each monthly winner will also become eligible to be named HUSTLER's Beaver of the Year. Now, here's the *really* good part : The lucky girl who beats out the other 11 monthly winners will pocket our grand prize, worth $10,000! That prize includes exclusive contracts to appear as a HUSTLER model and to *star* in an upcoming HUSTLER movie! So get those shots in today! A good Polaroid will do fine; if you're unsure about the picture's quality, feel free to send more than one.

All photographs submitted become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Be sure to use the model release on page 100, or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your Beaver her $100.

Photo by Husband



Eighteen-year-old Dee's fantasy-come-true is to appear in *Beaver Hunt*. In her spare time this student from Paris, Texas, likes to swim and ski.

Photo by Kyn C.



Fishing, dancing and diving keep Lynne H., 37, happy. This Key West, Florida, dental assistant says her fantasies have all been fulfilled–on several occasions.



Photo by Friend

Caldwell, New Jersey, is home to Heidi, 23. She's an executive secretary who'd like to enact a scene from the adult film *Behind the Green Door*, then tease her boss till she "serves him" on her knees.

Snake, a 20-year-old housewife from Athens, Tennessee, says her hobby is making love to her husband. Her fantasy–to appear in HUSTLER Magazine–has now been fulfilled.



Photo by Mike Frye

Photo by Husband



Brenda T. is a 22-year-old housewife from New York who likes all outdoor sports. She longs to appear in a HUSTLER centerfold.

One for the Ladies

Photo by Friend



Ken Foxx, 27, likes sex and watching cute girls. This North Hollywood, California, resident dreams of being molested by three women in his bed one night.

Thirty-two-year-old "Dimples" Lee, an office manager from Brandon, Florida, enjoys scuba diving and sex. Her favorite fantasy is "doing it at 80 feet deep."



Photo by Roberto

Photo by Greg



Tina, 22, dreams of having a lusty lady lick her cunt while her husband fucks her. This Vallejo, California, housewife likes photography and giving head.



Photo by Friend

Lynn, a 32-year-old topless dancer from Orange City, Florida, enjoys boating and swimming. Her fantasy is turning guys on with her picture in *Beaver Hunt*.

Leona Cole, a hairdresser from Cincinnati, Ohio, enjoys sex and dancing. This 23-year-old's special desire is to make it in a forest with three men at the same time.



Photo by Jim Taylor

Photo by Mike Cross



Bike riding and exercising are some of Kim D.'s favorite activities. A 23-year-old model from Staten Island, New York, she dreams of acting out her fantasies with another woman.



Photo by Friend

Thirty-seven-year-old Susan fantasizes about making love in unusual places. She's a drywall finisher from Texas who enjoys playing tennis, riding horses and "being a mistress."

Woodbury, Minnesota, is home for 19-year-old Kimberly Marie Ritter, who likes writing poetry and songs. Her fantasy is to make love while aloft in a hot-air balloon.



Photo by Gordy Aichcle

Photo by Mike



Beverly B., a 23-year-old housewife and mother from Balch Springs, Texas, is into aerobics, jogging and horseback riding. Making it with her husband and another man would satisfy one of her fantasies.



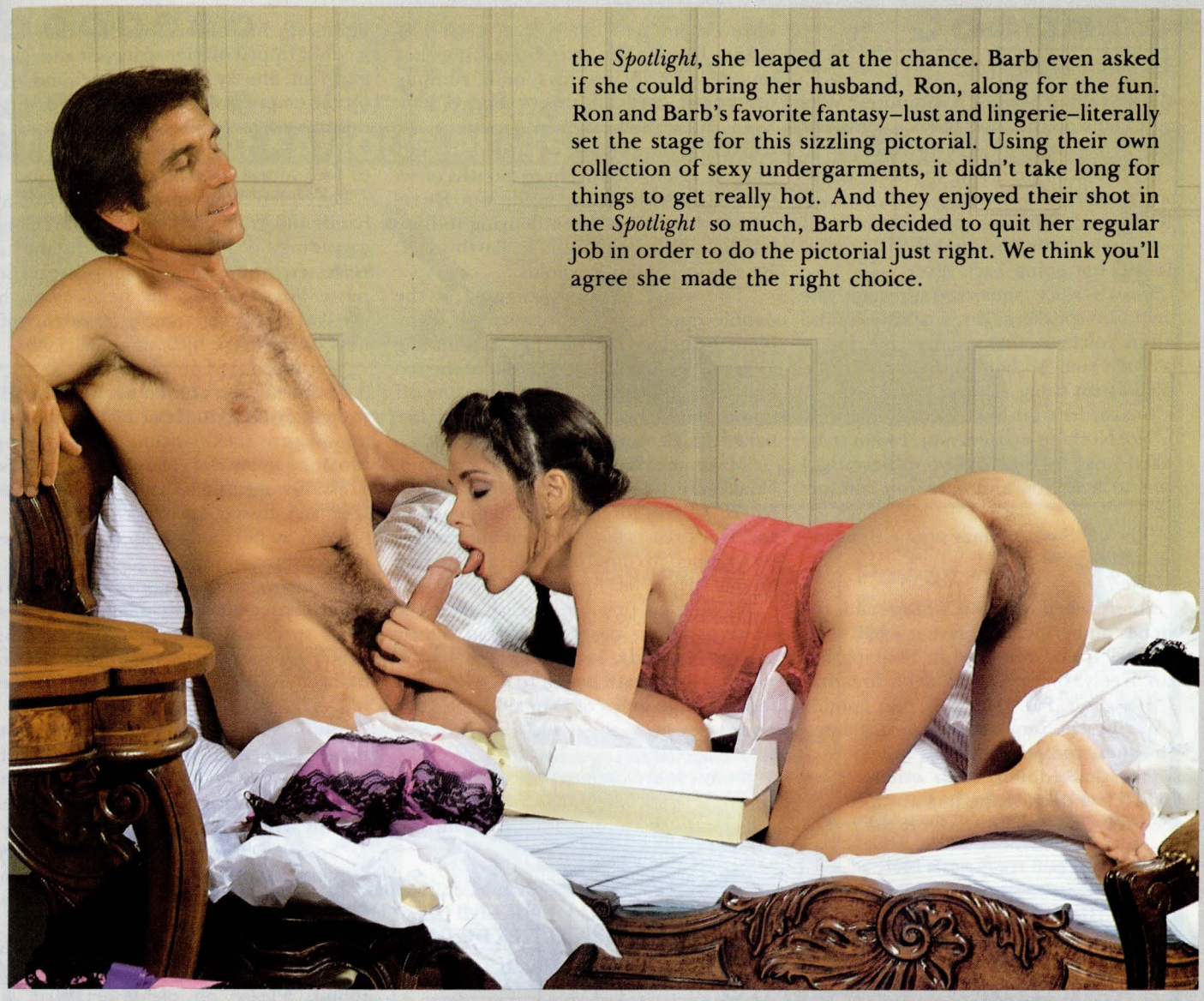
BEAVER SPOTLIGHT

When Barb first turned on HUSTLER readers as a Beaver back in August 1982, she told us she was a longtime HUSTLER fan who'd always dreamed of showing her *all* to our readers. So when we asked her to become our first Beaver in









the *Spotlight*, she leaped at the chance. Barb even asked if she could bring her husband, Ron, along for the fun. Ron and Barb's favorite fantasy–lust and lingerie–literally set the stage for this sizzling pictorial. Using their own collection of sexy undergarments, it didn't take long for things to get really hot. And they enjoyed their shot in the *Spotlight* so much, Barb decided to quit her regular job in order to do the pictorial just right. We think you'll agree she made the right choice.



THE FINAL ORBIT

(continued from page 100)

weeks dying instead of six minutes? Why can't you stop thinking like a soldier and start *feeling* like a human being?"

Pat heard Susan crying through the radio. "Look, Sue, when I get back, my. . . ." He stopped, thinking about what he was saying. Slowly, it sunk in. *When I get back.* He was not going back. Ever.

Susan's voice squawked through the tiny radio speaker. "Pat, I need you, and I think you know that you need me. I want to touch you. To hold you. To touch the only human being I'll ever touch again."

"Susan, let's go back inside."

"No! Nothing matters now. I want to be naked next to you, feel your warmth. I want to hold you and have you comfort me."

"The *air*, Susan. It may not be–I mean–we could–"

"Die?"

She reached up and unfastened the latches on her helmet, gave it a half-twist to the left and removed it. Shaking her hair freely, she inhaled a deep breath.

"It's good, Pat," she said. "So good."

Warily, Pat removed his own helmet. The thin, cool air filled his lungs.

They looked into each other's eyes. Both felt a deep, basic human need–the need for closeness to stave off the terror within them.

She kissed him hard, pushing her tongue hungrily into his mouth, running her hands over his short-cropped hair. Even through their thick spacesuits he could feel the fullness of Susan's breasts squeeze against him. Three months of repressed desire boiled up inside him. He realized what he had been denying to himself for all those months in Earth orbit: He *wanted* Susan Reynolds.

"The suits," she said, tugging at the double-zippers of Pat's pressure suit. Fumbling, he helped her with her suit, smiling as she twisted her shoulders out of the top half. The lightweight inner suit came off quickly, and he marveled at the size of her naked tits, firm and jutting straight out.

"Make me feel good, Pat," she said. "Make me feel so good that I'll forget where we are, forget what's happened to us." Her breasts bounced and quivered as he wrapped his mouth around a stiffening areola. "Help me forget. . . ."

Pat nuzzled first one breast, then the other as Susan clasped his head tightly against her body. It felt incredibly good to her. Her breath began to quicken; she took in huge gulps of thin air. When she closed her eyes, she could almost forget where she was.

"I want your lips on my pussy," she whispered. "*Please!*" She pulled away from him reluctantly, her nipples shining in the sunlight with his saliva. Together they hurriedly stripped off her spacesuit and inner garment. She lay back on the ground, half on the empty spacesuit, half on the rough desert sand, and pulled Pat down to her.

"The gloves," she said excitedly. "I need to feel your *hands*."

Pat pulled the fireproof gloves from his hands and grabbed her firm, pale thighs, spreading her legs wide. The distant sun reflected the tiny drops of moisture on her pussy lips. Pushing his head close, he smelled the pungent musk, tasted the softness of her pink lips.

"Eat me, Pat. Oh, please."

Frantically, he obeyed her request. His tongue dived in and out of her hole like a miniature cock, swirling and vibrating. Moaning in pleasure, Susan lifted her ass, pressing her cunt into Pat's face. "Yes, yes, *yes*," she hissed, a hiss that became a screech as her body tensed and writhed in orgasm.

Trembling with pleasure and desperation, Susan rose and clawed at Pat Hendry's spacesuit, unsnapping, unzipping. When he was finally naked, she looked crestfallen. His cock hung limply between his legs.

She reached out to touch it with both hands. "I need you, Pat," she said urgently. "I need you *hard!*" She pulled at his penis with frenzied strokes, cupping and squeezing his balls.

"Susan, I–I'm sorry," he stammered. "I'm nervous. The crash–the air. We don't know if this air has enough oxygen–we could die any minute."

She doubled the speed of her hand movements, but his organ did not respond. "Please, oh, please get hard!"

"Suck it for me, Susan," Pat said.

"Oh, no. I couldn't . . . I mean, I've never–"

"It always worked when my wife did it. Maybe. . . ."

She stared at the flaccid penis questioningly. "But I've never–I don't know if. . . ."

With a muffled growl Susan dropped to her knees and surrounded Pat's prick with her mouth. It felt strange to her, like a boneless finger, but she worked her lips and tongue over it hungrily.

"Move around," said Pat in low tones. "You're doing great, Sue."

A pleased moan escaped her throat, and the vibrations from her mouth heated Pat Hendry's cock. He felt himself growing harder. Susan worked her head close to his pubic hair, taking his rising cock all the way into her mouth, tickling the underside of his shaft with her tongue. Then she pulled back, sucking hard on the widening glans. Pat's hips started moving in tight circles, thrusting his meat in and out of Susan's mouth. She pulled away and licked the lengthening rod from head to base.



"Not up the ass! I'm saving that for the man I marry."

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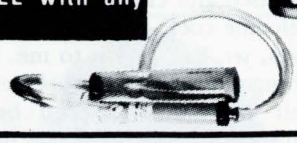
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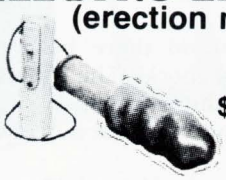
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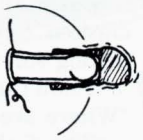


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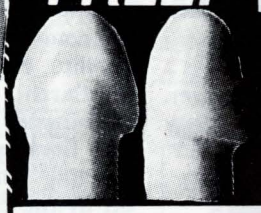
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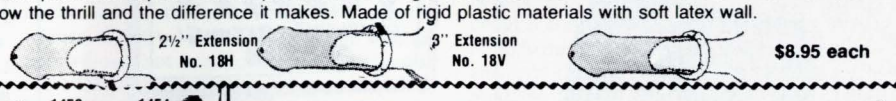
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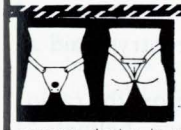
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Susan looked up at Pat with an expression of desire and sadness. She rubbed her face against the thick, erect shaft, feeling its tender skin along her cheek. "I want you inside me, Pat."

"And I want to fuck you," he answered. "That is all I want in the entire solar system."

He pushed her slowly onto her back, onto the reddish sand, and spread her legs again. Susan's delicate hands closed around his cock and guided it toward her waiting pussy. He eased his hips into hers and slid inside her all the way. Susan gasped and gritted her teeth. Her vaginal muscles tensed and clutched around the thick, welcome cock.

"Yes, yes, *yes*, Pat, give it to me. If it's the last thing we do, love me. *Fuck* me!"

He felt her sweat-covered breasts against his chest, felt the hard nipples pressing against him as he plunged into her. Susan's hips bucked and rolled wildly; her head thrashed from side to side against the desert sand. Pat curled his head down and bit one of her nipples, and Susan squealed, squeezing her eyes together. Her body jolted against his, prompting him to fuck faster, harder.

"Oh, Susan, fuck me!" he yelled.

Her reply was a quick series of animal-like grunts. Her eyes opened wide as his thrusts went deeper and deeper. Hot wetness engulfed his cock; she wrapped her long legs around his back tightly. The sensations that filled their minds and bodies erased their fears for that one moment. The desire within them, the need for one another blocked out the horror of the vast desert, the wrecked spaceship and the knowledge of certain death. There was no one else on that planet, in the entire universe, except them.

Their cries blended together, drifting across the desolate sand dunes, mingling with the desert wind. Susan's pussy muscles gripped him hard and drove him over the brink. With a throaty roar he slammed into her and came, a surging blast of semen exploding into her body. The throbbing, pulsing cock inside her made Susan scream out and dig her fingers deeply into Pat's muscular back. She pumped him dry, squeezing every last drop of his cum into her aching, satisfied pussy.

They lay together for long minutes. The only sounds were the whisper of the desert wind and their own labored breathing.

"Like Adam and Eve," he murmured into her ear.

She sniffed back a tear and wrapped her legs around his. "Except this is no Garden of Eden. It's–"

The noise startled them both. It was a low rumble, growing louder and nearer. They scrambled to their feet, naked.

"Oh, my God," Susan whispered in terror. "We're *not* alone."

The noise grew. It came from just beyond the broad sand dune to their left. But it was not a natural noise–it was mechanical. Frantically, they clambered back into their spacesuits and waited, terrified.

The helicopter came first, flying low and hovering over the dune, scattering clouds of sand, leading the pack. Next came the jeeps–a fleet of a dozen or more, filled with people. Humans. Reporters, military personnel, NASA scientists. Behind the jeeps came more helicopters, with both American and Soviet markings. Everyone was cheering, honking horns, waving their arms.

Susan and Pat stood there by the crashed *Icarus 3* in shock. The joyous throng surrounded the astronauts.

"I don't understand," said Pat numbly. "Where are we?"

"The Gobi Desert, in Mongolia," answered a NASA official. "We're sorry it took so long to get here, but it's 70 miles to the nearest village. Where's Colonel Hamilton?"

"He's dead," Pat replied. "But how–what did–?"

"Apparently, J. J. managed to disengage the computer control after the Russian satellite exploded, and doubled back to Earth," another NASA official explained.

A flock of television cameras started whirling film and tape. Flashbulbs went off by the dozen.

"But–but–" stuttered Susan Reynolds, looking around in bewilderment, "how did you find us?"

"Radar had you from reentry," said a Japanese reporter.

"But we got an exact fix from the radio transmitters in your space helmets," added an American newsman over the roar of the helicopter engines.

Susan and Pat looked at each other. "Our space helmets?" Susan asked, her face going white.

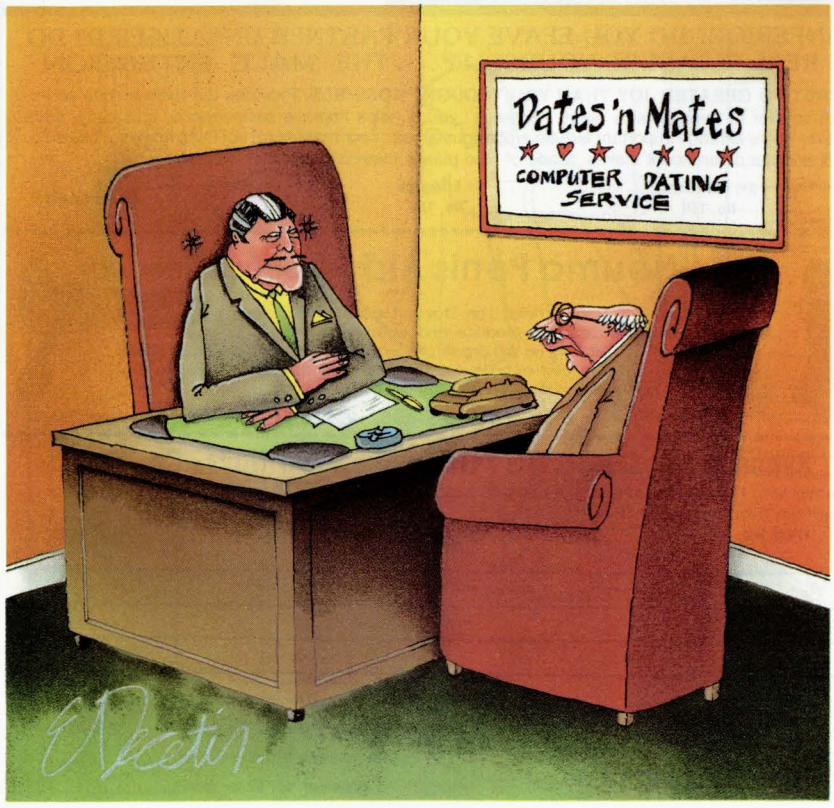
"What exactly did you guys hear?" asked Patrick Hendry.

Several reporters flipped through their notebooks at once. One yelled louder than the rest, "The last reported transmission was, and I quote, 'I want to touch you. To hold you. To touch the only human being I'll ever touch again' and 'Susan, let's go back inside,' and then, 'No, nothing matters now. I want to be naked next to you, feel–' That's it."

Pat's face went as red as the Gobi's sand. "You heard that? Oh, my God–did my wife hear it?"

"The whole *world* heard it, Major Hendry! Now the question is–" The reporter grinned broadly. "Did you do it?"

Susan and Pat looked at each other and wondered how to answer.



"A raunchy redhead who can suck-start a B-52 would do quite nicely, thank you!"

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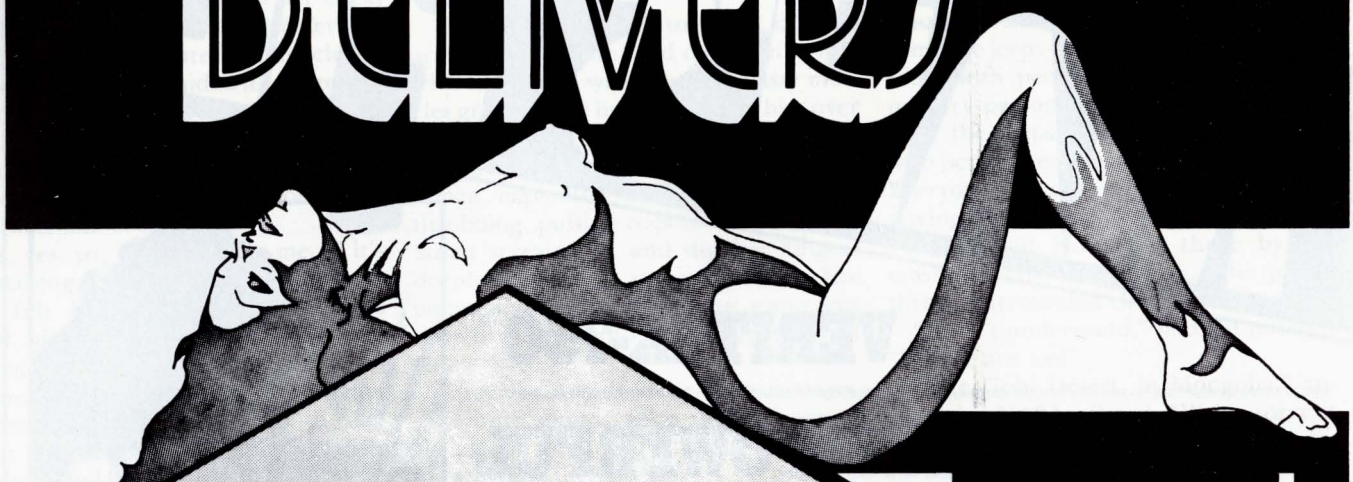
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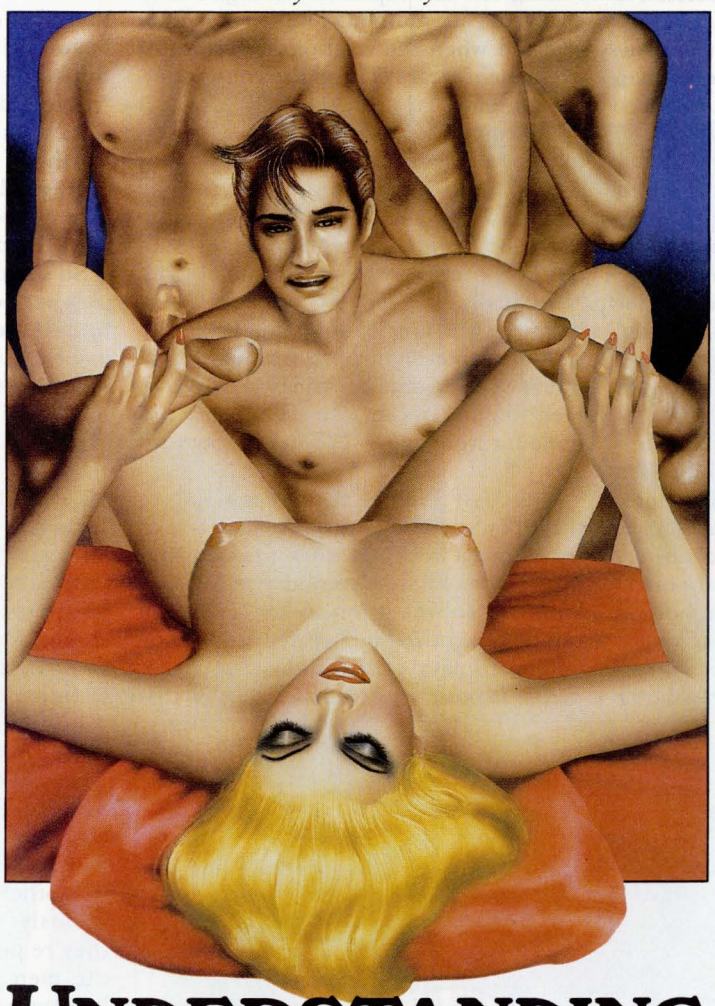
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Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and–ultimately–to make you a much better lover.



UNDERSTANDING SLUTTY WOMEN

by Steve Campbell

She couldn't keep her hands off him, and Gary didn't mind. In fact, he was ecstatic over his great luck. Sharon, a gorgeous brunette with tight hips and perfect breasts, practically "attacked" him the instant he'd walked into a friend's party. Her tits strained against her sheer blouse, and an extra-long slit in her skirt exposed her lean thighs. Smiling and laughing, she made no secret of her desire, hanging on him with kisses and hugs.

Actually, Gary turned slightly red-faced when Sharon grew more passionate–and *much* more intimate–as the party wore on. She'd pull Gary toward her and rub his cock against her while she reached under the skirt to rub herself. Soon she was lifting her skirt and unbuckling his pants, reaching for his cock. That's when Gary knew it was time to get her alone. If he didn't, she might jump on him and fuck him right in the middle of the party.

As he drove back to his place, Sharon was all hands. She clung to him in the car, arousing him with kisses and caresses. She pulled out his cock and furiously began sucking it. Gary couldn't believe what was happening.

But once in bed, Sharon simply lay there, her long legs spread open. Gary fucked her furiously, hoping his excitement would get her juices flowing again. He tried everything he could think of, but nothing worked.

Finally Gary came, climbed quickly out of bed and began dressing. Sharon too put her clothes back on. She was a totally different woman from the sensuous, impetuous, horny one he'd met at the party. She demanded that he drive her home.

Gary never saw Sharon again. But he found out she was notorious for fucking, sucking and blowing everything in pants. And his story was common. She'd come on strong, then lose interest. After getting a guy to take her home, she treated him with disgust. And she never stayed with any guy longer than a few weeks. Gary didn't understand Sharon's behavior. After all, he thought, she was attractive and intelligent. He couldn't figure out why she jumped from bed to bed, testing every cock in town–then treated everyone with that chip on her shoulder.

What Gary came to realize is that Sharon is someone commonly known as a "slut." She chases after sex, driven by deep psychological needs beyond her control. Like every man she screwed, Gary was simply a tool for Sharon. She used him, like all the others, in an attempt to satisfy her desire for affection and devotion, a need deeply rooted in her childhood.

A truly modern, liberated woman, on the other hand, acts according to what she wants–and what makes her happy. She may sleep with everyone in the city, or she may be completely celibate. Whatever the case, her sexual desires come from a mature, adult understanding of her feelings about men and relationships. And when she satisfies those needs, it adds a positive influence to her life.

But a slut is different. A slut is emotionally immature. As a child, the typical slut was prevented from developing in an emotionally healthy way. Because she received too much or too little love then, she's become a woman whose sexual encounters are negative.

Trapped at the emotional level of an infant, a slut thinks and acts like one. Like a child, she'll want to cry, sulk or throw tantrums for attention, and she sometimes does. But mostly, because she really is an adult in an adult world, a slut will use less-obvious ways to get what she wants. If still a child, she'd be cute and cuddly; as an adult, that means she makes herself sexy and available to attract attention.

A slut thinks her cunt is all she can offer someone. She bounces from man to man, offering her body in the hope he'll return the affection and caring she's looking for. When she doesn't get the kind of slavish attention she craves, she becomes disappointed, frustrated and angry. That self-contradiction–wanting to be desired, yet feeling used at the same time–is common to all sluts. They are all searching for affection and devotion. At the root of the whole, crazy cock-chase is the fact that seducing a man–any man–is a slut's way of proving to herself that she's a desirable person. That's important to her because deep, deep down inside, a slut believes she's worthless.

Since men don't like her, she supposes, they're only using her for her body, just to get their rocks off. She's disgusted by the idea that her body is all men want, and she might even subconsciously hate men for sleeping with her–even though she feels that men wanting her for sex proves her desirability.

Women like Sharon who bounce from bed to bed and from man to man are "looking for something to feel good about in themselves," one Los Angeles psychotherapist says. "But," he goes on, "these women don't put out a lot in terms of offering anything other than their bodies.

Illustration by Holly Hollington

It's like a reward to interest a guy. But people who are looking for more than sex in a relationship usually have a more highly developed criteria for deciding whether or not this is a person to be involved with. As a result, those types of women usually end up with relationships that don't go very far."

This circular, self-defeating pattern is common to all sluts. But there are different *types* of sluts, with different motives for sleeping around. Author Carol Botwin describes several in her book *Love Lives: Why Women Behave the Way They Do in Relationships.*

A common type of slut is after the constant attention and devotion she gets from a man in the *early* stages of a relationship. You're usually able to get this woman into bed pretty quickly–especially if you flatter her with lots of kisses and hand-holding. But once you *stop* the flattery game and approach her as a sexual equal, she'll split to find someone else.

This type of slut, known as the "mother-love lover," is searching for the lavish affection and care she got from her abnormally devoted mother. When a man doesn't live up to her expectations and doesn't supply the highly unusual quality or quantity of love she received from her mother, she moves on.

She's always looking for someone to replace her mother because she has never grown up enough to break the ties she had with Mom. Most children begin separating from their mothers when they're about two years old. But the doting mother of a mother-love lover kept her daughter smothered with protection.

Like a baby, this type of slut cherishes the kissing, flattery, hand-holding and caressing of courtship–all the things a baby gets from its mother. The woman feels rejected when the relationship's aura of excitement wears off and the constant attention ends.

"The process from a man's initial interest, when mother-love lovers feel they are getting the attention they want, to the end of the affair, when these women unreasonably feel rejected, gets quicker and quicker over the years," says Botwin. "Eventually, the mother-love lover goes from the pleasure of seduction to disillusion after consummation in a matter of hours or even minutes. They go through men so quickly, they can find themselves hopping from bed to bed in the course of a day."

Although Sharon, at the beginning of this story, sometimes goes through two or three men a week, she does it for a different reason. She's a second type of slut, known as an "attention seeker." This slut can be recognized by her dependence on public displays of affection. She needs public exposure to convince herself that she's the most important person in the life of the man she's with. It makes up for the lack of attention she received from her father when she was a child.

At some point in their lives, psychologists agree, most female children "fall in love" with their fathers. The little girl thinks he's the greatest daddy ever! If her father doesn't live up to these expectations, her emotional development may go haywire. If he ignores or abuses her, she thinks it's her fault. After all, he's the "perfect daddy."

As a child then, she decides she's not worthy of any man's love. Later on, however, she discovers that almost all men will give her some warmth if she lures them with the promise of sex.

So she dresses provocatively, flirts and uses her body to get men to pay attention to her–the way she wanted her father to pay attention to her. When she doesn't get nonstop devotion, this slut looks for a new man to give her what she wants.

But even when she does find a new man, she won't stop the constant flirting and teasing. She continues to draw sexual attention to herself even if she's married or has a steady boyfriend. That way she's sure there'll always be another man around, just in case. The attention seeker has no trouble keeping extra men handy either. She's perfected a fun, outgoing and enchanting personality that men flock to.

But for both the mother-love lover and the attention seeker, sex is unexciting. That's because their hostility toward men prevents any real sexual enjoyment. Their bitterness, Botwin says, "is also why [they may not] have orgasms. Unresponsiveness is another way to castrate." So by unconsciously refusing to achieve climax, they're putting down their lovers, telling the men that *they're* the ones who are lacking.

But there are other sluts who are true "sex addicts." These women like to get it on not only because sex is pleasurable but because they *have* to have it. In bed, the sex addict is more interested in counting the number of orgasms she achieves than in offering tenderness and affection.

Though these women love sex, they're still lacking in self-esteem. The enormous lust they have is actually motivated by a search for power. By bed-hopping the way they do, sex addicts feel they are imitating men. And it is men, they believe, who have and who control power in our society. By acting like a stereotypical man–sleeping around indiscriminately and aggressively going after sex–they think they'll also get the ability to have and control power.

Sex addicts use the promise of sex to gain control over a man. In the eyes of sex addicts, using their bodies and offering sex lets them rule over men with a sense of power they feel is lacking in their lives.



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In addition, some women act like sluts only part of the time. We're all acquainted with this pattern. Sometimes a woman is promiscuous when she's young, but settles down as she ages. Others wait until they're older to sleep around a lot, hoping to prove that they're still attractive and desirable. Still others act like sluts following a divorce or to "get back" at husbands they've caught having affairs.

In most cases a woman who has gained the reputation of being a slut is probably not what she appears to be: an insatiable sex maniac who can't get enough of it. It may look like she's having a wonderful time, but almost without exception she carries inside tremendous feelings of self-loathing, hostility and fear.

She doesn't get along with other women, because she feels inferior to them. She's afraid those other women will steal away any man she meets. She can't have a relationship with a man based on friendship, because she thinks that all a man wants is her body.

Her family ties snap as her slutting around becomes repulsive to the people who should be the closest to her. And her job becomes a dead end because it's nothing more than another sexual arena. When she's at work, she concentrates more on snaring men than on getting her job done. In the end her actions and behavior isolate her from everyone.

She often turns to drugs and alcohol to handle the stress and feelings of self-hatred. The booze and dope only add to the already-poor image that others have of her. She may harden herself against, or bury within herself, the feelings she has. But all that does is cut her off further from the possibility of ever finding any pleasure or happiness. It becomes a vicious circle: Her poor self-image results from her lack of friends, a lack caused by her poor self-image. The long-term personality problems then begin to affect her physically. She lets her appearance get shabby and may get ulcers or migraines. Eventually, she may even consider suicide.

That, of course, is an extreme case. The kind of slut you'll most likely meet is out on the town, looking for attention. Knowing that–and knowing what's going on in her head–gives you the upper hand. By giving her the attention she wants, in the right amounts, you should have no problem luring a slut into bed.

But keep in mind that even though *all* sluts are looking for some kind of attention, *each* slut reacts differently when she gets it. You need to be ready for anything. Some may fuck all night; others may be as cold as ice. Which type you wind up with depends on your ability to spot those personality clues. Each situation will demand its own special handling . . . and have its own special rewards.

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CONFESSIONS OF A VOYEUR

by Al Theodore

I've been reading HUSTLER for several years, and I like the *Kinky Korner* section best. I like it because it's real people telling about the kinky stuff they've done, and my wife digs it too. But neither of us has ever read a *Kinky Korner* that told a true story that was more of a turn-on for us than our *own* experiences.

You see, I like to *watch* sex. I'm sure I'm not the only man who's a voyeur. I know that for a fact, because I'm always reading about guys getting caught by the cops for peeking into somebody's house. But don't get me wrong. I don't sneak around and peer through the windows at 85-year-old women to watch them bathe or something. I watch my *wife*.

I suppose it started when I was a kid. I happened to see my mom and dad fucking late one night when I was supposed to be asleep. I was old enough to almost understand what was going on. The guys at school would talk about fucking and stuff, but hardly anybody had ever done it. But there were my parents, banging away at each other. As I watched from the bedroom door, I felt my dick harden. This was great! And the chance that they might suddenly look up and spot me turned me on even more. They both came, and I sneaked back to my room and beat off. That beatoff was the best I'd ever had, and I felt myself get hard again even after I came that night. Just the thought made me horny again!

When I got married, I made sure my wife understood that I liked to watch fucking as much as I enjoyed doing it. Well, she thought that was wonderful, because she loved having as many different men as she could. So we struck a deal. She could fuck whomever she wanted, as long as I always got to watch. After you read this, I think you'll agree I've got a champ of a wife.

Although sometimes we do our little kink at the spur of the moment, usually we follow a pattern. She and I will go "cruising" to pick up strangers and offer them a good time. Sometimes it'll be a hitchhiker on a highway, sometimes just a guy we'll pick up in a bar. In any case, it's usually a black guy. Despite what many of those so-called experts say, we've found that those dudes are almost always hung like horses, and my wife loves to get stuck by a big black piece of meat.

The very *best* time was this one evening about eight months ago. We were over on the other side of town, driving slowly through a low-rent neighborhood. There were little groups of guys on street corners, young guys, but none of them appealed to my wife. We wanted a really hot stud to party with us, but these fellows were just too young. Those young black bucks fuck hard and fast, but they poop out too quick despite all their bragging bullshit. Things weren't looking too good.

Just as we were about to give up–all the guys we'd talked to were suspicious of our intentions or told us to go to hell–we saw a middle-aged black man unloading groceries out of the trunk of his car.

We put our car in reverse and stopped beside him. My wife rolled down her window and told him, "Hey, I'm horny. Will you fuck me?" The black guy looked at her like she was a little crazy, then looked at me for confirmation. I told him that she really had this craving for a big black dick, and all I wanted to do was watch.

He obviously liked my wife's pretty face and curly blond hair, and he quickly agreed. After explaining to him that we would all go to the local Holiday Inn and get a room, he happily jumped into the backseat. He was ecstatic at his luck.

As soon as we got into the room, my wife undressed and lay back on the bed, legs wide apart and holding her pussy open. She kept telling him how badly she wanted him to fuck her, and to hurry up and get naked.

Within a few seconds he was bare-assed. He had the biggest damned cock I'd ever seen! And it was so hard, it stuck straight out. I swear it must have been 11 or 12 inches and as thick around as my wrist. And the knob was as big as a house cat's head!

When I looked at my wife, I saw she was scared of that damned thing. Needless to say, my own cock got rock-hard in anticipation. I took off my pants as usual and started stroking my prick, watching my wife and her black stud.

The man quickly took control. He told my wife to quit talking bullshit and just get ready for the fuck of her life. I was in seventh heaven.

He moved close to her and ran his cock head up and down along the slit of her pussy. After he got the head good and wet, he grabbed my wife under her legs and threw them back to her shoulders. Then he just rammed his prick into her–*hard* too. She made a sound like the wind was knocked out of her. Then, as fast and powerful as a jackhammer, he started fucking her in long, deep strokes.

Illustration by John Andrews

I watched, and jacked off furiously. I came after about a minute, squirting all over the hotel room wall. I couldn't care less where the hell I left jism–this was *great!*

My wife was panting and yelling for him to stop, but he went after her like a crazed sex fiend. She started begging *me* to stop him, but I couldn't. I was coming over and over again seeing her pretty pink pussy lips stretched to the limit, just about being torn apart. She called again to me, but I couldn't say a word. I was too busy pounding my cock like there was no tomorrow, watching that huge black prick slam into her. To this day I don't know how he got all that meat inside her.

Next, the black man gruffly told her to squeeze her tits, and soon he had her twisting her own nipples. As quick as the bat of an eye, he pulled his enormous cock, glistening with pussy juice, out of her cunt and thrust it into her mouth. He fucked her face hard, then started squeezing his heavy black balls as he shot what looked like a cup of cum down her throat.

She couldn't swallow it all, and a lot dribbled down her chin and over her lips, but he kept pumping his hefty prick in and out of her mouth. My wife was teary-eyed and even gagging from trying to accommodate just *part* of his big dick down her throat.

Just when she thought it was over, the man rolled her around onto her stomach like a giant playing with a rag doll. He spread the cheeks of her ass and started putting his still-stiff cock into her butthole. She screamed and cried like a banshee: "No! No! It's too big!" But the black guy wasn't about to stop. He just reached around her body and clamped his big hand over her mouth. He shoved that chunk of black beef all the way into her ass, and she began bucking like a bronco, tearing at the sheets. What a *show!*

He just kept pumping in and out of her tight, virgin asshole, kicking her legs wider apart with his knees. That length of black cock disappeared into her butt, then reappeared, pulling back its entire length. It was as bloody as nothing I've ever seen before or since. Seeing that gigantic dick slamming in and out of my wife made me come so hard that my jizz shot like a rocket across to the wall facing me. It must've been about ten feet away.

The sex-crazed black guy just wouldn't stop. He continued fucking her ass like a madman, still stifling her screams. I could hear her voice through his hand, but they were muffled cries, like those of an animal being tortured. I came one or two more times before he made one final thrust into her butt and came with a loud grunt.

After his orgasm he rolled off of her and headed straight into the bathroom to shower and to wash the blood and shit off his cock. When the bathroom door was closed, my wife looked at me with murder in her eyes. She was furious. She was crying because her asshole was bleeding like a stuck pig and because her cunt hurt so bad that she couldn't even close her legs.

I tried to tell her how much I appreciated what she'd gone through for me, but she hardly listened. She couldn't understand how I could get off on her being brutally fucked like that. When the black guy stepped out of the bathroom bucknaked, his cock wasn't erect anymore, but I swear it was longer limp than mine is hard. He asked if my wife wanted to fuck some more, and she huddled up in the blankets. He just laughed and said, "I gotta go. Gimme a ride back."

Well, I dropped him off at his place, then came back for my wife, promising I'd never let her get fucked like that again. When we went from the car into the house, she walked bowlegged, like she'd been on a horse all day. Getting fucked by a horse dick was more like it.

We still cruise the streets, and I can't wait to find another monster-meat sex freak to give me another great show. I've never experienced anything like that one night. My wife doesn't talk about it much–but I think she secretly loved it too!

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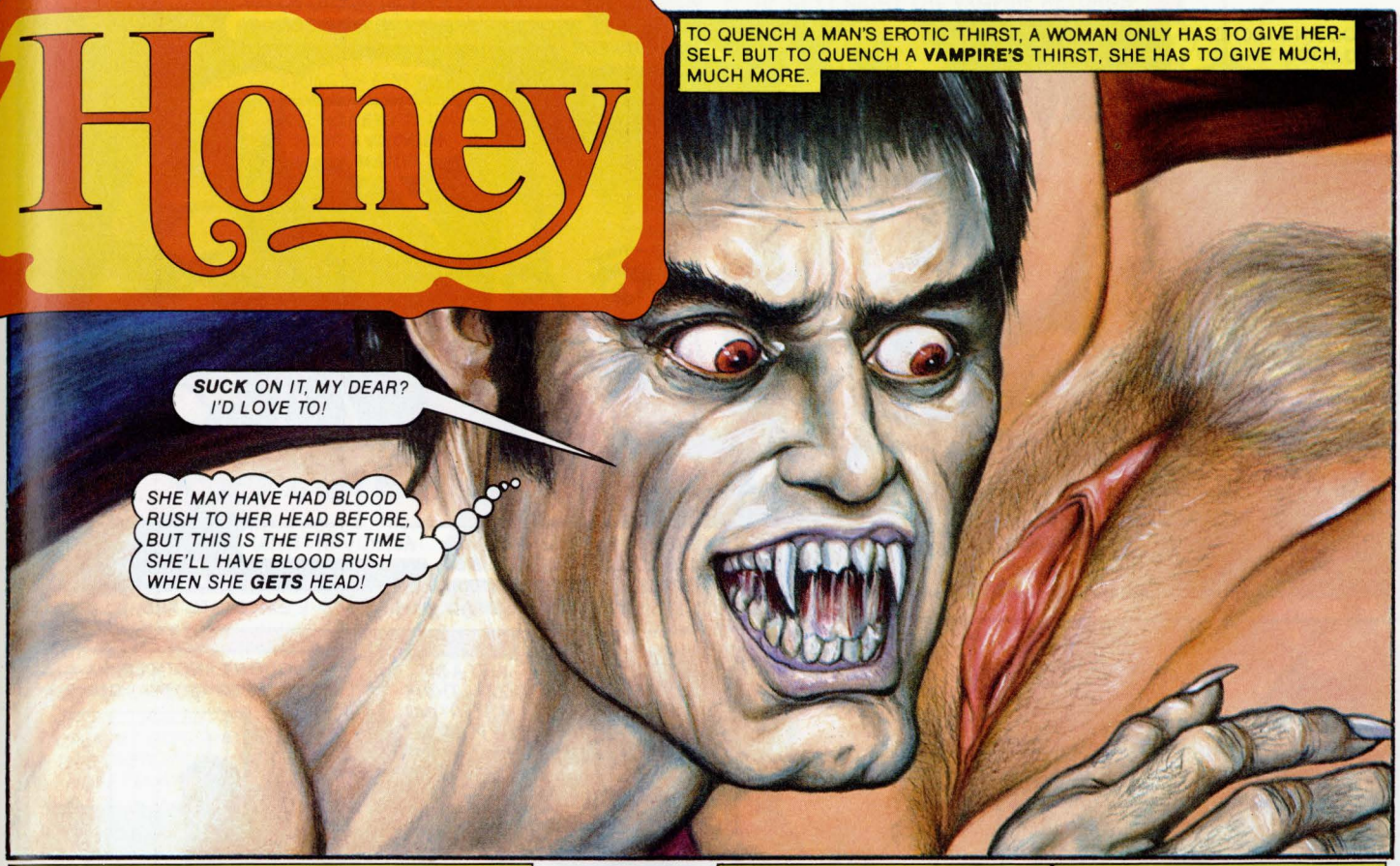
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Honey







Art: Tom Garst Text: Bruce Helford


CHOOSING MICHELLE AND POON TANG TO INDULGE HIS FANCY, THE VAMPIRE HAS A THREESOME IN HIS COFFIN.
ZIS IS ZE WEIRDEST SCENE I'VE EVER BEEN IN, MONSIEUR.
I ASSURE YOU IT'S HARMLESS . . . ALTHOUGH IT MAY LEAVE YOU A LITTLE **DRAINED.**
I'LL JUST TAKE A LITTLE THIS TIME. AFTER A FEW VISITS SHE'LL BECOME MY **PERMANENT BLOOD DONOR.** RED CROSS, EAT YOUR HEART OUT!
AFTER THE GIRLS MAKE THE **DEAD MAN** COME, HE EXITS INTO THE NIGHT.
MICHELLE, ARE YOU OKAY?
JUST A BIT DIZZY. I THINK I'M STARTING MY PERIOD.
I **THOUGHT** I NOTICED SOME BLOOD ON THAT GUY'S MOUTH.
A FEW DAYS LATER, HONEY'S **COITUS** IS **INTERRUPTUS** BY A CUSTOMER WITH A COMPLAINT.
HONEY! ONE OF YOUR GIRLS JUST PUT **THE BITE** ON ME!
YOU MEAN SHE WANTED **TOO MUCH MONEY?**
NO. . . I MEAN **MICHELLE** PUT THE **BITE** ON ME.


AS A RESULT, HONEY TELLS MICHELLE TO STAY OFF HER **BACK** INDEFINITELY.
YOU NEED A REST, MICHELLE. NO MORE CUSTOMERS FOR A WHILE . . . OKAY?
YES, HONEY. I THINK I'LL HAVE A **BLOODY MARY!**
SHE'S BEEN ACTING PECULIAR EVER SINCE THAT GUY WITH THE COFFIN!
THE NEXT NIGHT THE VAMPIRE RETURNS!
I'M SORRY. MICHELLE ISN'T AVAILABLE. WILL I DO?
YES, YOU'LL BE FINE. YOU LOOK LIKE MY **TYPE.**
BLOOD TYPE, THAT IS.
HONEY ENTERTAINS THE STRANGE CUSTOMER IN HER OWN BED . . . THE ONE WITH THE **MIRROR** ABOVE IT.
OH, WELL, I'D BETTER OPEN MY EYES AND GET THIS OVER WITH . . . BUT I HOPE I'M WRONG!
HONEY WILL BE AN EVEN **BETTER** VICTIM. HER HAIR IS MY FAVORITE COLOR . . . **RED.**
OH, NO! I WAS RIGHT! YOU DON'T HAVE A **REFLECTION!** YOU'RE A **VAMPIRE!**
JUMPING OUT OF HIS CLUTCHES, HONEY DOES THE **ONE THING** SHE KNOWS WILL TURN BACK A VAMPIRE!
YOU MAY HAVE SAVED YOUR OWN NECK, BUT I **WILL** FEED TONIGHT!
OMIGOSH! WE'LL HAVE TO **STOP** HIM!


THE BLOODSUCKER FLEES, AND HONEY GIVES CHASE.
HE'S A VAMPIRE! WE'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM BEFORE HE KILLS SOMEONE! HURRY!
CLOSING IN, HONEY SEES THE VAMPIRE TAKE ANOTHER VICTIM.
WE'RE TOO LATE! HE WAS SO DESPERATE, HE BIT A MAN!
HONEY KNEELS DOWN TO HEAR THE DYING MAN'S LAST WORDS.
MISS, I THINK SOMEONE SHOULD KNOW THAT I... PSSSSS...
YOU HAVE NO CROSS, NO STAKE... AND I HAVE HAD BLOOD! I TOLD YOU I COULD NOT BE STOPPED, PUNY WOMAN!
IS THAT SO? WELL, JAWS IV... HAVE I GOT SOME NEWS FOR YOU! THAT MAN JUST TOLD ME...
AFTER A FEW WORDS FROM HONEY...
NO! NO! NO! AIIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!
HONEY! WHAT DID YOU TELL THE VAMPIRE TO SCARE HIM LIKE THAT?
JUST THE TRUTH... HE DRANK BLOOD FROM AN AIDS VICTIM! THAT'LL BEAT A WOODEN STAKE ANY TIME!
THE END

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to keep the marketplace clean, please write HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Besides to us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

NAME CHANGE . . . RIPOFF THE SAME

For nearly a year now we've been watching a videotape mail-order company out of New York that's been ripping people off while changing its name on a regular basis. This outfit can't fool us, however, because we think we know all of its pseudonyms.

To refresh your memory, back in December 1982 we exposed a firm going by the names *U.F.A. Fulfillment* and *Sanstape*. They have never advertised in HUSTLER, but these guys have flooded the mails with fliers offering ten videotapes for $99–an offer we've called "too good to be true" on numerous occasions. Then in April 1983 we told our readers that these mail-order people were operating under the name *P. C. Video*, the details of the scam much the same as *U.F.A. / Sanstape*. And recently, in August 1983, we found that *White Horse Video* was another name being used by these unscrupulous characters. Well, you guessed it. These multinamed operators have donned yet another disguise for their seedy mail-order business.

This time it's *Videomax* (P.O. Box 2081, New York, NY 10116), and its brochures are virtually identical to those circulated by *U.F.A. / Sanstape*–with a couple of minor word alterations. Now the ad reads: "You get ten first-run, full-color, scorching, award-winning, brand-new, hard-core video features ALL for only $99." Yep, they beefed up the hype all right, but the goods haven't changed. You're still bound to get a trailer tape of edited scenes from X-rated films *instead* of the "feature-length" productions themselves. *Videomax* is the same old ripoff with a new name and a few spicy new words in its ads.

If we have to write up these guys a dozen more times under a dozen different names, we will. And we won't stop until who's ever behind this scam understands that HUSTLER abhors this kind of deceptive, misleading advertising and merchandising. To protect yourself, remember this simple but standard rule: You can't buy ten feature-length adult videotapes for $99 anywhere, anytime or anyplace.

GIRLS AND GIRLS TOGETHER

I'm looking for some hot new original lesbian videotapes. Not the usual girl-eats-pussy stuff but something with a flair. I love watching ladies make love to each other, but I'm getting bored with the conventional footage. Any suggestions? *–T. Y.*
Bethesda, Maryland

A new company called *Video Tape Exchange* (1440 N. Crescent Heights Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90046) may have what T. Y.'s looking for. It has just released a pair of all-girl videos by *Lipstik Productions* titled *Three Beauties and a Maid* and *Girls and Their Toys*. The one-hour shot-on-video features boast some palm-sweating moments of fourway lesbo love-action that will harden even the limpest cock. One scene in *Three Beauties* has a quartet of lovelies in a mouth-on-cunt train formation that ends in one of the loudest orgasms in videotape history. And for dildo fans, *Girls and Their Toys* boasts a sequence of mechanical lust not to be believed.

Video Tape plans to release ten more titles in its exclusive all-girl *Lipstik* series, most of which will be 90 minutes in length. The two titles mentioned above sell for $69 each, plus $3.50 shipping and handling *per tape*. The soon-to-be-released 90-minute tapes will be $79.

Video Tape can be reached toll-free at (800) 421-0644; in California at (213) 654-7000. If you crave woman-on-woman exploits that leave nothing to the imagination, *Video Tape* is the answer.

NO VIBRATIONS

I ordered a book called Transsexual Phenomenon and an Intruder vibrator from Valentine Products (22 Commerce Road, Newtown, CT 06470). I sent $31.80 and got the magazine–but I didn't receive the vibrator. About a month ago I wrote to Valentine asking for either the merchandise or my money back. So far I've heard nothing. Can you help? *–S. L.*
Plains, Georgia

We contacted *Valentine*, and it seems our reader's Intruder was out of stock at the time his order was received. So as not to hold up the order too long, *Valentine* issued a refund for $19.90, the cost of the vibrator alone. S. L. should have his money by now.

According to *Valentine*, the Intruders are back in stock now and waiting to satisfy a *hole* bunch of new customers. *Valentine* has been a Dependable Dealer in the eyes of HUSTLER for a long time. If you have a problem with a product ordered from this fine company, call it at (203) 426-0400. *Valentine* will be glad to help.

BREAKING THE LAW?

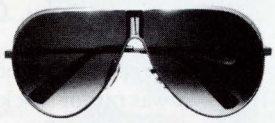
A couple of months ago I ordered some films from Color Climax Corporation (Strandlodsvej 61, 2300 Copenhagen, Denmark). Well, I've just been notified by the U.S. Treasury Department that my films were confiscated and forwarded to the U.S. Attorney in Washington, D.C., for prosecution. Needless to say, I'm scared shitless. *–S. D.*
Union, New Jersey

Don't be scared. Most likely, the "prosecution" referred to here applies to *Color Climax*, not our reader. If anyone is subject to litigation in this case, it's the company that distributed the potentially "obscene" material. In addition, being that S. D. hasn't seen what it was that *Color Climax* was sending, there's no way to prove that the buyer knew of the material's sexual content.

As far as ordering adult products from firms outside the United States, we advise caution. True, we have mentioned *Color Climax* and other reputable foreign distributors in the past–but our only intent was to provide information, not necessarily to encourage international sales. U.S. Customs is looking for everything these days–from drugs to pornography. And packages coming from Denmark, perhaps the most sexually liberal country in the world, are red flags for Customs bulls. It's really safer to buy your mail-order adult goods from domestic companies. Sad . . . but, unfortunately, true.

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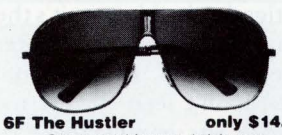
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GARTER & SILKIES



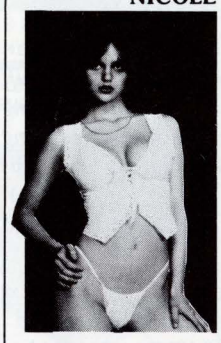
BABY CAKES



GARTER & SILKIES – Sexy Black Garterbelt is shiny black lace with long no-tear plastic clips. Black sheer nylon stockings have nude heel and reinforced toe. Sizes: A(8½-9), B (9½-10), C(10½-11). Just $12.50.

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MOON SHADOW – This beautiful baby doll features contrasting piping and an adjustable tie front. Comes with skimpy bikini panties in machine washable nylon tricot. Size S-M-L. $14.99.

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AMIE



RIO – A dynamite one-piece terry romper — just the thing for an active day in the sun. Strapless with a comfortable elasticized top and waist. High-cut boy legs for greater freedom of movement. In bright turquoise with contrasting white trim. Machine washable. Sizes: S-M-L. Just $17.95.

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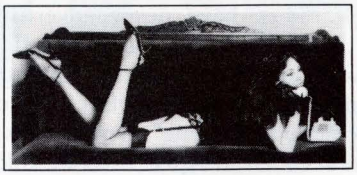
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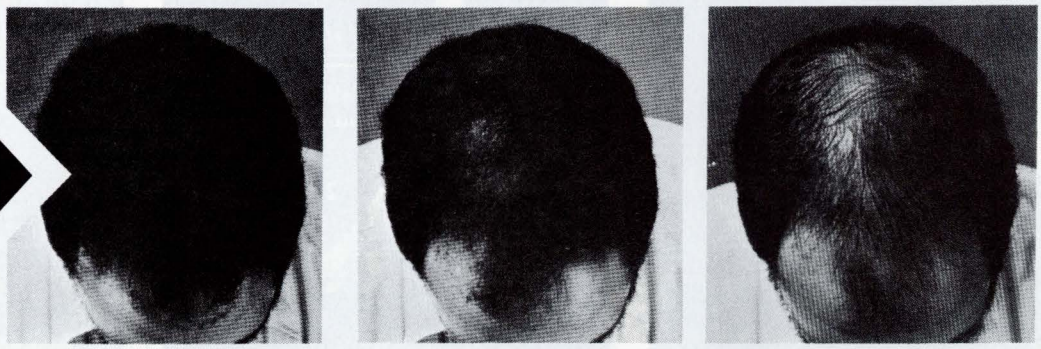
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1. Orentreich, N.: Medical treatment of baldness. Ann Plast Surg 1: 116-118, 1978.
2. Rizer, R. L., Orentreich, N. & Finch, C. E.: Testosterone metabolism in human scalp and beard hair follicles. In *The First Human Hair Symposium*, edited by A. C. Brown, pp. 346-362. Medcom Press, 1974.
3. Mauvais-Jarvis, P., Kuttenn, F. & Baudot, N.: Inhibition of testosterone conversion to dihydrotestosterone in men treated percutaneously by progesterone. J. Clin Endochrinol Metab 38: 142-147, 1974.

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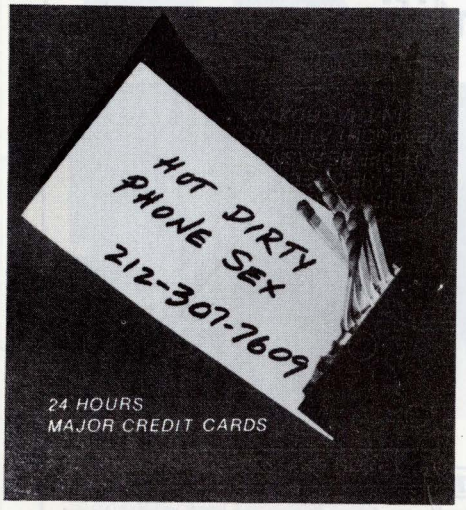
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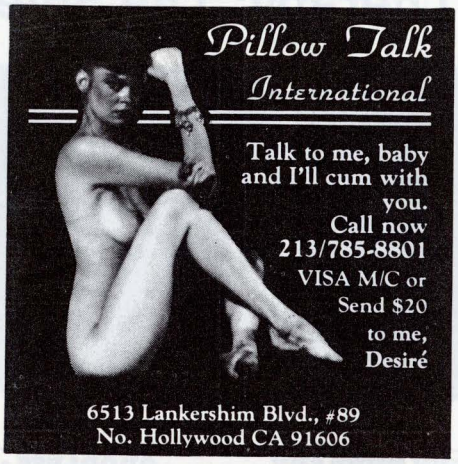
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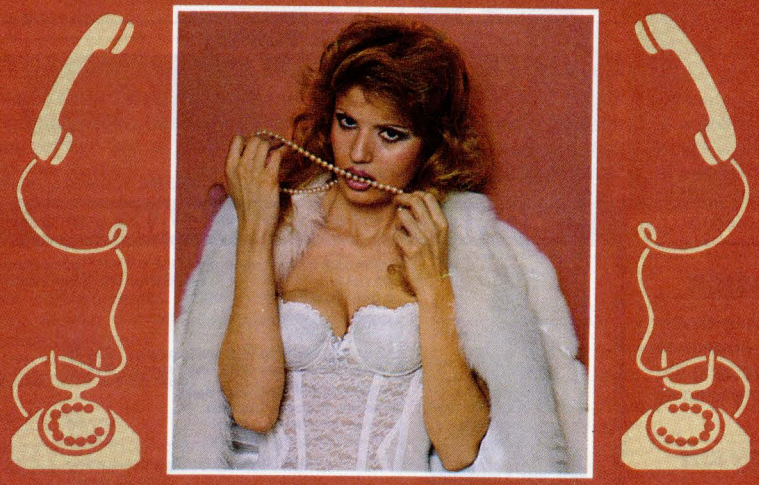
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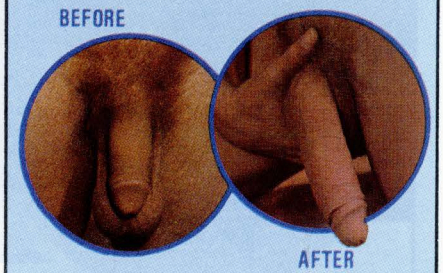
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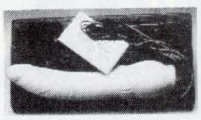
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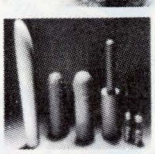
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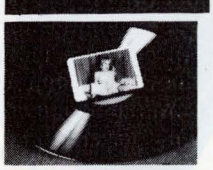
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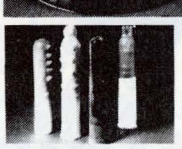
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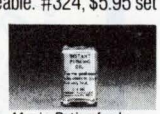
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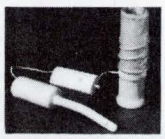
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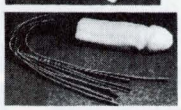
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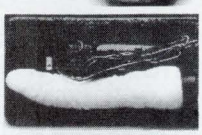
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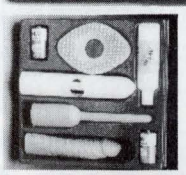
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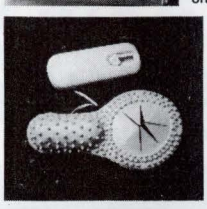
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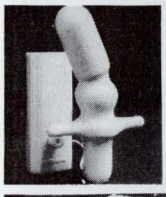
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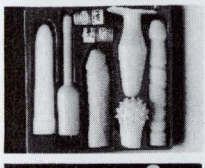
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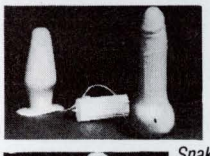
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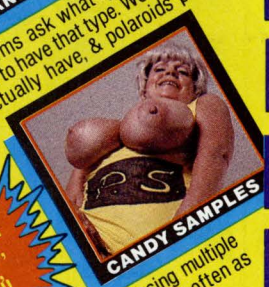
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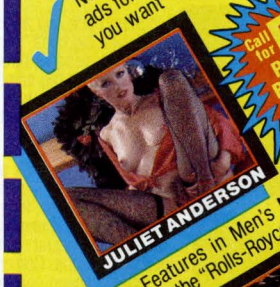


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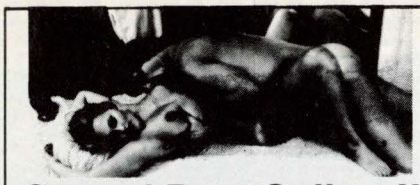


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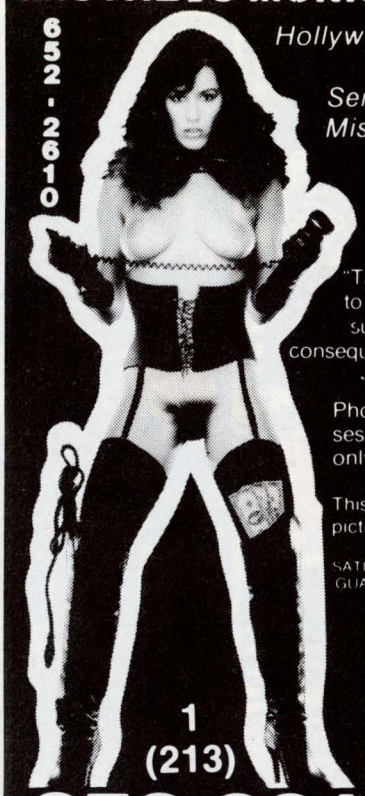
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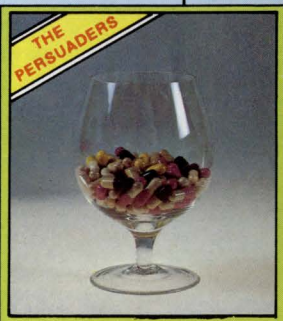


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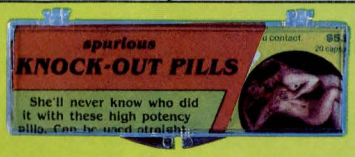


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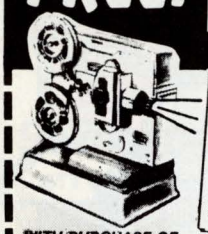
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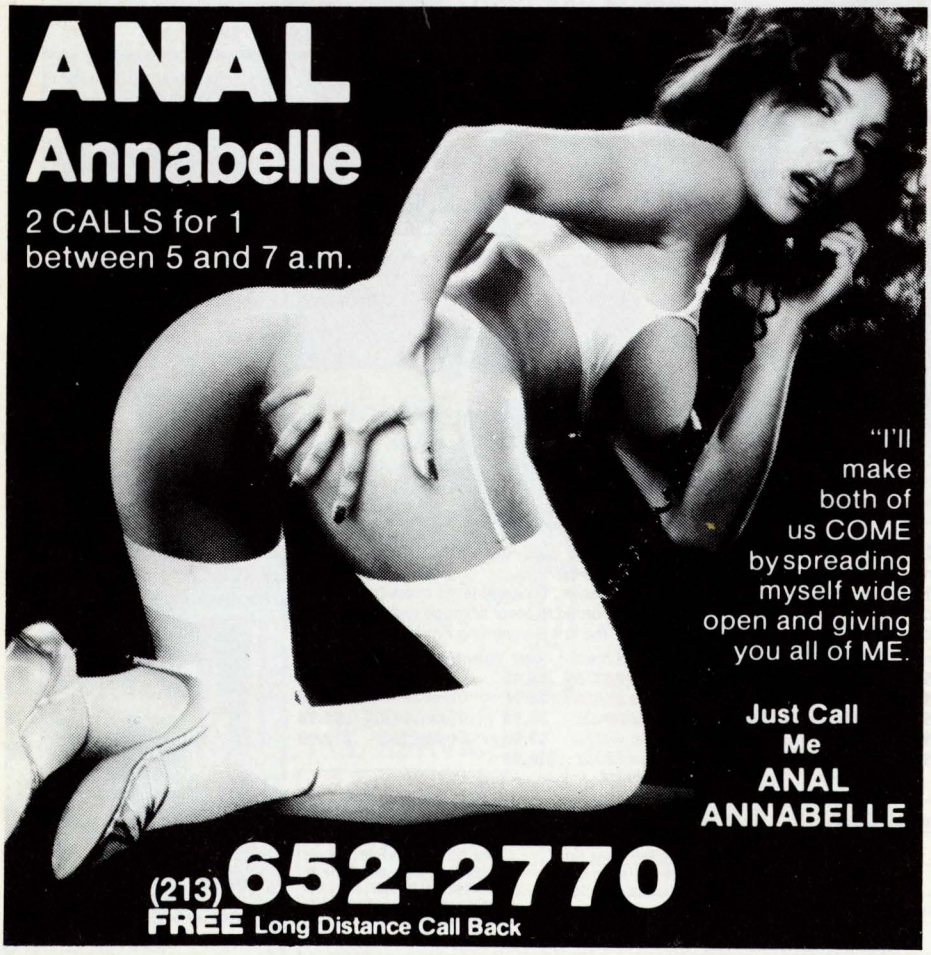
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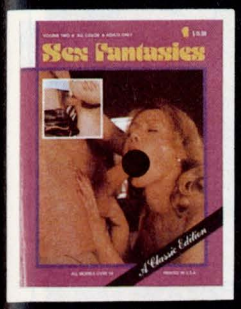
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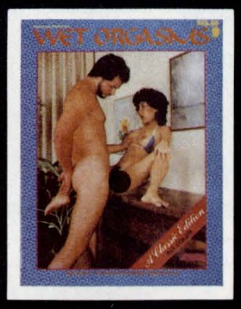
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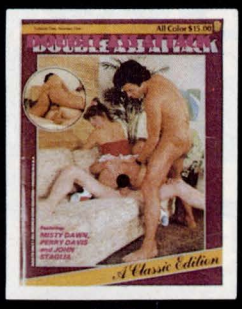
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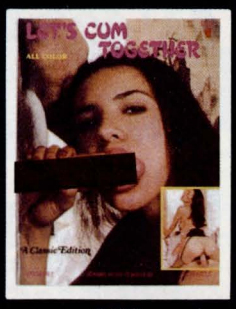
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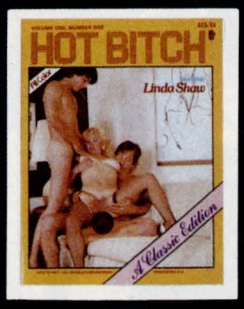
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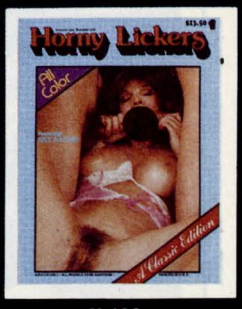
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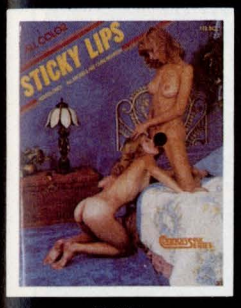


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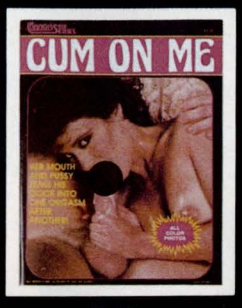
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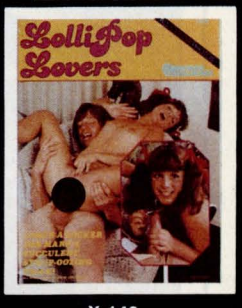
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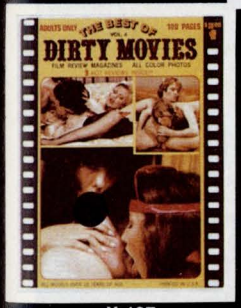
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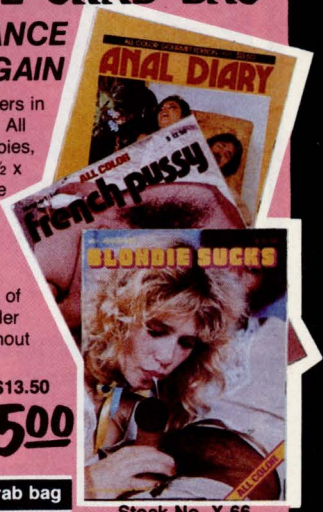


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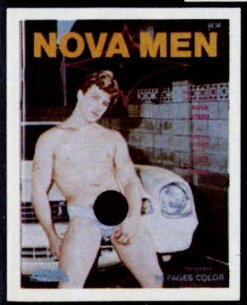
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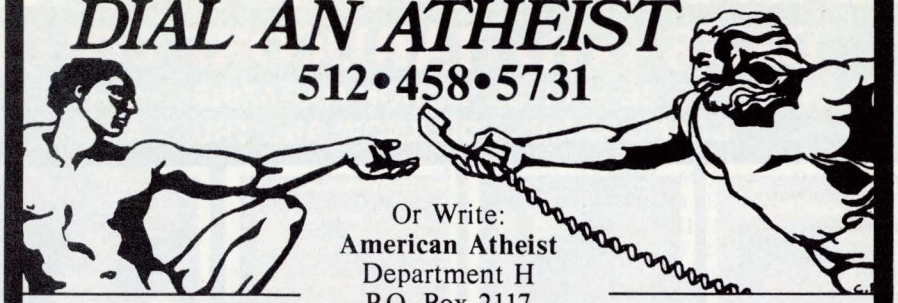
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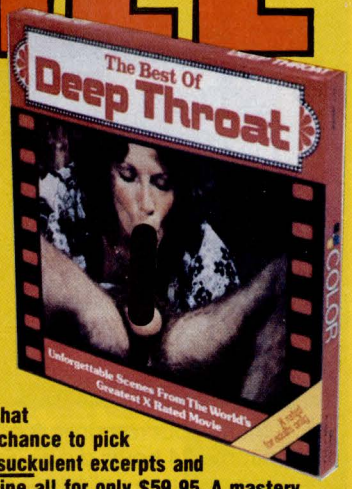
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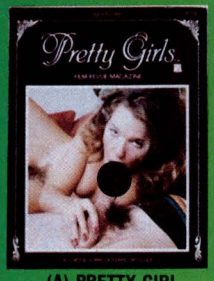
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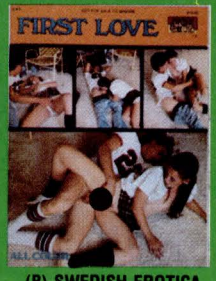
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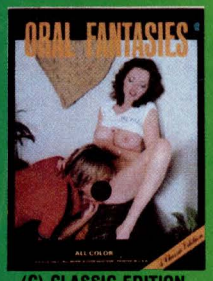
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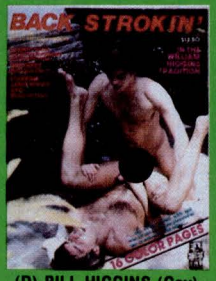
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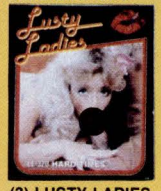
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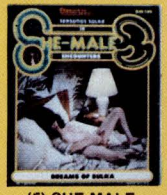
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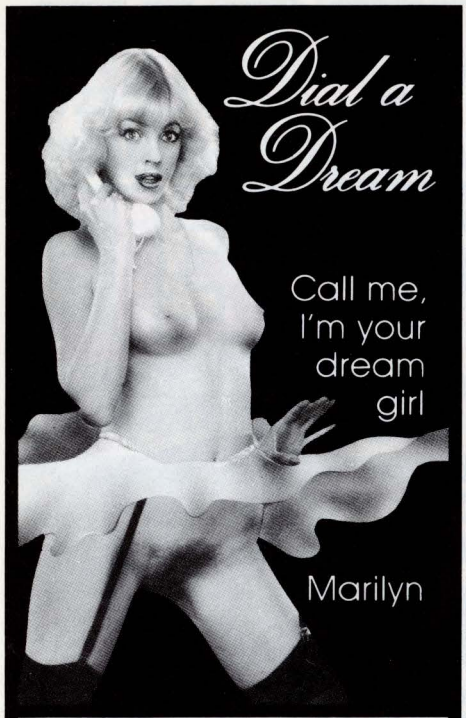
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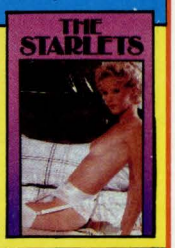
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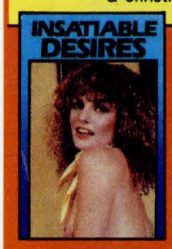
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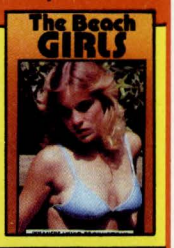
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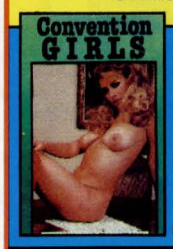




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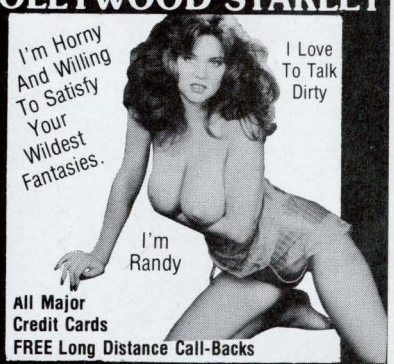






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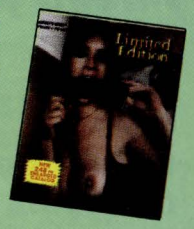
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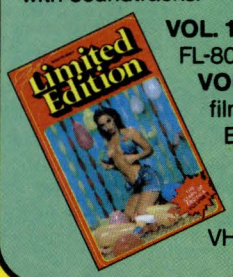


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Hi, my name is Sandy. I'm a "model," if you know what I mean. I'll pose for you in any position you like, alone or with friends of either sex. And if you want to be in the right place at the right time, I'll do a lot more than just pose. In a small town like this there just isn't enough action to keep a girl going. But I love it and don't want to leave. So I'm branching out and trying to make friends all over. Send me $3.00 and I'll rush back my sample box of special photos. Tell me how you want me and I'll try to include some shots to your specifications. Over 18, please.
Sandy Michaels, Box 191 036 Wellsburg, W. Va. 26070

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Over The Phone

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or have them call you.
BOTH ways will satisfy you

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POWERFUL LIQUID TURN-ONS!

HAVE ALL THE PUSSY YOU WANT!!

LOVE DROPS are a **must** for the man who has difficulty getting women to cooperate. Just two drops will turn-em-on and put them sexually in your power. Works on young girls or older women. Use secretly or with partners knowledge. Works fast. Lasts for hours. Strong but safe. Use some yourself!!

☐ 30 day supply $ 6 ☐ 90 day supply $10

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PROLONG SEX! DELAY CLIMAX!

That's what STAY-DROPS will do for you! Apply to your penis before intercourse and STAY-DROPS will gently dull the sensation in your penile nerves. Now you can stay HARDER, BIGGER and STIFFER, giving her the kind of huge organ she has always wanted from you!

☐ 30 day supply $ 6 ☐ 90 day supply $10

☐ **SAVE $5!** 90 day supply of each only $15

POW PRODUCTS Dept. 501A
7313 Melrose Ave. Los Angeles, CA. 90046

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When I spread it wide open, rub it, finger it & masturbate just for you! I also do sucking pictures and other home sex with my husband & 2 girls

PICTURES: 4 for $1 — 24 for $5
HOME MOVIE & 24 PIX - Only $10!



MY TWO NASTY GIRLS

Will pull up their dresses, pull down their panties, and masturbate just for you!! They'll do other things too, if you tell us what you like. I can't mention acts in this ad, but our home movies and pictures are better than the commercial stuff!!

24 PIX-$5 MOVIE-$6 BOTH-$10

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BIG NAME PORNO STARS in color films as low as $5 each



SPECIAL 200 FT. FILM OFFER!



8 HARDCORE COLOR FILMS FEATURING A POTPOURRI OF PORNO SUPERSTARS!

See the EXPERTS of HARDCORE PORN — on film. All the humping and sucking, reaming and ramming and big wet endings being done by the HOTTEST PORNO SUPERSTARS in the country. Watch your favorites . . . "BIG" John Holmes, Candy Samples, Serena, Johnny (Green Door) Keyes, Bobbi Hall, Uschi Digart and more. No limp cocks, fake climaxes or covered up blow jobs in these 8 ROCK HARD SIZZLING COLOR FILMS — and at prices that can't be beat!

☐ **SHE ATE THE WHOLE THING.** That's right! . . . John Holmes' 14 inch cock buried to the hilt in luscious Val's mouth. She's the only woman ever to completely "deep throat" big John! A history making film!

☐ **HARD CANDY, HARD COCK.** See big John Holmes sock it to mammoth (46DD) Candy Samples. Plenty of 69ing, ass and tit fucking with sperm-dripping climax. Here's Candy Samples in a RARE hardcore film!

☐ **CUM TOGETHER.** Johnny Keyes hustles Candy and Uschi, and he shows them some "Black Magic" with his big black wand. This flick has it all: hard fucking, lezzie sucking, ass reaming and the best tit-fucking you've ever seen.

☐ **OLD KING COCK** . . . and the Tit Queens. Featuring Keli, 42DD. Uschi, 42DD, and blockbuster Kitten Natividad 46DD. John Holmes sucks every tit, eats every snatch — stopping only when all three girls suck his gigantic cock high and dry. What a way to cum!

☐ **FRINGE BENEFITS.** Candy and Uschi do secretarial work for Johnny Keyes. The pay is good, but the benefits are better. See his giant black rod plug every hole "mother nature" has invented. DICKTATION was never like this!

☐ **LONG DISTANCE COCK.** John Holmes repairs Bobbi and Serena's telephone. They go wild over his 14" screwdriver. See this 3-way connection with a 3-way wet climax as John's massive cock get short circuited!

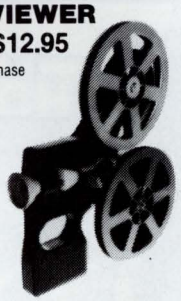
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☐ **ALL DAY SUCKER.** John Holmes and porno superstar Serena, hump and suck their way to a boiling climax. See John's "love muscle" get a real workout in this pussy-splitting sizzler!

NOTE: All film reels will contain approximately 190 ft. of film.

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200 ft. FILM VIEWER ONLY $12.95
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VIEWER ALONE . . . $19.95

FEATURES: Capable of viewing any film up to 200 ft. • Simple to operate with 2 small batteries • Threads in seconds • Large clear color or B&W image • Adjustable focus • Stop action on any frame • Portable • Guaranteed

☐ Viewer with film $12.95
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OR GET
ALL EIGHT FILMS . . . ONLY $39.95
plus absolutely **FREE,**
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Gentlemen: RUSH me the film(s) indicated. I enclose $_____ as PAYMENT IN FULL.

Sorry! No C.O.D.s at these low prices.

NOTE! Please add $2 extra per order to cover postage & handling.

NAME (print)_____

ADDRESS _____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

Calif. res. add 6% sales tax. Use Zip code

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LIVE PHONE SEX NOW!!

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CALL CRYSTAL

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Have you ever envied those who had them...erect measurements of 9, 10, even 11 inches. We wish we could promise you that 11-inch equivalent of the Hewbrew National Salami, though we'd be lying if we did. But if you are average hung **WE CAN AND DO** promise you at least an 8-inch ram-rod in less than 8 weeks. Won't she be surprised when she sees it? And won't you feel ten times the man you used to be when you slide it in and reach the end? **SAFE TO USE.** No drugs to take, no lead weights to wear, no anesthetizing creams to use. And the most amazing part is the price...only $7.95. Imagine, an 8-or-more-inch cock in 8 weeks or less for just $7.95...practically nothing when compared to the pleasure you and your partner will derive from it. **DON'T WAIT.** The sooner you get started the sooner you'll have your new giant ram-rod. Send $7.95 plus $1 postage and handling to:

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WE'LL SEND YOU A...

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Super fast acting oil facilitates LARGE, LONG LASTING erections by increasing circulation to the penis.
AND for a BIGGER FATTER PENIS. Can also be used as a stimulating tingling massage to enlarge small penis to its full potential.

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SIMPLY APPLY CREAM AND SOFT LATEX SUPPLEMENT OVER HEAD OF PENIS.
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only $4.95

ENLARGE YOUR PENIS... SECRETLY
NO ONE WILL KNOW EXCEPT YOU!

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WHO WANT TO MEET YOU
NOW!

PLUS PHONE NUMBERS
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CALL NOW!

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ST. LOUIS, MO 63166

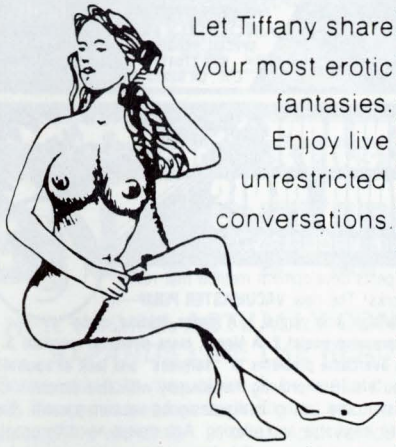
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Roxanne Will Get Your Rocks Off Over The Phone!

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Let Tiffany share your most erotic fantasies. Enjoy live unrestricted conversations.

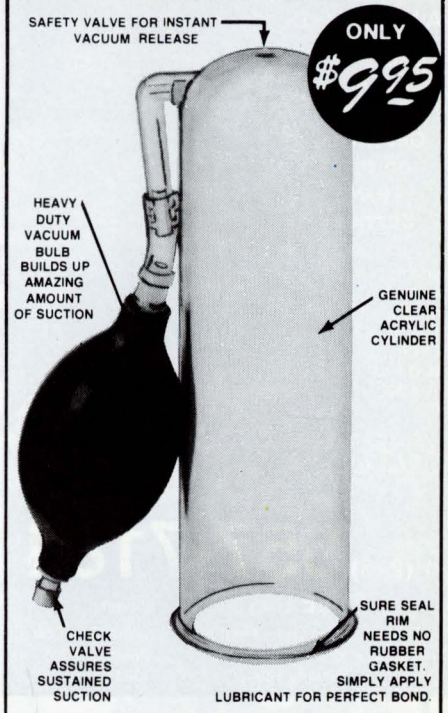
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Addr. _____

_____ Zip _____

☐ CASH ☐ CHECK ☐ M.O. ☐ VISA ☐ M.C.

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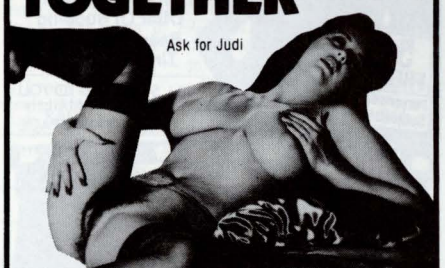
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($1 surcharge on credit card orders) 91

LET'S CUM TOGETHER

I'm Hot and Horny

Ask for Judi



Visa/MC/AE FREE Long Distance Call-Backs

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We're Young And Wild, Hot And Horny, Ready To Cum with You, Now!



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ONLY $1 EACH ALL 5 — $3

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10 INCH PENIS IS NOW POSSIBLE... AND IT'S GUARANTEED!

only $6.95 complete

NO MATTER WHAT SIZE YOU ARE NOW...YOU WILL GAIN UP TO 4 INCHES, NOT IN 6 WEEKS... BUT WITHIN 48 HOURS...AND IT'S GUARANTEED!

That's right! If you are 6 inches when erect we **guarantee** to make your penis up to **4 inches longer** also **thicker** and **firmer.** You no longer need pills, drugs or weights. The **TENSOR** is the simple, natural way to prosthetically increase your penis to it's maximum dimensions. It will also help control premature ejaculation. The **TENSOR** does all this and we **GUARANTEE IT!** Now being sold exclusively by mail.

The regular price is $19.95 only $6.95

Special Customized Heavy Duty Model only $9.95

Mail to: **HOLMES & ASSOC.** Dept. 501A
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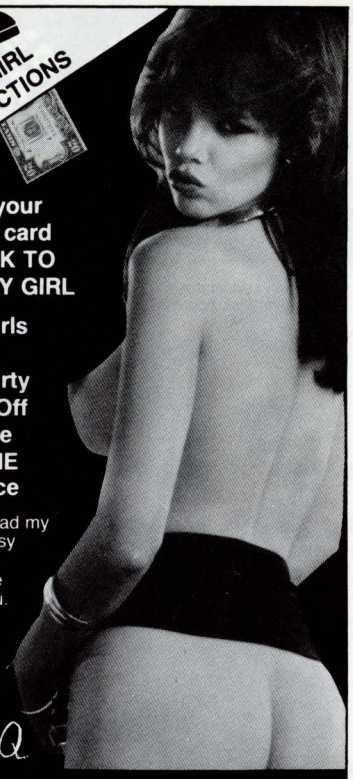
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NOW $12.95



A penis development method that really works! The new **VACUMASTER PUMP**—for the man who wants: **1. A longer, thicker, more impressive penis! 2. A bigger, more powerful erection! 3. To overcome problems of "softness" and lack of control!** You'll start improving immediately with this simple. . . easy to use, scientifically designed vacuum system. It's also enjoyable and relaxing Age makes no difference! You owe it to yourself today—to become a new man—tomorrow!

Selling elsewhere for $25 — our price only **$12.95**

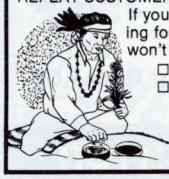
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SUPERIOR MFG. CO. Dept. 501A

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Our formula borrows upon centuries old herbal remedies. American Indians discovered so called "miracle drugs" in nature...like ASPIRIN in birch bark, QUININE in chinchona, DIGITALIS in floxglove. Their big discovery was DAMIANA, which they used as a stimulant for **long, powerful erections.** Since the 8th century the Chinese have used GINSENG to increase their sexual power, while in Central America natives have used SARSAPARILLA for the same purpose. Our formula combines all of these legendary products into a single capsule for daily use. We call it **SUPER MALE TONIC.** An agency of the U.S. Govt., without clinical tests, has restricted us from labeling SUPER MALE TONIC as an aphrodisiac. We make no such claim. But we have had THOUSANDS OF REPEAT CUSTOMERS since we started selling it in 1974.



If you have erection worries and are looking for relief we can promise you this: You won't be sorry you tried Super Male Tonic.

☐ **60 capsules** . . . . . **$ 8.95**

☐ **180 capsules (save $6.90)** . . . **only $19.95**

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Perverted Porno

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FREE! $25

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COLLECTORS EXCHANGE

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I WANT YOU
TO CALL ME
& CUM NOW!
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Liquid SPANISH FLY The REAL THING
spurious

Use on the coldest women to **heat** them up **fast!** Motivates body action and urges her to desire you. No harmful effects. Just drop in food or drink and **boost your make-out score!** ☐ one bottle $5 ☐ Special! 3 for only $10

and be ready for the action with... ERECTOS

Have large and prolonged erections for extended periods. Use a few drops of ERECTOS and achieve fantastic results. You'll hang in there for as long as you want. She'll love you for it — so be prepared for this one!

☐ one bottle $5 ☐ Special! 3 for only $10

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ERECTION PROBLEMS?

LINGA-100 is the pure, natural laboratory blend designed to actually enlarge the penis and induce & maintain multiple, long term erections. LINGA-100 allows a more intense, deeply satisfying male climax while developing sexual power, physical strength and mental alertness. LINGA-100 was developed by top Swiss scientists involved in natural sex hormone research. Thousands of European men have experienced dramatic results. Impotency overcome. Increases in organ size of one-to-two inches not uncommon. LINGA-100 is perfect for the older man's problems. Studies reveal women definitely consider the penis as the real measure of the man. Let LINGA-100 increase your sexual power and size. Only $8.95 postpaid. Order now!

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SNAPPING PUSSY DOLL

HER VAGINA ACTUALLY CONTRACTS & EXPANDS LIKE THE REAL THING

Some sex dolls may claim to be realistic, but Suzie beats them all. On command her vagina grips you so tight you'll have to struggle to withdraw . . . or she can let loose to make it smooth and easy stroking . . . with hundreds of variations in between. **It's the most exciting seven inches of womanflesh you've ever imagined.** Add to this a realistic, girlish face with eyes that open and close, plus lips that open to accept up to 6 inches of manflesh in deep throat fashion, and you've got all the bed partner any man could desire. And Suzie never "has a headache." She's ready to go, night after night, time after time.



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For those who like a little more variety in their sexual approach, Suzie has a tight little ass that can take whatever you have to offer and give all the pleasure you'd expect. To top it off, **her vagina and her ass can be made to quiver with delight,** heightening her teasing and stimulating ability to the pinnacle. Suzie's everything a man could desire in a love partner, and she's waiting for you now.

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MAIL MART, INC. Dept. SP318
Box 44241, Panorama City, Calif. 91412

$34.95

(Check items desired, add up, fill in total. In California add 6% tax).

☐ **Suzie, the Snapping Pussy Doll** **$34.95**
☐ **"Quiver" Feature for Love Openings.** **10.00**
☐ **Pubic Hair & Lingerie Set** **10.00**

Extra Wigs, $10 ea. ☐ **Blonde** ☐ **Black** ☐ **Brunette**
(Suzie is a natural redhead with pigtails).

TOTAL AMOUNT $_____ ☐ **Cash** ☐ **Check** ☐ **Money Order**

Name _____

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City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

☐ **Here's a $10 deposit; send COD. I'll pay balance + $3 in COD fees to postman. (No CODs outside USA or to military bases).**

☐ **I'm enclosing an extra $2.50 for Airmail shipment.** SP318

NANCY'S
FREE PHONE SEX

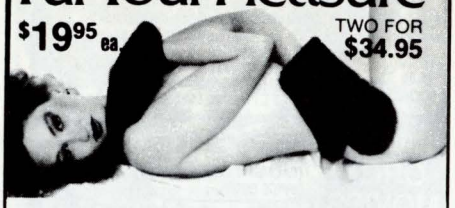
My husband's been screwing you for years— so I thought it was the least I could do.



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"THE LOVE GLOVE" ™

Excite your partner with this soft, genuine fur mit. Create **erotic** adventures as wild as your own imagination with **"The Love Glove"™, an ideal holiday gift. 14 day money back guarantee.** Send check, money order, Mastercard or Visa Card # and expiration date to Fur Your Pleasure, P.O. Box 8441, Cherry Hill, N.J. 08002. NO C.O.D. Add $1.95 for P and H. New Jersey residents add 6% sales tax. Specify left or right hand. One size fits all. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.



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24 hrs. MASTER or VISA only

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"Prepare to worship my luscious body while I talk dirty to you whipping out your hidden desires till you cream in your pants.

Call me if you dare!



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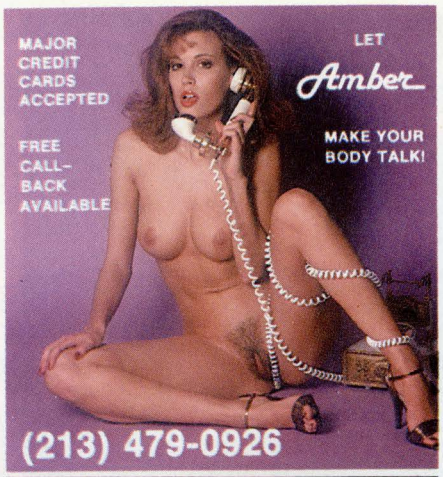
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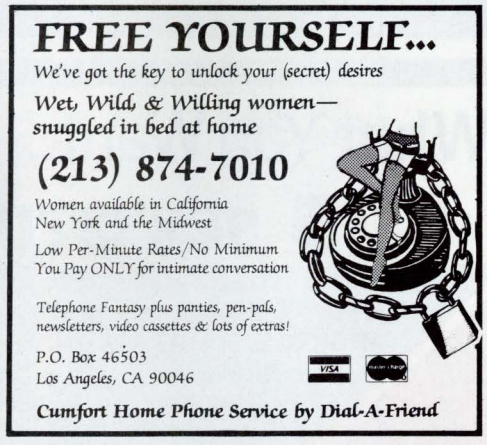




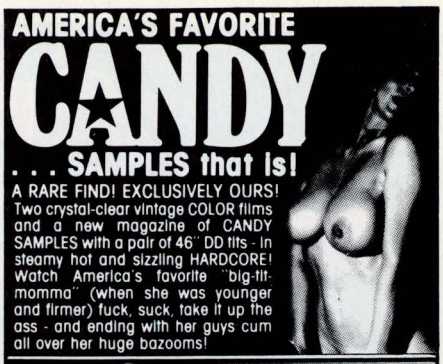














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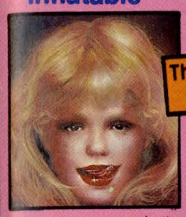
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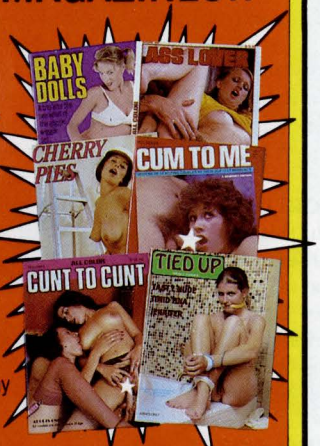
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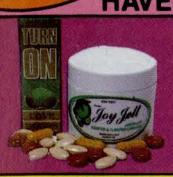
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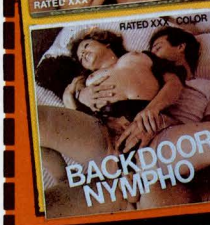


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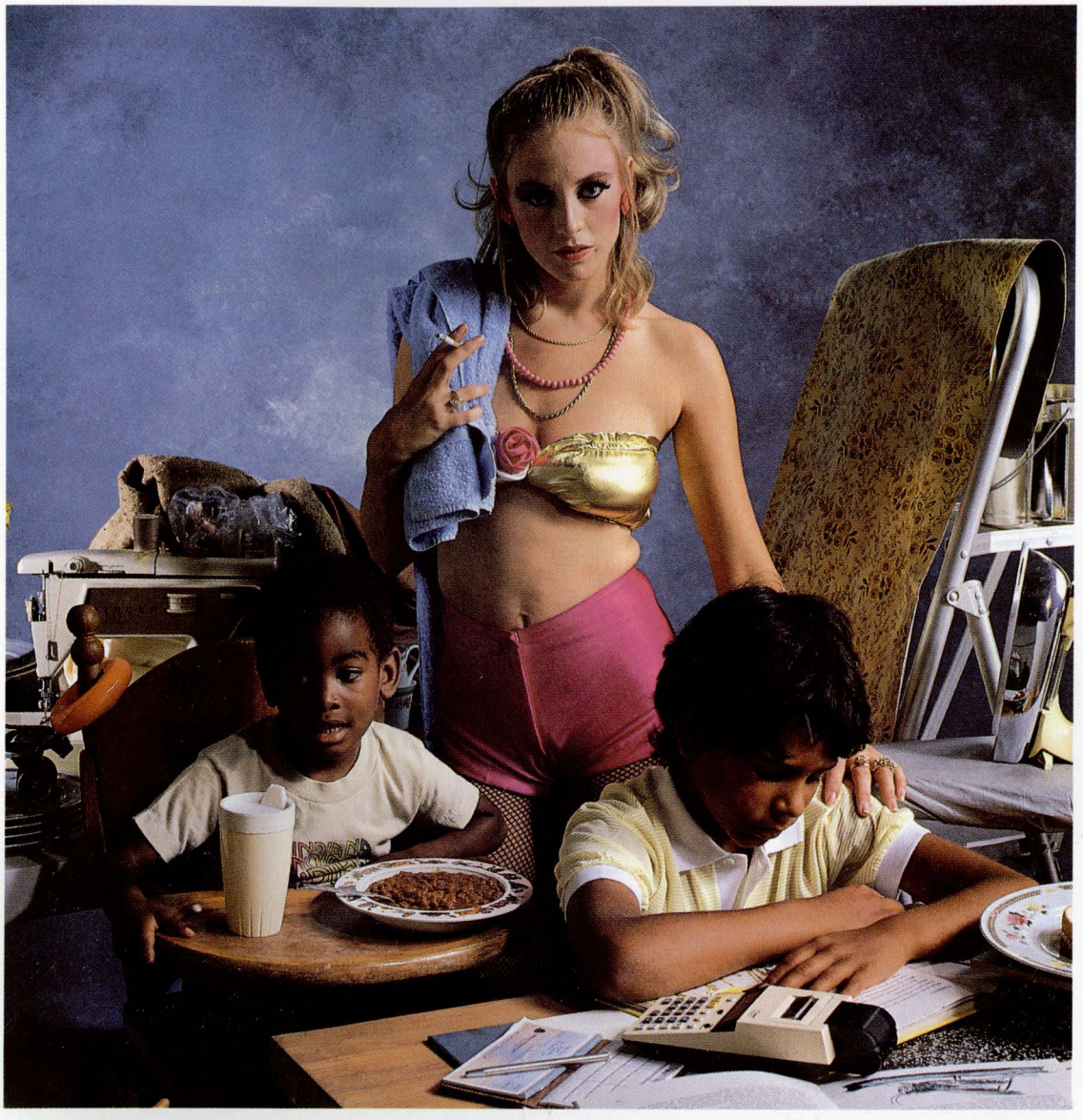


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